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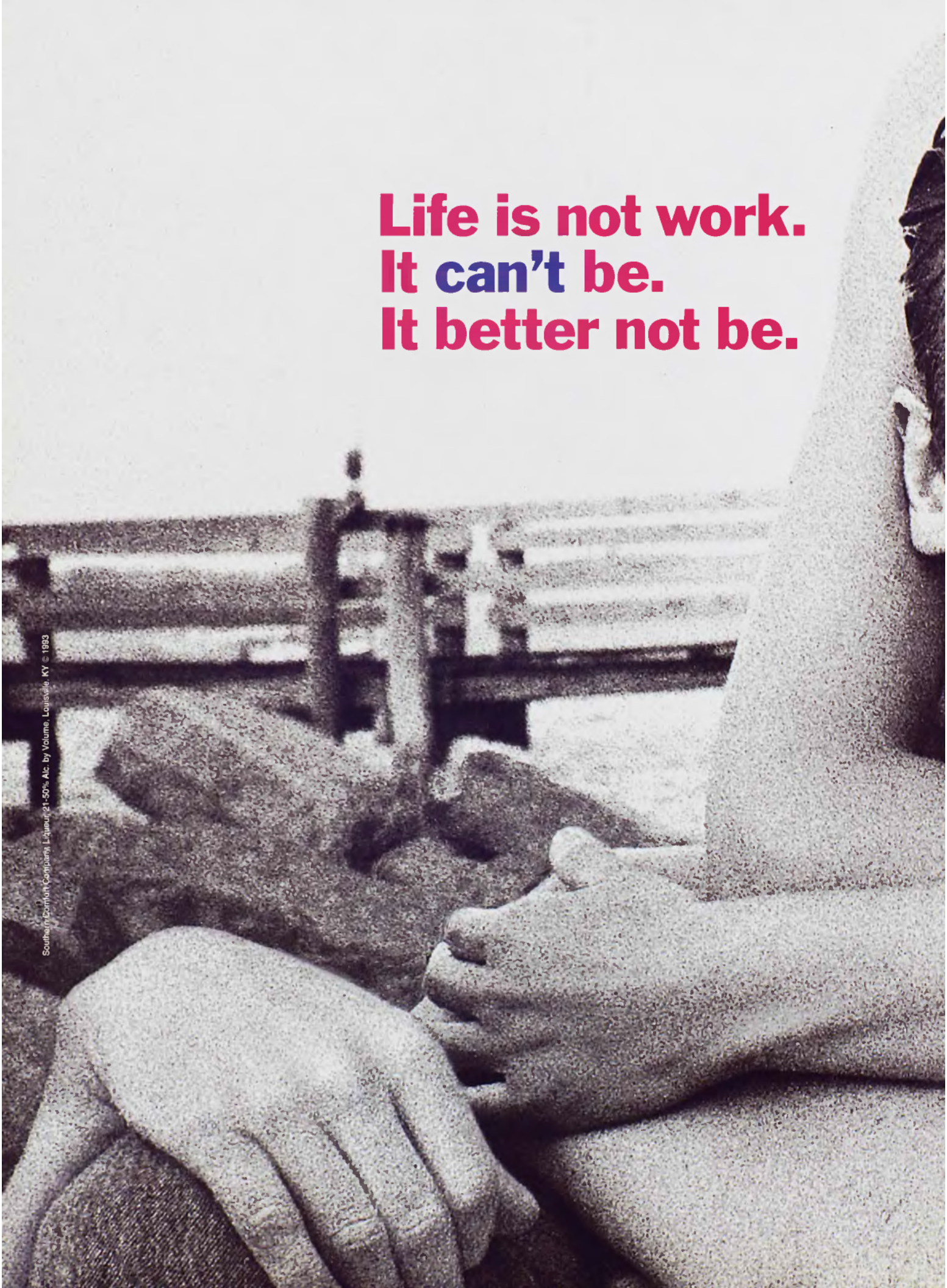
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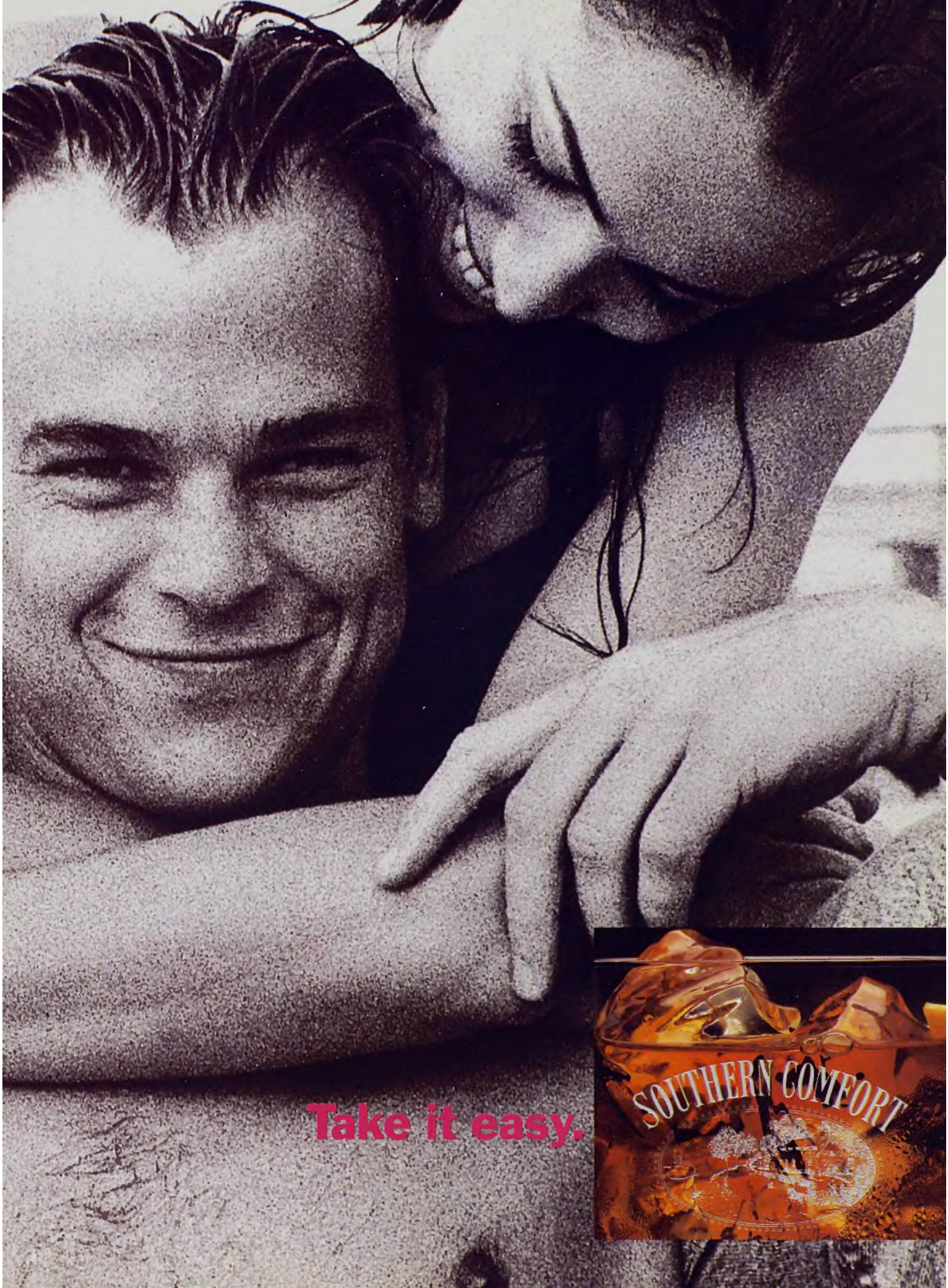
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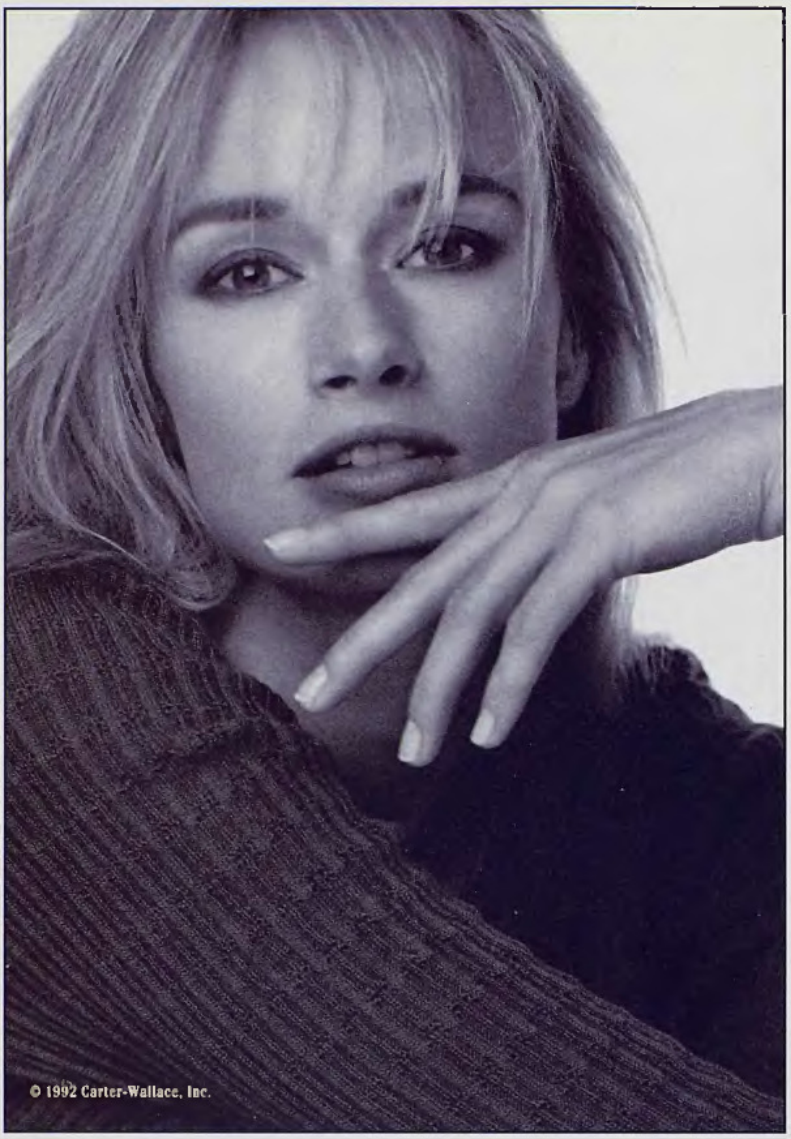

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NEED A LAUGH to kick start your summer? We have more than a few. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** chased down **Tom** and **Roseanne Arnold** at their farm in Iowa and, while their famous meatloaf was baking, got them to open up in this month's *Playboy Interview* on the condition that we not censor them. Like we actually would. Read about the chaotic, cutthroat world of showbiz and how you can be screwed up, rich and powerful and still have a really good time. **Lewis Grossberger's** satire *Cash and Commies* (illustrated by **Arnold Roth**) imagines the humorous possibilities when Peace Corps volunteers hit the Russian steppes to teach our former enemies the high-finance maneuvers that made guys such as Mike Milken famous. Speaking of old enemies, **Bruce McCall's** *Golf Carts of the Third Reich* takes you back to the 1938 Albert Speer Pro-Am Invitational, when World War Two interrupted the Führer's best plans.

Enough of the fun, on to the games. Who has his finger on the pulse of America's free time? **Hiroshi Yamauchi.** He's the head of Nintendo and the man who hooked us all on Game Boy. Contributing Editor **David Sheff** profiles this enigmatic and incredibly successful executive (his company has earned more than $1 billion in profits) in *Game Master*. For more, get Sheff's book on Nintendo, *Game Over* (Random House).

Grunge is now mainstream enough to make the fashion pages and the evening news, but the Seattle-based correspondent for *The New York Times*, **Timothy Egan,** tells us in *The Flannel Revolution* that long before Nirvana and *Northern Exposure*, the Pacific Northwest was home to esoteric coffee worship, salmon and enough eccentrics to fill the Space Needle.

One of the hot political issues of the year has been whether gays should serve in the military. Combat vet, author of the acclaimed *Brothers in Arms* and the man who brought us the TV show *China Beach*, **William Broyles, Jr.,** recons this thorny issue in *Of Lust and Arms* (illustrated by **David Wilcox**). To see how all this might play out in fiction, **Dan Simmons'** *Death in Bangkok* should give you a shudder. It follows two American soldiers lured by the live sex shows who go to Bangkok for R&R.

In *20 Questions*, **Rebecca De Mornay** muses on love, relationships and the way a man's pants fit. If you're musing on your own relationship during this most matrimonial of months, you may want to consider Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles'** *The Thinking Man's Guide to Marriage*, illustrated by Polish artist **Wiktor Sadowski.** For the skinny, get Boyles' collection of PLAYBOY pieces, *The Modern Man's Guide to Modern Women*, from HarperCollins. If you do get married in June, you had better look at *Hot Stuff*, our summer sportswear feature, for fashion tips.

We have a big finale. You'll want to clean your glasses and adjust the reading light. It's Playmate of the Year time, and **Anna Nicole Smith** (formerly known to you as Vickie) walks away with the prizes and accolades in *Guess Who?*—produced by West Coast Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda.** The lovely Ms. Smith, the Guess Jeans girl, was photographed on Bimini and at the old Jayne Mansfield mansion in Hollywood. If that isn't enough, Playboy TV's 30-minute drama, *Eden*, will begin in syndication this month on the USA Cable Network. It's a slightly tamer version than what you'll see in our pictorial, *All About "Eden."* Do we have more? The June Playmate of the Month, **Alesha Marie Oreskovich,** is sure to be a strong contender for next year's Playmate of the Year. Matter of fact, all our Playmates in 1993 are strong contenders.

RENSIN

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SHEFF

EGAN

BROYLES

WILCOX

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BOYLES

SADOWSKI

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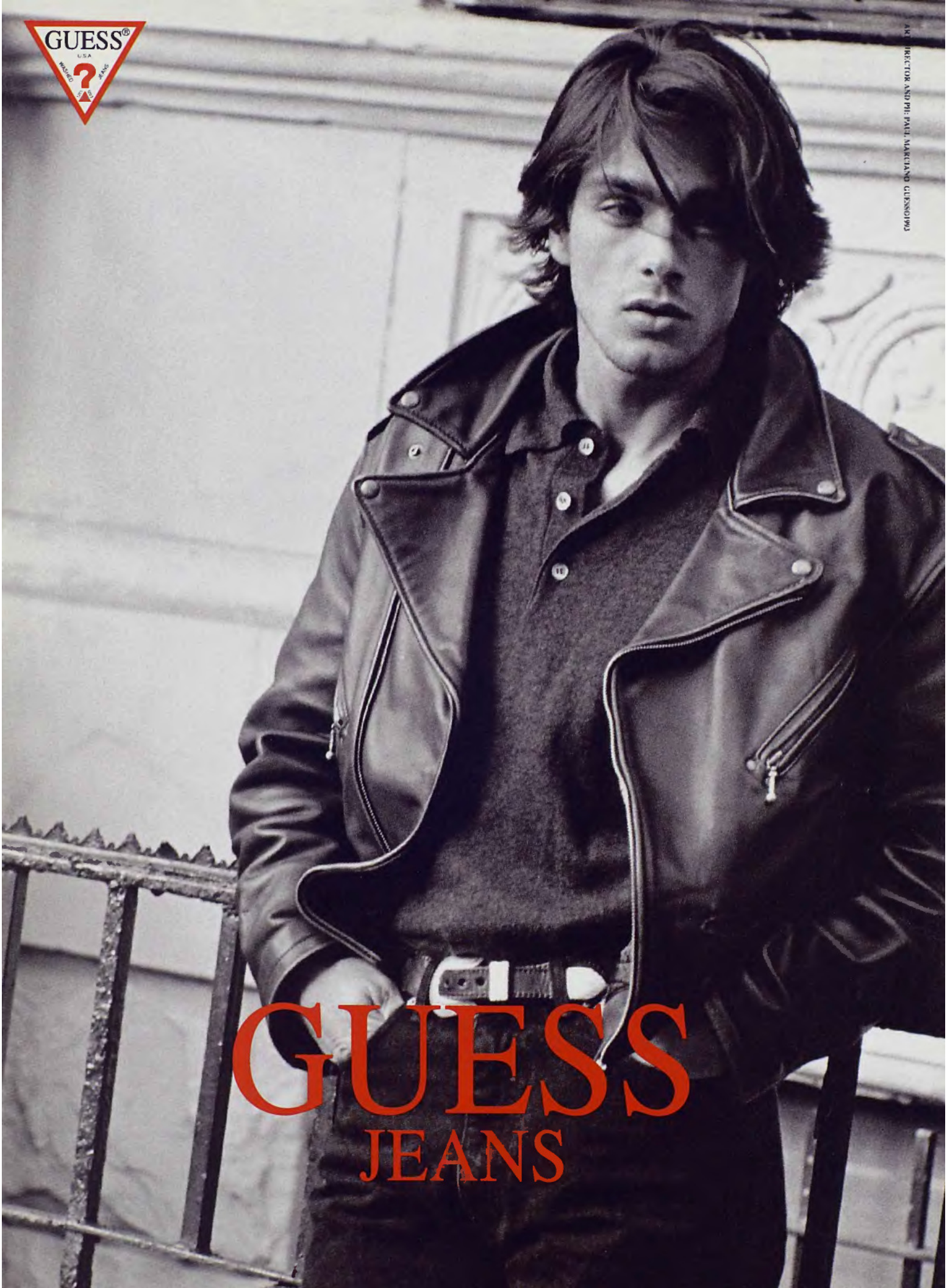
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COVER STORY

You sow her on our March 1992 cover and found her on the centerfold two months loter. Guess who's back? PLAYBOY's 1993 Playmate of the Year Anna Nicole Smith, enjoying sweet success. Our cover was produced by Paul Marciono of Guess Jeans, styled by Raymond Lee and photographed by Daniela Federici. Laurent for Jose Eber styled Anna's hoir ond Daniel Blanco for Cloutier did her makeup. Our Rabbit sets his sights on a beautiful subject.

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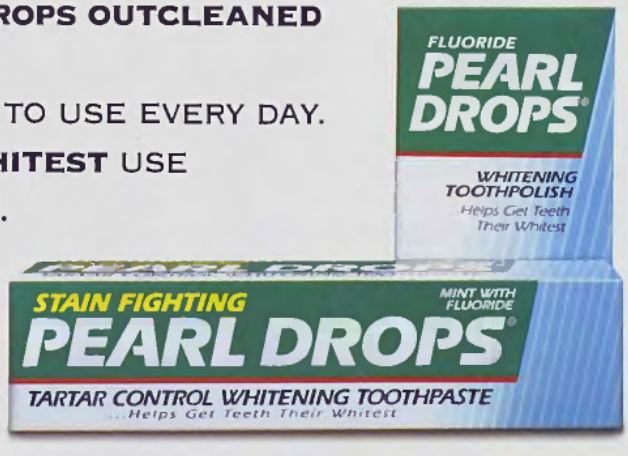

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ANNE RICE

Thanks to PLAYBOY and interviewer Digby Diehl for giving us insight into Anne Rice (*Playboy Interview*, March), a remarkable writer. Her work is akin to J. R. R. Tolkien's. Both writers lead us on a journey through the labyrinth of our inner selves, where the conscious and subconscious merge, where light and shadow are one. Reading this interview, I realize that the author is as fascinating as her work.

Floyd E. Jack
Miami, Oklahoma

While I adored *Interview with the Vampire* as well as her other novels, I take issue with Anne Rice on her love of violence as an art form. Rice says that violence used in the correct context can be great art, unlike the violence portrayed on television. Well, if *The Queen of the Damned* is an example of what she's talking about, I must say it's the one work of hers I didn't like. The body count was so high I thought the book should have been titled *50 Ways to Eat Your Lover*. In the end the enormous violence trivialized the story.

Teri Barber
Crownsville, Maryland

I've been reading PLAYBOY for five years and find your interview with Anne Rice to be the best ever. After you acquainted me with her, I bought *Interview with the Vampire*, a great work in its erotic, violent magnificence.

Grant Miller
Birmingham, Alabama

I am one of those women who have masochistic rape fantasies and I am proud to say that Anne Rice's *Beauty* books helped me realize there is nothing wrong with me. I deeply admire and appreciate Rice for having the courage to write them. Her views on feminism and censorship reflect my own. I'm tired of feeling condemned and oppressed by women who presume to dictate how I should feel, what I should wear and what I should or should not fantasize about. Radical feminists such as Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin only further subjugate the women they claim to be liberating.

Thank you for a wonderful *Playboy Interview*. PLAYBOY doesn't exploit women. On the contrary, it liberates those of us to whom free expression is sacred.

Apryl Gill
Pasadena, Texas

I find Anne Rice's comments on the Mike Tyson rape case intriguing. She believes Desiree Washington went to his room expecting something "romantic" and "nice" to happen, "and what she got was unpleasant and nasty." Poor Mike. He's serving years in jail because his partner didn't like his technique.

Ronald J. Rizzo
Ellenton, Florida

MIMI ROGERS

I want to thank you for the March issue's pictorial on actress Mimi Rogers (*Screaming Mimi!*). For years I've been saying that she is an underrated and underappreciated actress—and one great-looking woman. I read recently that she is 37. She looks great. Nineteen-year-old Playmates are fine, but it's good to see a real woman on the pages of PLAYBOY.

Marc Ryan
Point Marion, Pennsylvania

There is a new definition of the term woman of the Nineties, and her name is Mimi Rogers. Bright, attractive, self-assured and not afraid to use the word penis. Thank you for this pictorial of a very interesting person.

John Davidson
Dallas, Texas

Thanks for the profile and pictorial of Mimi Rogers. It was worth the wait. I've always considered Rogers one of the

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most talented actresses in Hollywood and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Writer Michael Angeli shows her to be intelligent, witty, classy, uninhibited and unafraid to speak her mind. Congratulations to photographer Michel Comte. The photos were masterpieces.

Don White
Clifton, New Jersey

One cannot blame Michael Angeli for being dazzled by Mimi Rogers, but his analysis of her role in *The Rapture* defies reason. After saying that Mimi's character undergoes a "conversion to evangelical Christianity," Angeli concludes that "an individual consumed by religious fervor would find it difficult to embrace such a role." Why would it be difficult for a religious nut to play a character who leaves her profligate ways behind, joins a cultlike movement that foresees doomsday and, after losing her husband, kills her young daughter in the conviction that the family will soon be reunited in heaven?

The Rapture approvingly presents its bizarre view of religious belief. Because such an outlook is contrary both to enlightened modes of belief and PLAYBOY's opposition to religious fundamentalism, I am startled to read such an uncritical reaction to the film by one of your writers. Furthermore, Angeli misses an opportunity to let readers know just what Rogers would have said if questioned more searchingly about her thoughts on her role and the film's implications.

James D. Marsden
Providence, Rhode Island

WITH GOD AS THEIR CO-PILOT

Joe Conason's article on Pat Robertson and his Christian Coalition (*With God as Their Co-pilot*, PLAYBOY, March) is very insightful. The thought of Robertson and his ilk running the country should send chills up the back of any fair-minded, tolerant person. Robertson's America bears a strong resemblance to the ayatollah's Iran. If Robertson had his way, PLAYBOY would be extinct. Perish the thought.

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

Conason's article should be required reading for all citizens of the United States who believe in the First and Fourth Amendments and their freedom in general. It is frightening to know that a minority is taking over a major political party and from there plans to reshape the Constitution and the nation to mirror its own warped beliefs.

Donald C. McMurry
Edgewood, New Mexico

Bravo and thank you to Joe Conason for *With God as Their Co-pilot*. As a person whose family is not Christian, the shrinking gap between church and state appalls me and leaves me wondering about the future. Will our children have the ability to make informed religious choices? Articles such as this will help wake up Americans to the reality that our foundation of religious freedom is in jeopardy. When one faction gains enough power, woe to those who are "different."

When will religion take down the barriers between people instead of building them? When will we learn that the doctrines of one group of people cannot be the laws for a widely diverse country if that country is to remain democratic?

Patricia Telesco
Buffalo, New York

KIMBERLY DONLEY

The "duel" is over. Playmate of the Year 1993 should go to Miss March, Kimberly Donley. The photographs of her fencing in her pictorial (*En Garde!*) prove that she can handle herself during any tense moment. I'm glad to see there are still Playmates who were born in the Sixties. Eighteen- and 19-year-olds are

sweet, but 27- and 28-year-olds are divine. Since Kimberly was born in Aurora, Illinois, I think she should have been the dream girl for Garth in *Wayne's World*. I'm sure she is now the dream girl for every reader. She is for this one.

Dave Sato
Torrance, California

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, SEXUALITÉ

Erica Jong's article *Liberté, Égalité, Sexualité* (PLAYBOY, March) lucidly shows that sex and sexually oriented expression, far from being the source of women's oppression, may well promote and reflect women's freedom. As a central expression of human individuality and liberty, sexual expression tends to be most restricted in those societies least protective of human rights in general, including women's rights. Conversely, sexual liberation is an essential aspect not only of what has been called women's liberation but also of human liberty.

Nadine Strossen
President, ACLU
New York, New York

In writing about Henry Miller, Erica Jong makes several good points but then caves in to a defense of monogamy. Monogamy is not the type of relationship in which love can exist, unless your definition of love includes ownership. It is ridiculous to argue for the liberation of the individual and the individual's divine sexuality and then argue that monogamy is part of that liberation. Jong has simply tried to construct a new rationale for the same old repression.

Michael Amyx
Tucson, Arizona

I highly commend Erica Jong for writing (and PLAYBOY for publishing) *Liberté, Égalité, Sexualité*. I've not read a more insightful article about the American writer Henry Miller. Those who know Miller only as the author of the *Tropic* books miss the essence and scope of his work; they miss writing that becomes more alive and more true as time passes.

Steven DaGama
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

A CLUB OF ONE'S OWN

As a regular customer of topless clubs, I find *A Club of One's Own* (PLAYBOY, March), with text by D. Keith Mano, delightful. Those knockout ladies pictured at the Men's Club in Houston (Chanel, Leslie Delahoussaye, Jeanne Landacre, Danica Lynn and J.J.) look like the Swedish Bikini Team with their blonde wigs off—or brunette wigs on.

George Hammons
Manteca, California

Cassandra Gori from Atlanta's Cheetah Club is one gorgeous lady. What would it take for you to persuade her to appear in PLAYBOY in what Archie Bunker used to call "noodle frontity"? Here's hoping!

Brian Daltowski
North Bergen, New Jersey

HEROES AT THE MASSACRE

Thank you for Ron Ridenhour's article *Heroes at the Massacre* (PLAYBOY, March). It is great to read the truth. I was in Vietnam in 1968 and 1969 and saw a lot of innocent village people killed and designated as Viet Cong. But what happened over there wasn't our (the GIs') fault. I think things just got out of hand and fear took over. My thanks to Ridenhour for the true story.

Eugene A. Teen
Des Moines, Iowa

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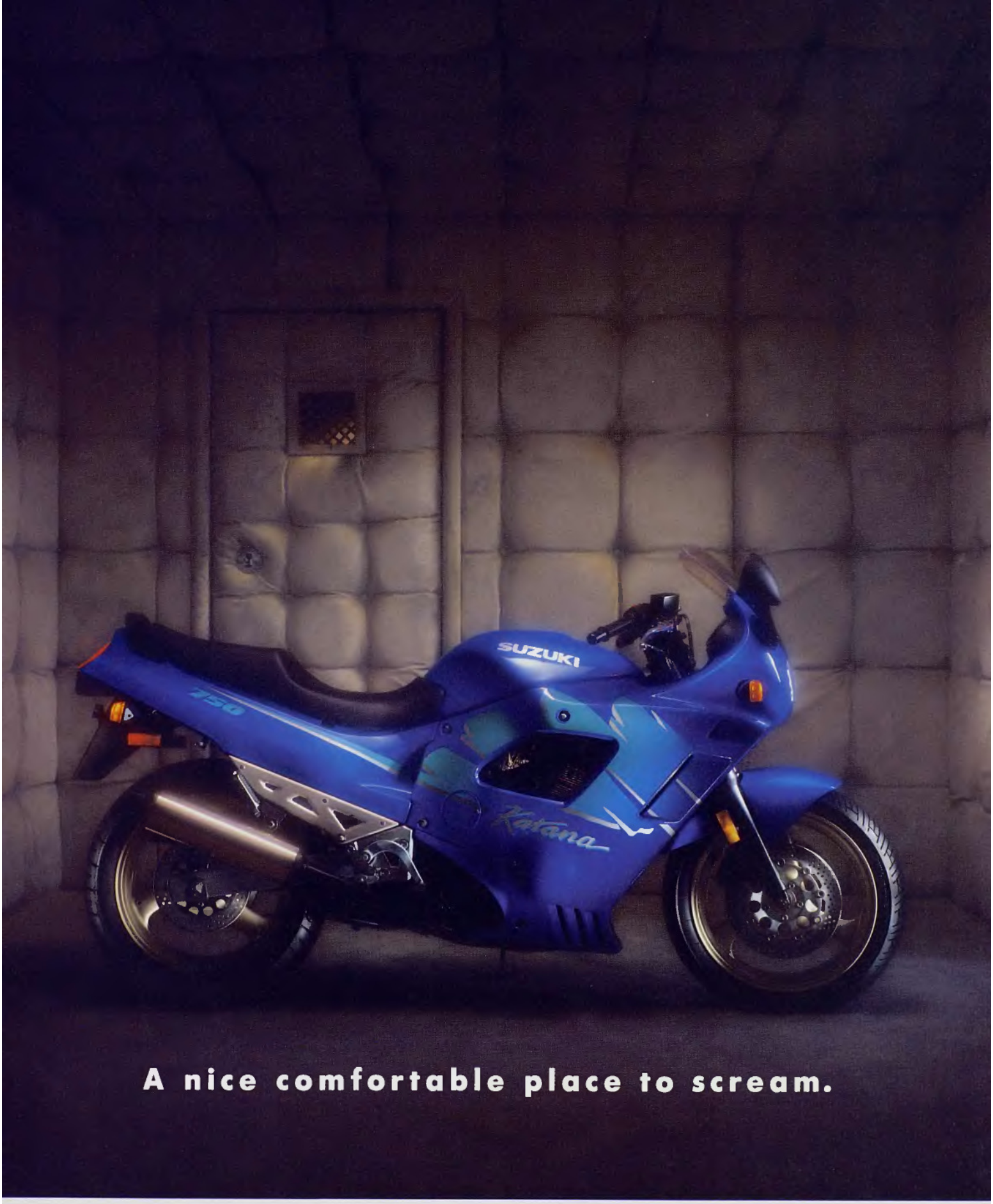

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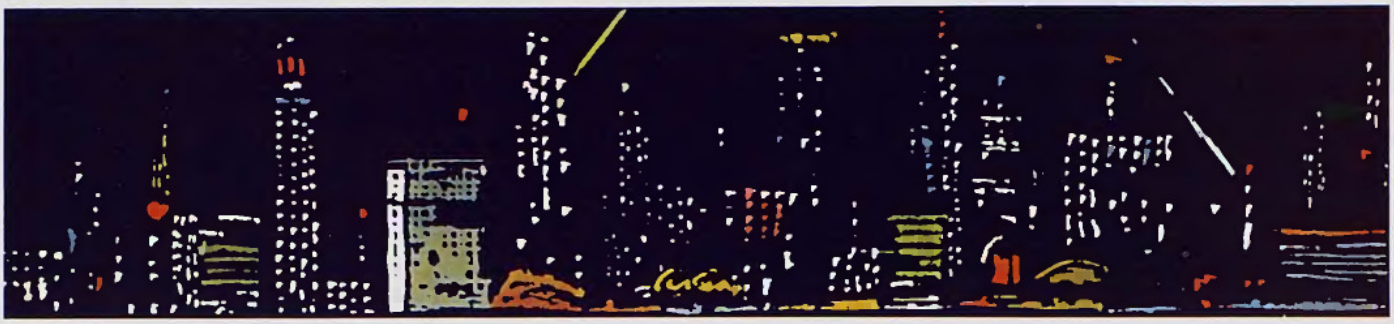

SOUND ADVICE

When audio consultant Lewis Lipnick advises his clients to spend $100,000 or more on a new stereo, they don't necessarily give him an earful. Lipnick, a principal contrabassoonist for the National Symphony Orchestra, musician-in-residence for *Stereophile* magazine and a former sound engineer, owns a firm, Your Silent Partner (based in Silver Spring, Maryland), that designs stereo systems capable of reproducing the acoustic properties of any concert hall in the world. Do you have a soft spot for the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam? Want to relive that unforgettable evening at Musikverein in Vienna? They're yours—for a price. But systems designed by Your Silent Partner aren't just for classical music snobs. One fourth of Lipnick's customers request systems that mimic such halls as Nashville's Grand Ole Opry and Preservation Hall in New Orleans. Some cost as little as $3500, but he cautions, "You don't get champagne for a beer price." For rock connoisseurs, Lipnick can design the ultimate ear-bleed special, "though if you listen only to rock," he says, "spending thirty or forty grand is probably a waste of money." Which means that if your dream system is one that replicates the Fillmore West circa 1969, you're better off investing in a hit of mescaline, a bag of weed and a bottle of Boone's Farm.

FEELING BOX-SPRINGED IN

Olga Frankevich of Vishneve, Ukraine proves there might be a commie under the bed—just as the Red Scare of the Fifties led us to believe. In 1947 Frankevich hid under her bed after losing her father to a Stalinist purge and stayed there until late last year. All this led one observer to suggest that Frankevich may have emerged to find living conditions worse than they were 46 years ago.

GROUND MEAT

Not everyone brakes for animals. Last December, New Hampshire hosted an annual Roadkill Auction where some 200 eager Northeasterners bid on bears, coyotes, wild turkeys, porcupines, foxes, opossums, deer, raccoons, bobcats, a bunch of birds and a lone mole. Here, apparently, was meat no one tires of.

•

After eating 260 water-soaked prunes in 45 minutes to establish a new world record, Michael McCasland of California—who trained by downing three and a half quarts of prune juice and 125 prunes a day—quietly understated, "I'm just a regular guy."

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

John Hoffman has a college degree, a good job, a loving wife and a penchant for shopping in Dumpsters. He has trash-picked TVs, couches, PLAYBOYS—even a diamond wedding ring, which he gave to his wife. It's all in his new book, *The Art & Science of Dumpster Diving* (Loompanics Unlimited). Hoffman contends that Dumpster diving is a proactive form of frugality. His breed does not extend to foraging among kitchen scraps, though; Hoffman says the people who dine on half-eaten chicken legs need professional help. "Your modern Dumpster diver may be a full-time student or a young, educated professional," says the 27-year-old Hoffman. "By Dumpster diving, I virtually double my income." He sells lots of what he finds and never buys retail clothes or furniture. "The United States is full of idiots discarding perfectly good material wealth," he says. "It's a diver's market. Don't ask why, just dive, baby, dive."

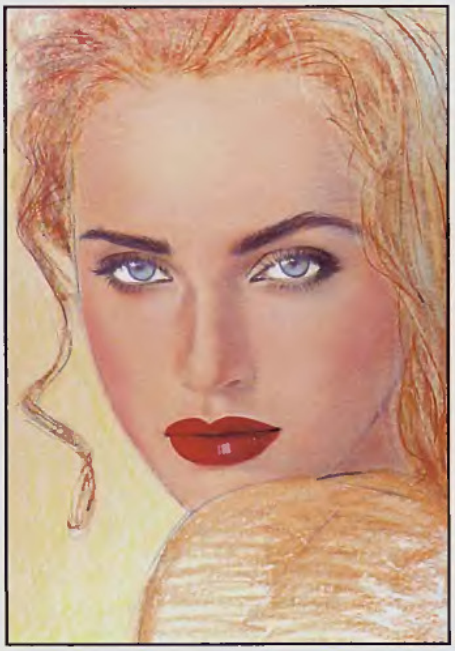

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

MONKEY BUSINESS

Pogo, a female gorilla in the San Francisco Zoo, may never fulfill her destiny as a swinger. Pogo's privates are so petite that, according to zoo veterinarians, mating would probably be prohibitively painful for her. Rather than deny Pogo the joys of motherhood, the zoo is now attempting to inseminate her artificially. We understand that the male gorillas who are sweet on Pogo have reacted to this news by beating their chests.

•

They're not as dangerous as the discarded hypodermic needles that scared beachcombers in recent summers, but plastic tampon applicators have washed up on the Jersey shore by the thousands in the past few years. Now, Clean Ocean Action, a New Jersey environmental group, is gathering the applicators—nicknamed beach whistles—then painting them different colors, adding hooks and selling them to fishing groups as lures. They're called tampoons.

FRENCH TWIST

France has gone to great lengths to control the proliferation of zany names among its citizens. However, the high court in La Rochelle overturned a lower court ruling and allowed the parents of Marie Marie Marie to keep their daughter's name intact. The court was swayed by the following evidence offered by her father: The child weighed 3.3 kilos at birth, her head and chest measured 33 centimeters and she was 51 centimeters

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long—a multiple of three. Also, she was plump—or *gironde* in French—when she was born, and the license plate prefix for cars registered in the Gironde region is, *mon Dieu*, 33. Case *fermé*.

TICK BUFFERS

Do you bite in the nude? We've learned to cover our arms and legs during the summer—lest we attract the attention of deer ticks and contract Lyme disease. However, some contrarian advice is suggested by the research of Dr. Henry Feder, Jr., of the University of Connecticut Health Center. While visiting a local nudist colony, he found only one case of Lyme infection despite the appetizing collection of more than 300 campers who presumably would make easy pickings for the hungry ticks. His conclusion? "One explanation is that although deer are present, deer ticks are not yet established. A second explanation is that deer ticks do not like nudists, as ticks prefer to do their biting undercover." Our conclusion? It's time to worry about something new this summer.

FREE-MARKET FOLLY

The Richard Nixon Library gift shop in Yorba Linda, California sells HILLARY FAN CLUB and GEORGE AND BARBARA FAMILY VALUES buttons for $2.50 each. DEMOCRATS FOR NIXON buttons, however, will set you back $5.50.

POPPING YOUR BUBBLE

Even if we don't know why we like to pop bubble wrap, psychologist Kathleen Dillon does. Dr. Dillon conducted research into the therapeutic benefits of bubble wrap and came up with this scientific explanation: Bubble bursters experience a significant increase in energy and they instantly become calmer. We, however, immediately become tense again when we wonder if tax dollars went into this research.

ACHY BREAKY LIFE

Researchers at Auburn University and Wayne State University conducted a survey on the prevalence of country music on radio stations in 49 metropolitan areas and concluded that the more country was played, the higher the suicide rate was in that market.

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Katie Couric poked some fun at political talk show host John McLaughlin and his new girlfriend, Kmart domestic technician Martha Stewart, at a congressional dinner in Washington. Couric's favorite image? McLaughlin announcing to his group: "Issue six: herbs in the garden." Overheard was a voice saying, "Better her than me." It was Eleanor Clift, one of McLaughlin's regular group members.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

A new-model New York City subway car holds 74 people sitting and an additional 186 standing.

STEPHEN TURK

QUOTE

"We need energies and synergies to develop agendas."—JANIE HATTON, PRINCIPAL OF MILWAUKEE'S TRADE AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL AND PRINCIPAL OF THE YEAR, ON WHAT SHE'D TELL PRESIDENT CLINTON IF HE ASKED HER FOR ADVICE ON SCHOOLS

COINCIDENCE, NO DOUBT

Amount of the average fine levied by the Environmental Protection Agency for hazardous-waste violations in white neighborhoods: $335,566; in minority areas: $55,318.

DRUG-WAR CRIMES

According to an American Bar Association report, the percentage increase in arrests for drug offenses from 1985 to 1991: 24. Percentage of population that used drugs in 1985: 12; in 1991: 6.

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Percentage increase in number of adults in prison for drug offenses from 1986 to 1991: 327; percentage increase in number of adults in prison for violent crimes during same period: 41.

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From 1986 to 1991, the percentage increase in arrests of minority youth for drug offenses: 78; percentage decrease in drug-related arrests of nonminority youth during the same period: 34.

SOUND RESEARCH

According to Gordon Hempton, a professional recorder of wilderness sounds, number of miles that the hum of power lines can travel and still be audible: 2; miles a chain saw's noise carries: 5; miles road noise travels: 10; length, in miles, of an airport's noise shadow: 50.

BOOMER BUST

Percentage of baby boomers who admit they aren't where they thought they would be in their careers: 61; percentage who regret having spent too much time at the office and too little at home: 50.

SAX APPEAL

Percentage increase in the sales of saxophones reported by Boosey & Hawks, a major sax manufacturer, since Bill Clinton's initial TV appearance with his horn: 15 to 20.

FIRE AWAY

According to the General Accounting Office, amount that the military spent on recruitment and training in 1990 to replace homosexual men and women: $27 million. Number of gays and lesbians who were kicked out of the military: 1000.

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS

According to a London *Times Mirror* survey of 1200 Americans, percentage who watched one of three TV movies made about Amy Fisher: 41; percentage who watched at least two: 18.

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Percentage of Americans who didn't know Serbs were the group that attacked Bosnia: 79; who didn't know reasons for the fighting: 68; who didn't know the meaning of ethnic cleansing: 66.

•

Percentage who knew nothing of the Bosnian conflict who also watched an Amy Fisher movie: 50.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A LESBIAN-MEETS-BOY angle gives a bold contemporary twist to ***Three of Hearts*** (New Line), slickly directed by Yurek (*Anna*) Bogayevicz from a screenplay by Adam Greenman and Mitch Glazer. Time—and audience reaction—will tell whether gays view this provocative romantic comedy as a step forward or a step back. Kelly Lynch plays the "out" lesbian who employs an amoral stud from a male-escort service to convince her former live-in lover (Sherilyn Fenn, as a bisexual still not sure which way she wants to swing) that all men are rotten bastards. Is it giving too much away to disclose that Fenn's character falls for the lug who's supposed to dump her? *Three of Hearts* is definitely a star turn for William Baldwin, another hot-blooded Baldwin brother leaving burn marks in his wake as the cocky lady-killer. His co-stars look damned good as well, in a somewhat obvious but teasing sexual triangle that takes on a naughty topic once considered untouchable in a major movie. ¥¥¥

•

Jamaica in the 1840s provides the perfect backdrop of heady tropical heat and sweltering passion for ***Wide Sargasso Sea*** (Fine Line). Rated NC-17, the movie was adapted (with two collaborators) by Australian director John Duigan from Jean Rhys' famed 1966 novel. Her book, inspired by Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, spells out that novel's untold story of Rochester's mad wife, who burns to death in an attic.

In *Wide Sargasso Sea*, the wife is shown many years earlier as luscious young Antoinette, heiress to a Jamaican plantation (Rachel Ward and Michael York play her erratic parents, driven away by a slave rebellion). Movie newcomer Karina Lombard all but simmers with willingness as Antoinette, whose wild but beguiling native ways unsettle young Rochester (Nathaniel Parker) on his arrival from England to marry her. Their relationship turns into a hard-breathing tug-of-war between unabashed basic instincts and British reserve. Rochester can't quite surrender to his wife's island world, though he often succumbs ardently to her attractions in bed. Despite the support of a black family retainer (Claudia Robinson) who may be into sorcery, Antoinette is the ultimate loser. Less cerebral on film than in print, *Wide Sargasso Sea* wages the battle of the sexes with flesh-and-blood fervor. ¥¥¥

•

A serious author who has been writing potboilers for big bucks under a nom de plume decides to kill off his alter ego and stick to literature. But the son of a bitch won't die. Worse yet, he assumes a life of his own and starts killing people who get in his way. That's a concept, all right, and ***The Dark Half*** (Orion) pursues it as a spooky tale of twinship—with Timothy Hutton holding forth handsomely in his dual role. Hutton is both the scholarly Thad Beaumont and his maniacal subconscious creation, George Stark. Amy Madigan plays Thad's threatened wife, with Michael Rooker as a friendly detective who tries to make sense of some fairly farfetched happenings. The gory climax raises many questions, yet *Dark Half* works wickedly much of the time. While Hutton helps with strikingly dramatic switches from Thad to George, this adaptation of a Stephen King best-seller thrives. Adapter and director George A. Romero (*Night of the Living Dead* was his magnum opus) proves shock by shock that he and King's purple prose were made for each other. ¥¥½

Baldwin, Lynch swapping *Hearts*.

Gay lovers call it quits, and a solid Brit from *Jane Eyre*'s England goes awry in the tropics.

•

Being a martial-arts buff may heighten enjoyment of ***Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story*** (Universal). Thanks to a striking performance in the title role by Jason Scott Lee (no relation, see *Off Camera*) and to director Rob Cohen, the movie scores as more than a standard star-struck bio. Although it's based on a book by Linda Lee Cadwell, the remarried widow of the high-kicking hero, *Dragon* is a mixture of mysticism, romance and rags-to-riches moral that enhances Lee's legend without sentimentalizing it. Not everyone knows that he was born in San Francisco, married a blonde American (Lauren Holly plays Linda) and turned from teaching his version of kung fu—a method called Jeet Kune Do—to playing a sidekick named Kato in TV's *The Green Hornet*. Disillusioned when David Carradine got the role he wanted in the *Kung Fu* television series, Lee learned that his Kato was already a household word among Asian audiences. He became a superhero there. But he had just one major American-backed film under his belt (*Enter the Dragon*) when he died at the age of 32 of a cerebral hemorrhage only weeks before that movie's 1973 premiere. In this movie, a predestined sense of doom about his short, happy life is embodied in a haunting phantom figure that materializes at intervals, while Jason Scott Lee gives Bruce a buoyant personality that never seems merely imitative. Add a series of spectacular fight scenes to a unique success story, and *Dragon* definitely delivers. ¥¥¥

•

Ardent moviegoers have an entrancing treat as well as an education in store in ***Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography*** (Kino International). Three directors are behind this compilation of on-camera interviews with most of moviedom's top lensmen, who show and tell exactly what it is they do. More than a score of camera wizards—from Nestor Almendros and Conrad Hall to Sven Nykvist and Vittorio Storaro—illustrate their own work and the work of others, living and dead. Illuminating film clips cover *Birth of a Nation*, *Citizen Kane*, *Hud*, *Apocalypse Now* and many more. All in all, *Visions* is a short history of moviemaking, illustrated with inside views from the men and women who were able to successfully argue that a single film frame can often be more eloquent than pages of dialogue. ¥¥¥½

•

Film has usually treated Shakespeare's tragedies better than it has his comedies. With ***Much Ado About Nothing*** (Goldwyn), producer-director Kenneth Branagh may break that tradition. His breezy adaptation makes this exuberant sex comedy as accessible as any romp by Woody Allen or Neil Simon. Shakespeare's dialogue has been abridged but not blunted, and *Much Ado* plays like a wild country weekend of royal wooing, wickedness and wedlock. As the noble

A First From The

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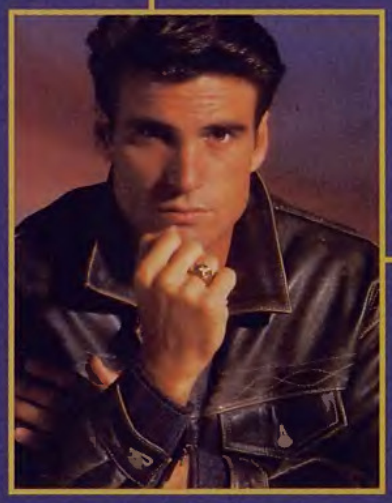

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Lee gives a lift to *Dragon*.

OFF CAMERA

His background could be that of a Hawaiian surfer. But, at 26, **Jason Scott Lee** is catching major waves as a movie star. He has the leading role opposite Anne (*La Femme Nikita*) Parillaud in the new *Map of the Human Heart*. He is also breathing fire into *Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story* (see review), portraying the great martial-arts hero (to whom he is emphatically not related). "My dad took us to Bruce Lee films a lot when I was six or seven," says Lee, "and I wore a T-shirt with one of those iron-on Bruce Lee decals." Born in Los Angeles but raised in Hawaii by Chinese–Hawaiian parents, Jason was extremely athletic through his college years. That allowed him to do most of his own stunt work in *Dragon*. "When we previewed the movie in New Jersey, the audience reaction was amazing. They were cheering and applauding, dancing in the aisles after every fight."

A casting director sent him to *Dragon* director Rob Cohen after Lee was turned down for *The Last of the Mohicans*. "He didn't look Indian enough," says Cohen, who quickly signed Lee as Lee. "Jason is handsomer, sexier than Bruce Lee. I wanted a real actor, a charismatic icon, not a look-alike." Actor Brandon Lee, Bruce's son, didn't look Chinese enough and had other qualms. Jason's star quality has impressed everyone, including Kevin Costner, who is producing a second epic, *Rapa Nui*. About to leave for that film's Easter Island location, Lee notes, "It's an epic adventure about the decimation of a native culture, set in the 1600s. I play Oroinia, the chief's grandson, a sort of warrior prince. My leading lady is Sandrine Holt. We haven't met, but she has a great figure." Lee sounds like an up-and-comer with more on his mind than chopsocky.

Benedick, who vows eternal bachelorhood, Branagh trades barbs with tart-tongued Beatrice, played by his gifted wife, Emma Thompson, whose natural vivacity all but jumps off the screen. While that famous couple joust and think they're in love, handsome Claudio (Robert Sean Leonard) and Beatrice's fair cousin Hero (Kate Beckinsale) are betrothed—though Claudio humiliates his intended at the altar, having been duped into thinking she's a tramp. Moral considerations are shrugged off with a wink by a stellar cast that includes Denzel Washington as princely Don Pedro, Keanu Reeves as his treacherous bastard half-brother Don John and Michael Keaton, who mangles the King's English and steals the show as the addled Constable Dogberry. Filmed on location in Italy, where everyone appears to thrive under the sun, *Much Ado* is a joy for actors and audience alike. ¥¥¥¥

•

Fourteen-year-old movie newcomer Robert J. Steinmiller, Jr., hits the emotional jackpot in the title role of ***Jack the Bear*** (Fox). Equally winning is his little brother, Dylan (Miko Hughes), who is kidnapped by a deranged neighbor (Gary Sinise). Both kids are the progeny of Danny DeVito, a widowed dad whose deceased wife (Andrea Marcovicci) occasionally appears in flashbacks. DeVito is known locally as the monster-host who introduces horror movies on TV. It's hard not to like him as a guy fighting to keep his sons and his sanity. *Jack the Bear* wallows in thick sentiment. Warm and cuddlesome as can be, would it be splitting hairs to add that the movie is also a bit frayed and fuzzy? ¥¥

•

Stunning cinematography by James Bagdonas keeps ***American Heart*** (Triton) from being wholly depressing. Inspired by his *Streetwise*, a grim Eighties documentary about desperate, depraved adolescents at large in Seattle, Martin Bell directs this woeful tale, written by Peter Silverman. Jeff Bridges tops his own high standards as Jack, a newly released jailbird who can't help boasting about his larcenous past yet wants a better life for his 15-year-old son, Nick. The boy—vividly played by Edward Furlong—exudes the innocent air of an abused angel. Of course, the street life beckons Jack and he becomes preoccupied with a woman (Lucinda Jenney) who wrote to him in prison through the letters column of a magazine called, yes, *American Heart*. The movie is grungy but beautiful and is brilliantly acted. Whether you like it or not, you have to admire Bell's wrenching, compassionate view of these born losers. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

American Friends (Reviewed 5/93) Michael Palin in love at Oxford. ¥¥¥

American Heart (See review) Underdogs on the seamy side of Seattle. ¥¥¥

Benny & Joon (5/93) They're troubled siblings saved by Johnny Depp. ¥¥¥

Bodies, Rest & Motion (5/93) Young singles provoking long yawns. ¥¥

The Dark Half (See review) Both halves in conflict are Tim Hutton. ¥¥½

Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story (See review) Lee as Lee is A-OK. ¥¥¥

El Mariachi (5/93) Damned good Mexican standoff, on a shoestring. ¥¥¥

Equinox (5/93) Twins in the Twin Cities with Matthew Modine. ¥¥

Falling Down (3/93) As Everyman pushed over the edge, Michael Douglas meets Robert Duvall. ¥¥¥½

House of Cards (5/93) Kathleen Turner stars, with a shaky premise. ¥½

Jack the Bear (See review) Danny DeVito at home with two kids. ¥¥

Joey Breaker (4/93) All about a sleazy showbiz agent and how he grew. ¥¥½

The Last Butterfly (Listed only) A mime tangles with some nasty Nazis. ¥½

The Long Day Closes (5/93) British lad loves vintage tunes and movies. ¥¥½

Mad Dog & Glory (5/93) De Niro and Murray vie for Uma Thurman. ¥¥¥

Map of the Human Heart (4/93) Love that's out of sync but lasting. ¥¥½

Much Ado About Nothing (See review) Shakespearean snap, crackle and pop from Branagh. ¥¥¥¥

Olivier Olivier (4/93) A missing garçon reappears in a French family that has some doubts about him. ¥¥¥

The Pickle (5/93) A sour little comedy from director Paul Mazursky. ¥

Riff-Raff (4/93) At a London building site, the lowlifes raise hell. ¥¥½

Romper Stomper (5/93) Australian skinheads on a collision course. ¥¥¥

Sofie (Listed only) Liv Ullmann has her say about a woman's lot. ¥¥¥½

Stolen Children (4/93) From Italy, an eloquent drama about two waifs and a sympathetic cop. ¥¥¥½

The Story of Qiu Ju (5/93) Beautiful Gong Li as a peasant wife on the go against rigid Chinese customs. ¥¥¥¥

This Boy's Life (4/93) De Niro in high gear as the wicked stepdad. ¥¥¥½

Three of Hearts (See review) Boy gets girl after girlfriend loses her. ¥¥¥

Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography (See review) Eye-filling. ¥¥¥½

Wide Sargasso Sea (See review) Lust in the sun—long before *Jane Eyre*. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Long before there was *90210*, there were *Hillbillies*—Beverly, that is. But Clampett family patriarch **Buddy Ebsen's** enthusiasms are hardly inbred. "*JFK* is a provocative, gripping film," says Ebsen of a favorite on tape, "and I liked *L.A. Story*—anything with Steve Martin. Bogart's up there, too, with *Casablanca* and *The Maltese Falcon*." Of his own films, Ebsen top-ranks *Breakfast at Tiffany's* ("Working with Audrey Hepburn was like putting on a finely crafted sports jacket") and *Broadway Melody of 1938* ("My dance with Judy Garland is still fun to watch"). And what about his *Hillbillies* work? "I watch them when I'm feeling low," Ebsen says. "We made 274 episodes, but to tell the truth, I don't remember some of them." —ELIZABETH O'KEEFE

BRUCE ON VIDEO
our movie critic goes to the tape

The man's world of moviedom was hard-pressed to find five female Oscar nominees for 1992. It wasn't always so. Witness the actresses below in their definitive, image-fixing roles:

BETTE DAVIS: She won Oscars for *Dangerous* (1935) and *Jezebel* (1938) but lost out when she really hit her stride as an aging star in 1950's *All About Eve*.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: She redefined the leading lady as a politico in *Woman of the Year* (1942), then scored again in 1951's *The African Queen*. Both were Oscar-nominated, no-win landmarks.

GRACE KELLY: Playing Jimmy Stewart's sexy inamorata in *Rear Window* (1954) put the princess on the map—the same year she won her statuette for suffering as *The Country Girl*.

VIVIEN LEIGH: Taking top honor for *Gone with the Wind* (1939) made everything she did later an event—including her 1951 Oscar for *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR: The Academy awarded her for her volatile turn in 1966's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and lesser stint in the 1960 *Butterfield 8*. Both were probably consolation prizes for not rewarding her much finer work in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1958). —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO GLASNOST

In cooperation with Moscow's Gosfilmofond film archive and the British Film Institute, Milestone Film & Video has released its ten-tape ***Early Russian Cinema*** anthology, a bounty of 28 recently uncovered silent films from Russia's proud age of moviemaking (1908–1918). The works—meticulously transferred onto tape, scored and subtitled—capture the era with often controversial themes (from social commentary to erotic comedies) as interpreted by the day's leading artists. Most notable: the first screen adaptation of Chekhov's *Romance with a Double Bass* and four by Evgenii Bauer—Russia's D. W. Griffith—who churned out nearly 80 pictures in just four years.

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

MGM/UA's *The Golden Age of Looney Tunes* is a smart collection of benchmark animation from Warner's wartime cartoon explosion. The top funnies:

Firsts: Bugs, Daffy, Porky, Tweety, Sylvester and Foghorn Leghorn in the cartoons that made them famous. Most curious: *Odor-able Kitty*, in which amorous skunk Pepe LePew dogs a male cat.

Bugs Bunny by Each Director (or Six Men in Search of a Wabbit): Warner's legendary drawing team illustrates the importance of being Bugs. Includes the politically incorrect World War Two cartoon *Bugs Bunny Nips the Nips*.

Hooray for Hollywood: Will Bugs get the Oscar? Will Bogart get his order of fried rabbit? Will Daffy get Ann Sheridan? A trunkload of Tinseltoons.

1930s Musicals: A program of primitive gems, including *Smile, Darn Ya, Smile!* (a ditty later heard in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*) and Tex Avery's sublime, art deco–decked minimusical, *Miss Glory*.

Individual odes to the animators include ***Friz Freleng*** (the standout: Sylvester's feline tour de force, *Back Alley Oproar*) and ***Bob Clampett*** (highlighted by his dead-on *Fantasia* parody, *A Corny Concerto*). —DONALD LIEBENSON

LASER FARE

Good news for big-band buffs. On the heels of Fox's landmark laser release of Glenn Miller's *Orchestra Wives* and *Sun Valley Serenade* comes a sweet music sampling from BMG. ***Glenn Miller: America's Musical Hero—Special Edition*** pays homage to the swing giant with an hour-long documentary on side one, a 16-song audio program on side two—and magic memories all around. . . . The Voyager Company is fast becoming popular for its soundtracks featuring commentary by top filmmakers. Directorial chat gracing upcoming Criterion Collection discs: Nicolas Roeg (***The Man Who Fell to Earth***) and Francis Coppola (***Bram Stoker's Dracula***). . . . Blackhawk Films and Image Entertainment have turned out an impressive restoration of ***Nosferatu*** (1922), F. W. Murnau's silent vampire classic. Not an easy task: Most of the film's prints were destroyed in the wake of a Twenties copyright war. . . . With its three-platter ***Work in Progress: Beauty and the Beast,*** Disney traces *B&B* from penciled storyboards to final flick. Still the best singalong: *Be Our Guest*. . . . In a recent consumer poll, *The Laser Disc Newsletter* asked readers to name one disc most in need of remastering. Top choice: *The Sound of Music*, followed by *Once Upon a Time in the West* and *Dune*. You've been warned. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Glengarry Glen Ross*** (Mamet's talky paean to real-estate sales scum; Lemmon is high-strung, Pacino is low-key—both are superb), ***A River Runs Through It*** (families, fly-fishing and angst—lush stuff from director Redford).
COMEDY	***Mediterraneo*** (WWII: Italian saldiers occupy Greek isle, break ranks for women and wine; 1992's foreign Oscar, subtitled), ***Husbands and Wives*** (while critics searched for real-life clues, Woody cranked out a beaut; Mia shines, too).
SLEEPER	***Night and the City*** (two versions of scam romance: 1950—Widmark and Tierney, 1992—De Niro and Lange; take the oldie), ***Candyman*** (caed summons titular hook-handed wraith; grisly but OK), ***Gas Food Lodging*** (Mom deals with teen daughters' lust in New Mexico dust; a find).
DOCUMENTARY	***Berkeley in the Sixties*** (PBS's trophy-grabbing smargasbord of clips and Q&A's set to Hendrix et al.), ***The Real West*** (Columbia House series debunks Hollywood's cowboy days with rare film; Kenny Rogers hosts), MPI's ***The Clinton Inaugural Commemorative*** (an ABC News scrapbaak; for fans only).

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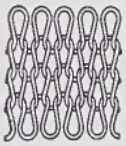

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STYLE

RUGBY'S NEW KICK

Surprise colors, unusual collars and big sizes give a striking new look to rugby shirts. Among our favorites are styles from Tango by Max Raab featuring bold dots, funky paisleys and chambray collars ($45, shown here). Cross Colours' shirts take on a hip-hop flavor, some with color blocking and soft brushed-cotton collars ($64, also shown here) and others with vivid vertical stripes and sporty lace-up fronts ($64). Zip-front shirts by Yes Men come in more than 20 bright color combinations ($40). For a jazzy, youthful look, try rugby shirts that feature hip cartoon characters; a Donald Duck–like one is displayed on Tag Rag's deep-toned striped version ($34). If you're not quite ready to wear the bold and the bright, Bosa Le Collezioni offers rugby shirts in washed neutral and pastel colors ($34).

HOT SHOPPING: AMSTERDAM

In anything-goes Amsterdam, sex and some drugs may be legally for sale, but neither travels well, so we recommend buying less risky souvenirs at these hot shops. 't Klompenhuisje (Nieuwe Hoogstraat 9a): In the land of clogs, this place is said to have the best and brightest selection. • 1001 Bieren (Huidenstraat 21): Yes, 1001 different beers from around the world are sold here. • Nieuws Innoventions (Prinsengracht 297): Eurotech accessories that you can't find back home. • Sissy Boy (Van Baerlestraat 12): Despite the name, there's nothing sissy about this store's menswear, which includes everything from tweeds to sweaters. When you've had your fill of Amsterdam's pint-sized shops, head to Waterlooplein central square Monday through Saturday for the huge open-air flea market.

CLOTHES LINE

Blair Underwood plays a natty attorney on television, but that doesn't mean he dons a slick courtroom look off camera. "I get dressed up only when I have to," says the star of *L.A. Law* and the upcoming film *Posse*. Then he wears suits by Valentino and Hugo Boss. The rest of the time, his minimalist fashion theme is "whatever feels good." That includes basic blue jeans, personalized with his favorite black zip-front vest and a beaded copper African necklace that he bought from a designer at a party. Because he's been riding horses since elementary school, Underwood adds that he's "not opposed to fashion's Western wear vibe," but says that head-to-toe cowboy threads—hat, chaps, boots and spurs—should remain on the plains.

WORKING CLASS

Blue-collar work wear and mainstream men's sportswear have formed a union this season, which means that even if you're not up for an afternoon of hard labor, your clothing will be. One company, Carhartt, offers black or brown stonewashed three-quarter-length work jackets that have extra room in the back for better movement ($55). H. W. Carter & Son's vintage line features a similarly styled carpenter's jacket with railroad ticking stripes, sturdy metal buttons and large patch pockets ($100), plus fitted work shirts and pants in colored twills and denim (both about $55) and a jazzy two-toned blue-checked chambray work shirt ($52). In general, work wear looks best when mixed with classic sportswear. A ticking-striped work shirt from Smith Apparel ($60) goes great with a pair of flat-front khakis, as does a banded-collar shirt with shadow-striped coveralls by Dickie's Workwear ($30) or denim overalls by Big Smith ($36). Smith Apparel also makes a rubberized, water-resistant windbreaker ($100).

TIE ONE ON—YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

Back in the Sixties, the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia wouldn't have been caught dead in a tie. Now he's selling them. Garcia claims he gets his inspiration from personal scuba-diving adventures, which explains why the ties are named Fish, Frog and Undertow ($29 to $33). Psychedelic rock posters from the Fillmore East and West are also being made into ties. Some of the bands represented include the Doors, the Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd and the Who ($38). Sketches made by John Lennon—including his famous self-portrait—also pop up in neckwear ($35 to $50). Last, there's the Beatles Collection—ties inspired by such hits as *Can't Buy Me Love*, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Paperback Writer* ($28.50).

MARTIN HOFMANN

STYLEMETER

SHORTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Long (just above the knee) walking shorts; baggy fits; worn with untucked shirts	Second-skin cycle shorts; string-waisted, swim-trunk-length shorts
FABRICS AND COLORS	Cotton twill, denim and linen in solid notural tones such as ivory, khaki, blue and olive	Nylon and Lycro; stretch cotton; acid brights; color-blocking, island prints
DETAILS	Flat fronts with belt loops, zippers; belted paper-bag waists; five-pocket styles	Elastic waists; cuffs; giant designer or sports-team logos

Where & How to Buy on page 178.

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

EACH TIME I think I've heard everything that can possibly be done with the blues, somebody comes along and makes me feel really, really foolish. John Campbell is the latest somebody, and he has really shaken my self-esteem with his second album, ***Howlin Mercy*** (Elektra). The blues moribund? Not while this guy's alive. A classically ravaged voice of experience, Campbell sings about halfway between Howlin' Wolf and Leonard Cohen (and even that doesn't do justice to his defiant, raw masculinity). His band, a simple four-piece with Campbell on slide, is defiantly uncooked as well—direct from the swamp at midnight, which makes sense, since Campbell comes from Louisiana. Although the original songwriting here is first-rate, the high-water mark is the cover of Led Zeppelin's *When the Levee Breaks*, which I had always considered to be uncoverable. In Campbell's treatment, Robert Plant's original moan of despair gradually transmogrifies into a snarl of rage, accompanied by Campbell's outrageously percussive slide. Somehow, you can see the levee breaking, with Campbell standing before the onrushing wall of water, saying "Fuck you, flood." So I say this guy has more testosterone than the entire United States Marine Corps, and if you disagree, fuck you, too.

FAST CUTS: Miranda Sex Garden, ***Suspira*** (Mute): Their first album featured straight a cappella renditions of medieval folk songs sung as if the group were a classically trained version of the Shangri-Las. Here, they come off like the Shangri-Las meet King Crimson, exploring the terrifying, awe-of-the-cosmos side of psychedelia. If they ever get together with John Campbell, they'll have incredibly interesting children. In the meantime, don't miss *Willie Biddle in His Watery Grave*.

Crossfire Choir, ***Jesus*** (CBGB): One of the best bands to come out of punk's birthplace, CBGB, in a long time tries to attract major-label interest here with a three-song EP. Buy it now so you can tell your friends you heard them first. Smoking guitar riffs, particularly on *Who's Goose-stepping Now?*

DAVE MARSH

How can P.M. Dawn get away with making a second album that practically clones its first? Mainly because ***The Bliss Album (Vibrations of Love and Anger and the Ponderance of Life and Existence)*** (Gee Street/Island) repeats a mood that remains unusual even among today's most psychedelicized hip-hoppers and rockers. P.M. Dawn uses, for example, the Beatles' *Norwegian Wood* to create atmospheres and soundscapes that rank with such gently trippy Sixties archetypes as Love's *Forever Changes* and, indeed, *Rubber Soul*. Like gangsta Ice Cube, these black New Jersey Anglophiles make music that redefines the boundaries of contemporary pop. And when necessary, as on *Plastic*, they can set a groove that rocks the house.

John Campbell's raw *Howlin Mercy*.

Blues direct from the midnight swamp; tripping through the Sixties with P.M. Dawn.

FAST CUTS: As someone who once wrote a book that purported to enumerate the 1001 greatest singles ever made, I say all rock histories are incomplete. So you can imagine how mind-boggling Time-Life Music's ***The Rock 'n' Roll Era*** is to me: A 50-volume CD history that features 1100 tracks and still takes the story up to only 1963. Nobody's ever tried anything this comprehensive, especially with such high quality in pressing, annotation and packaging. The pre-Beatles basics are all here, including single-artist compilations for Elvis, the Supremes and the Beach Boys, among others, that rank with the best available in stores. Because the series ranges as far back as 1945 (on Volume 30, *Roots of Rock '45–'55*) and does not stint on genres like doo-wop, girl groups, instrumentals and novelties, the effect is like bumping into Alistair Cooke and discovering he wears a ducktail. So far, Time-Life will sell you the damn things only by subscription, one disc a month. That means it takes more than four years to acquire all of them. But it's no exaggeration to say that it takes at least ten times that long to absorb it all. Despite what your teacher told you, not a second will be wasted.

VIC GARBARINI

You first heard Bruce Hornsby's keyboard genius on his poignant 1986 work with the Range, *The Way It Is*. Live, Hornsby has played with everyone from Branford Marsalis to the Grateful Dead. On ***Harbor Lights*** (RCA), his first solo effort, he finally shows his stuff on record, and the results are startling. Hornsby has enhanced his songwriting skills, adding a sophisticated musical edge with the aid of Marsalis, Pat Metheny and Jerry Garcia. They all play with an intensity that will amaze their fans. What makes this one of the most exhilaratingly creative leaps by a major artist in years is Hornsby's skill at threading a folk-based melody through knotty rhythms, his rippling solo lines on folk-funk-jazz workouts like *Rainbow Cadillac* and the strong lyrics on *Talk of the Town*.

FAST CUTS: Mick Jagger, ***Wandering Spirit*** (Atlantic): Maybe you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but producer Rick Rubin proves you can get 'em to relearn earlier ones. By sticking with raw, gospel-inflected R&B, Rubin updates the *Let It Bleed*–era Stones, providing Jagger with the context so conspicuously absent on his first two efforts.

Van Halen, ***Right Here, Right Now*** (Warner): What were once innovations are now nearly clichés. This live outing finds our most original guitarist treading water. Maybe it's time for a Band of Gypsies project.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Freedy Johnston is a little over 30. Thelonious Monster's Bob Forrest is a little under. ***Can You Fly*** (Bar/None, Box 1704, Hoboken, New Jersey 07030) is Johnston's second album; ***Beautiful Mess*** (Capitol) is Forrest's fourth. Johnston sold the family farm for ten grand to finish his record; Forrest blew a big advance making his. Both guys feel a little like failures, and if you can't get behind that, you probably can't hear what they have to say. Too bad for you.

Occasionally an old-timer gets lucky, but *Can You Fly* is the work of genius—the strongest album by a new male singer-songwriter in at least a decade. Johnston's accounts of selling "the dirt to feed the band," the post-ozone rock

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
John Campbell *Howlin Mercy*	3	9	6	3	10
Mick Jagger *Wandering Spirit*	7	8	7	8	8
Freedy Johnston *Can You Fly*	9	8	7	5	7
The Pharcyde *Bizarre Ride II*	7	8	8	7	8
P.M. Dawn *The Bliss Album*	9	8	9	9	8

THE DISBELIEF DEPARTMENT: The Ark Trust, a nonprofit humane society, gave its Doris Day Award to **Megadeth.** The animal rights organization honored the metal band for naming its LP *Countdown to Extinction.*

REELING AND ROCKING: Former **Twisted Sister Dee Snider** is being tapped for a horror film. . . . **Bette Midler** is going to do her first TV movie, *Gypsy*, on CBS in the fall. . . . Yes, that was **John Oates'** music you heard on the HBO special about the making of the annual *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue.

NEWSBREAKS: Bell Biv DeVoe's sophomore LP just came out, and they have a line of hip-hop fashion called Flipside available nationwide in Foot Locker and Athlete's Foot stores, among others. . . . **Janet Jackson's** LP will be in stores any day now and she's auditioning dancers for a world tour. . . . It's not over until it's over: Another **Stevie Ray Vaughan** LP could be out by the end of the year. Performances from 1978 have recently been discovered. . . . Perspective is everything: **Meat Loaf's** 1977 release, *Bat Out of Hell*, currently outsells 1992 releases from **Prince, INXS** and **Bon Jovi.** . . . **David Byrne** is gearing up for another solo outing. . . . **After 7** will tour with **Gladys Knight.** . . . **Shanice** expects to have a new album in the stores in July. . . . Prince has been filming celebrities at his new L.A. club, Glam Slam, including **Spike Lee, Jade, Keith Washington** and **Tevin Campbell,** for a video of *Blue Light.* The clip may come out only on a video compilation of the album. Prince plans to make a video of each song from the LP. . . . **Lita Ford** made her acting debut on Fox TV's *Herman's Head.* . . . **Ice-T** plans to tell all when Penguin publishes *The Ice Opinion.* . . . And **Boy George** has penned his autobiography, *Take It Like a Man*, which should make it to the States this year. . . . In addition to *Center Stage* being produced by PBS in Chicago, *In the Spotlight*, originating at the New York PBS studios, premiered in March and will continue throughout 1993, featuring **Billy Joel, Joe Cocker** and the music of the **Beatles,** among others. . . . **Dwight Yoakam** teamed up with actor **Peter Fonda** to produce a play in L.A. called *Southern Rapture.* . . . You might be surprised: **Garth Brooks** and **Madonna** were the only music stars to make the top-ten list of the most fan mail received in 1992. . . . The digital compact cassette is here to stay. All major labels now either have manufacturing plants already operating or they're building them—even Sony, in spite of the minidisc. . . . **Pearl Jam** is in the studio in Seattle recording the follow-up to *Ten* and trying to stay true to its roots, even after a quadruple-platinum debut. Frontman **Eddie Vedder** told a crowd last winter, "I want to give **Marky Mark** the fucking finger. Anyone can drop their pants and get attention. Are you a fucking singer? Let's see some talent." Meantime, Marky is still dropping his pants onstage and in print. . . . **Kid n' Play** is developing a TV series and working on *House Party III.* . . . Look for an **Elvis** documentary on TV in the fall. *Elvis in Hollywood* will cover his first screen test in 1956 through his Army induction. . . . **Gang Starr's Guru** has a rap-jazz LP out that includes jazzmen **Roy Ayers, Courtney Pine** and **Branford Marsalis** with hip-hoppers **N'Dea Davenport** and **Carlene Anderson.** . . . **Eddie Murphy** plans to hit the road this summer doing both comedy and music. . . . Finally, **Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx** has described the band's new LP, *'Til Death Do Us Part*, as "diverse and mature." With song titles like *Hooligan's Holiday* and *Hammered*, how can we doubt him? —BARBARA NELLIS

concert, the extended metaphor about the labor of ending a marriage—every one of his oblique but decipherable tales of not quite getting it together could be summed up by the title of the first track: *Trying to Tell You I Don't Know.* Yet Johnston's reedy Midwestern twang, the open-ended detail of the lyrics and the lithe, sly music add up to a study in bringing confusion under control—and in loving your life as a beautiful mess.

Speaking of which, *Beautiful Mess* lives up to its title—it's punkier, more naked. In songs like *I Live in a Nice House* (conceived just after he signed his deal, I guess) and *Blood Is Thicker than Water* (ahh, dysfunction), Forrest harbors no hope of transcending his confusion. He just wants to make music out of it. And he gets close enough for rock and roll.

FAST CUTS: On ***The Way of the Vaselines: A Complete History*** (Sub Pop), young Scots Eugene Kelly and Frances McKee poke fun at sex roles and much more in a completely amateurish, completely captivating hodgepodge of silly songs. On Eugenius' ***Oomalama*** (Atlantic), Kelly has broken up with McKee. He rocks more, but you know what? He's less interesting.

NELSON GEORGE

Hip-hop aesthetics are in a constant flux. Afrocentric agitators, gangstas and dance-hall smoothies are among the many subsets that have characterized rap in recent years. One of the more vital strains of rap has been the native tongues, a style originally associated with New York–based acts such as A Tribe Called Quest, Jungle Brothers and De La Soul. The native tongues popularized jazz samples, obscure arty references, a non-hard-core attitude and a sly, irreverent humor. The latest native-tongues rap group to emerge is the Pharcyde. This quartet of rappers and producers taps into a deep catalog of jazz-funk grooves to create a slinky, soulful collection. On ***Bizarre Ride II*** (Delicious Vinyl/Atlantic), the rhyming is flowing and fresh, marked by a conversational delivery that sounds as comfortable mentioning black ex-porno starlet Heather Hunter as jazz giant Thelonious Monk. Listen to *4 Better or 4 Worse*, as well as to *Soul Flower*, *On the DL* (for you non–urban dwellers, DL is slang for "down low") and *Passing Me By.* The Pharcyde's musical consistency makes this one of the best rap debuts of the year.

FAST CUTS: *Just Another Girl on the IRT* is a film, but it could easily have been a new 12-inch disc by Queen Latifah or Monie Love. Written and directed by a black woman, Leslie Harris, this drama looks at the life of Chantel, a bright, loud-mouthed New York teenager—someone we rarely see on-screen.

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WIRED

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

For decades we've been hearing that direct broadcast satellites are just around the corner. Now we're telling you they really are. Starting in 1994, DirecTv, a subsidiary of Hughes Communications, will be filling your TV screen with your favorite cable programming and more movies more often. To receive the signals, you'll first need to spend about $700 on a party-pizza-sized satellite dish made by Thomson Consumer Electronics. Take it from us, it will be worth it. Not only will you receive near-laser-disc-quality picture and digital sound, you'll also get at least 50 channels of pay-per-view entertainment, including hot new films that run every half hour. (Rumor has it that feature films will be available through DBS before they hit video stores.) In any case, rates should be cable-competitive and billable directly to your credit card.

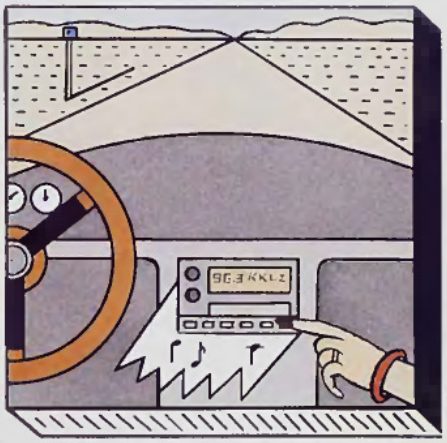
DAN YACCARINO

THE INTERACTIVE ACTION

Television wants to get interactive with the help of the compact disc. No longer merely a music medium, the CD now carries computer codes for storing multimedia home entertainment. Videogame companies such as Sega and Nintendo are battling for a portion of this hot new market along with such electronics manufacturers as Philips, Pioneer, Commodore and 3DO. In a nutshell, multimedia CD lets you manipulate full-motion video and surround-sound audio by means of specially designed hardware. Although the CDs we've seen resemble enhanced 16-bit video games, the format's potential is impressive: You'll be able to alter the plots of movies as you watch them and edit your own music videos. We've even heard that virtual reality games are in the works. Current CDs sell for about $60, with players priced from $300 to $700. Surprise, surprise—most of the interactive systems are incompatible.

RADIOS WISE UP

We've reported on smart phones, TVs and houses. Now there are smart radios. The intelligence comes from a new computer transmission technology called Radio Broadcast Data Systems, which 500-plus radio stations nationwide are expected to offer by year's end. With RDS, you'll no longer have to rely on disc jockeys to reveal song titles and artists' names. That information and more will now appear in the form of messages on your dial. Strictly a rock-and-roll fan? Circuits will scan the airwaves, stopping only at programming you choose. When you're traveling, RDS will automatically tune your car stereo to similarly formatted stations as you reach other cities. It will also sound an alert or turn your radio on for weather



or traffic warnings and offer alternative routes to freeway jams. Not bad for something that adds only about $100 to the cost of a radio. To see this system in action, check out Philips' $850 DC964 car stereo or models from Blaupunkt, Denon and Kenwood.

WILD THINGS

Sony's 100-disc CDP-CX100 CD changer (shown below) will organize your compact disc collection once and for all. Aside from providing direct access to individual CD tracks, the CX100 lets you categorize discs by format, such as rock, classicol or country. You can also program the CX100 to play about 75 hours of uninterrupted music. Look for it in stores in September, priced at about $1200. • Not to be outdone, Pioneer recently announced the CAC-V3000, a 300-disc CD changer that can play music for up to nine days straight. The price: $6000. • On the home-theater front, JVC has unveiled a video recording system for high-definition television called W-VHS. In addition to creating tapes with the same top-quality picture as HDTV, W-VHS allows you to record two programs simultaneously. HDTV and W-VHS are already available in Japan, with the W-VHS player-recorder selling for the equivalent of $4800. They're expected to arrive here later this decade. Also new from JVC is a 4.7-inch movie disc that offers a picture with the high resolution of current 12-inch laser discs. It will be at least another year before the new minimovies are playing in a home near you, so the costs of both hardware and software remain undetermined.

Where & How to Buy on page 178.

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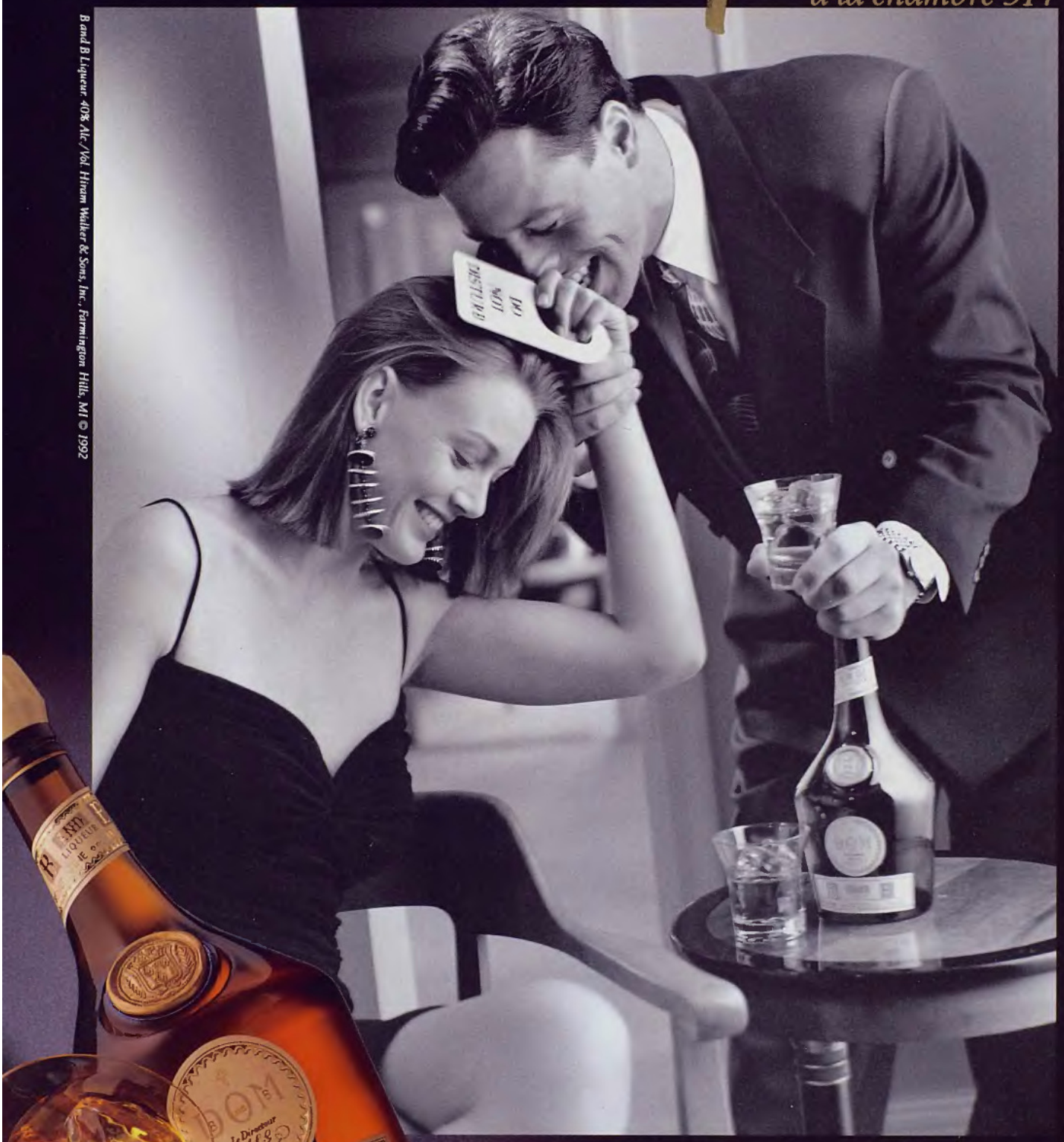

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By STEPHEN RANDALL

IT'S OFFICIAL. The office of the Joint Network Chiefs has announced that for the foreseeable future all vacant hours on TV must be filled with some sort of *60 Minutes* knockoff. Of course, there's a down side to having a dozen newsmagazine shows on the air in any given week: Even a TV viewer with no outside life at all may have trouble keeping straight 20 different on-camera hosts and dozens of reporters and correspondents, especially with new shows popping up monthly. Luckily, there's help. Thanks to the following guide, you too can join in office conversations and appear knowledgeable about TV newsmagazines you didn't have time to watch.

Why is TV in love with newsmagazines?

Think green. Not ecologically but financially. TV news shows are cheap to produce. And more important, they're zapper-friendly. As Andrew Heyward, former executive producer of CBS's *48 Hours*, says, "Unlike a drama show, you don't have to watch the whole hour to get something out of it."

I'm loyal to my demographic group. What's the right TV newsmagazine for me?

We have bad news. Television newsmagazines are designed to be interchangeable. Any story on *20/20* could easily appear (and sometimes does) on *Dateline NBC*. All the shows—including syndicated tabloid shows such as *Hard Copy* and *Inside Edition*—belong to a secret club where each week's story ideas are put into a hat and pulled out at random. If everyone would cooperate, we could have one 15-hour newsmagazine show per week and be done with it.

But don't the hosts give each show its personality? My favorite show, for instance, features two anchors—a man and a woman—who engage in awkward banter and make small talk with the correspondents.

While not all TV newsmagazines use stilted coed anchor teams, it's clearly the preferred trend. *20/20*'s Hugh Downs and Barbara Walters started it, but the quintessential team is Sam Donaldson and Diane Sawyer of *Prime Time Live*. Their antichemistry is so apparent that they can't even sit together on the same set without alienating sensitive viewers. ABC takes no chances and now insists that each anchor be in a different city during the broadcast.

Why do anchors chat with reporters after each story?

Never forget the most important rule of TV journalism: The correspondent must never outshine the anchor. Having the host ask a pre-scripted, semipenetrating question shows America who's in charge. Besides, it forces the reporters to show up for work at least once a week.

STEVE BOSWICK

20/20 vision: ratings versus journalism.

Understanding the TV newsmagazine—without a TV set.

Don't newsmagazine shows attract the best and the brightest journalists?

Absolutely. *20/20* recently stole Catherine Crier away from CNN. The former judge told reporters she was joining the show because she wants "to learn how to report." As far as we can tell, she's the best-paid trainee at ABC.

Why does Steve Kroft ask such easy questions when he's interviewing big newsmakers such as Bill and Hillary or Woody Allen?

Major figures in crisis have enough problems without facing a rude reporter. Anyway, NBC is paying Kroft under the table to make Jay Leno look like a savvy interviewer.

Who's TV's hardest-working journalist?

We vote for Hugh Downs. He lives in Arizona, flies to New York where ABC maintains an apartment for him, reads a few intros, talks to Barbara, cashes his check and flies home.

What does the "20/20" sign-off—"We're in touch, so you be in touch"—mean? What are they in touch with, exactly?

Hugh is in touch with his agent for getting him such a cushy gig. Barbara is in touch with every major Hollywood publicist, trying to figure out why Oprah got Michael Jackson and she didn't.

With so many newsmagazines now on TV, are we in danger of running out of stories?

Not so long as producers can turn to the movie listings for inspiration. Do the real-life parents behind *Lorenzo's Oil* look anything like Susan Sarandon or Nick Nolte? Discriminating viewers need to know. Did some psycho parents leave their kids unattended for a week? That's a good story, too, but don't forget to include a scene from *Home Alone 2*. Reality is much more appealing when Macaulay Culkin makes a guest shot.

What's each show's major contribution to journalism?

That's easy. *60 Minutes* created the idea of journalist as hero, doing battle with evil big business and nefarious politicians. *Prime Time Live* pioneered the hidden camera, so we could watch rotting meat being repackaged as fresh. *A Current Affair* cornered the market early on clever re-creations of actual events. And *Dateline NBC* found an inventive use for leftover Fourth of July fireworks.

Are we getting good journalism from TV newsmagazine shows?

Sometimes, but it's often hidden. On *Street Stories*, correspondent Deborah Norville did a half-hour report on the current epidemic of tuberculosis. It was frightening stuff—perfect for TV—and *Street Stories* made it seem as if TB were everywhere, like country music and Gap T-shirts. Only 20 seconds of the report discussed the main reason for the increase in TB: the large number of AIDS patients who contract the disease. And much of that information was buried in idle chitchat with host Ed Bradley.

But what about the experts? These shows interview bona fide experts, right?

If you needed a bona fide expert on apples treated with chemicals, wouldn't you turn to Meryl Streep? *60 Minutes* did. Of course, it once passed off a Los Angeles–based party columnist as an expert on real estate. It's important to be creative.

Do TV newsmags have any real power?

Ask the people at Audi. They never fully recovered from a *60 Minutes* hit job in 1986, even though they were later vindicated by government safety agencies in the U.S., Canada and Japan. Or ask the folks who make three-wheeled all-terrain vehicles, cellular phones, the Suzuki Samurai and GM trucks.

How do TV newsmags stack up?

The best: *48 Hours*. The worst: a tie between the dreaded *Current Affair* and *Dateline NBC*.

It's not fair to lump trashy tabloid shows such as "Current Affair" and "Hard Copy" with respectable network broadcasts such as "20/20" and "Prime Time Live," is it?

Put it this way: Which show featured an exorcism? (It was *20/20*.) And which one claimed that the hottest new trend in psychiatry was treating victims of satanic abuse? (*Prime Time Live*, of course.)

Isn't there any important difference between "Hard Copy" and "20/20"?

Sure. One is 30 minutes longer than the other.

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Neil Young: Harvest Moon (Reprise) 00208

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Brooks & Dunn: Herd Workin' Man (Arista) 00857

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Bobby Brown: Bobby (MCA) 11121

Steve Winwood: Chronicles (Island) 34501

Lo-Key?: Where Dey At? (A&M) 00872

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Wilson Phillips: Shadows & Light (SBK) 40763

The Cure: Wish (Elektra/ Fiction) 11116

Sinead O'Connor: Am I Not Your Girl? (Chrysalis/Ensign) 00139 †

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Faith No More: Angel Dust (Reprise/Slash) 23736 †

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Damn Yankees: Don't Tread (Warner Bros.) 53663

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Rod Stewart: Downtown Train (Warner Bros.) 10708

Kenny G: Breathless (Arista) 54317

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U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Simple Minds: Glittering Prize 81/92 (A&M) 00895

L.A. Guns: Cuts (Polydor) 00894

Eurythmics: Greatest Hits (Arista) 20611

Billy Ray Cyrus: Some Gave All (Mercury) 41711

Patty Smyth (MCA) 25090

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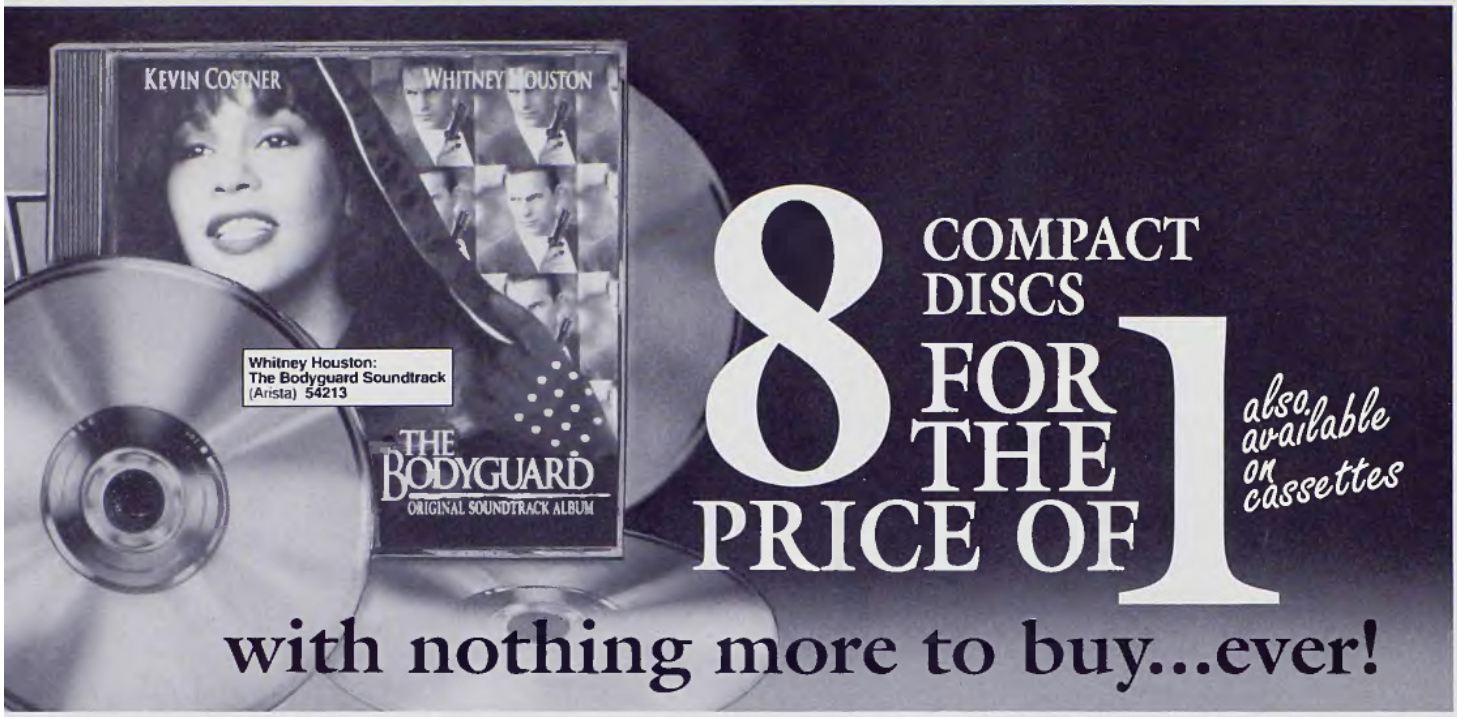

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

HYPERBOLE HAS SO overloaded book reviewing that when an exceptional book shows up, there are no adjectives left for a reviewer to use. Admittedly, we're biased: PLAYBOY has been a fan of Bob Shacochis' writing since 1982, when we published his short story *Lord Short Shoe Wants the Monkey*. It was his first national exposure. Now comes his novel ***Swimming in the Volcano*** (Scribner's), one of the finest we have read in years. This book takes a serious look at contemporary life by way of fictional characters in a Caribbean setting. Shacochis uses his superb command of language to explore the ethical and emotional complexities beneath the surface of everyday events. Most significant, he embraces big themes with energy and confidence.

In a prologue that gives this novel its title, American economist Mitchell Wilson accompanies a local forest ranger, Godfred Ballantyne, on a climb to the top of an active volcano, Mount Soufrière, on the Caribbean island of St. Catherine. Although the volcano has not erupted since 1902, recent activity has prompted scientists to install monitoring equipment along the rim. Inside the crater, a lake of warm rainwater has formed and, in order to test the temperature and measure the water level, Wilson and Ballantyne swim out to an island of hot magma in the center. Wilson's swim in the deceptive warmth of this potentially explosive volcano is a symbolic foreshadowing of the rest of the story.

Sure enough, Wilson's lethargic island life is soon shattered when his ex-girlfriend sends a telegram announcing her imminent arrival after an absence of five years. Johanna Woods brings with her a lot of emotional baggage and $20,000 worth of her not-quite-ex-husband's drug money. Within days, her spirited, reckless, often chemically enhanced presence wrenches Wilson out of his torpor and into the maelstrom of island politics. Then this novel, which is often filled with wit and hilarity, turns dark and violent.

What is so mesmerizing about *Swimming in the Volcano* is not just the Caribbean *Casablanca* romance, or the convoluted maneuvers of various island powers, or even the enchanting scenes of St. Catherine life told in native patois. What draws the reader in is the range and flexibility of Shacochis' prose, which captures the languid images of island life. St. Catherine becomes to Shacochis what Dublin was for Joyce. You may think such a comparison grandiose, but there are echoes in this book of Graham Greene and Hemingway, too. As Shacochis whirls through "the global pillage" of the Caribbean, he confronts poverty, drugs, multicultural collisions, Third World politics and the anguish of a moral man trying to be heard in the roar of an amoral universe. Whether you believe fiction should speak to larger truths or you simply take joy in the music of extraordinary writing, you will want to read this book.

Swimming in the Volcano.

Explosive stuff from Bob Shacochis, Robert Parker and P. D. James.

Last fall, when A. N. Wilson's biography, ***Jesus: A Life*** (Norton), was published, we missed reviewing it. It merits your attention. Ostensibly, this book is an attempt to separate the mythological Jesus of Christian faiths from "the Jesus of history." But Wilson quickly admits that what little we know about Jesus from non-Christian sources "could be written on the back of a postcard and does not prove that he actually existed."

Wilson examines each biblical story about Jesus' life in light of the chaotic religious and political situation during the Roman occupation of the Holy Land. By hunting down the meaning of each clue in the text, he gives us a deeper understanding of the intentions different contributors to the New Testament had in skewing the mythology of Jesus. The picture of Jesus emerging from his analysis is that of "a recognizable Jew of the first century . . . a Galilean hasid or holy man." Although it may alarm some to learn that elements of Christian ritual have no basis in either the New Testament or history, Wilson's book is important because it provides new insight into the philosophical and religious backgrounds of Jesus' teachings.

Some lighter fiction reading this month includes Robert B. Parker's ***Paper Doll*** (Putnam), ***Jazz Funeral*** (Fawcett), by Julie Smith, and Trey Ellis' ***Home Repairs*** (Simon & Schuster). Parker follows Spenser through a murder investigation that finds the alleged victim still alive. Smith, one of the most talented of the new crop of mystery writers, shows us a dark side of the New Orleans Jazz Festival. Ellis is a witty African-American writer who lets us read the hilarious sex diary of Austin McMillan, certainly the horniest young man since Alex Portnoy.

BOOK BAG

The Children of Men (Knopf), by P. D. James: Set in the year 2021, James' unexpected and inspired departure from detective stories to science fiction tackles the end of the human race.

Love Is Strange: Stories of Postmodern Romance (Norton), edited by Joel Rose and Catherine Texier: Sixteen writers present love stories ranging from tender to outrageous, proving that in the age of safe sex, romance is alive.

Ranters & Crowd Pleasers: Punk in Pop Music, 1977–92 (Doubleday), by Greil Marcus: Rock's most imaginative theorist traces the legacy of the Sex Pistols.

Bluesman (Faber and Faber), by Andre Dubus III: His much anticipated first novel about coming of age in the Sixties lives up to Dubus' impressive reputation as a short-story writer.

Black Studies, Rap and the Academy (U. of Chicago), by Houston A. Baker, Jr.: The former president of the Modern Language Association and a leading black intellectual offers a thought-provoking and eloquent defense of rap.

Bernard of Hollywood's Marilyn (St. Martin's), by Susan Bernard: Our December 1966 Playmate has compiled a marvelously nostalgic photo album of her father's loving photographs of MM.

Winter Prey (Putnam), by John Sandford: The fifth Lucas Davenport mystery, set in the dark Wisconsin woods, is an intense thriller with an unlikely killer.

Operation Shylock: A Confession (Simon & Schuster), by Philip Roth: In this spy thriller, Philip Roth himself discovers he's being impersonated by a stranger who could be his twin. Another inventive twist from the author of the Zuckerman trilogy and *Portnoy's Complaint*.

The Shark-Infested Custard (Underwood-Miller), by Charles Willeford: This hilarious crime story takes place in Miami in the Seventies. Four single guys who are trying to get laid find a murder instead.

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LA GEAR

MEN

By ASA BABER

Most of the women I know can vividly remember moments when they felt picked on or threatened by anonymous men in public places. And that aspect of female life makes existence more difficult for all of us today, male and female.

The tales these women tell are not vague or feeble fiction: They can give you the exact times, dates and locations of various incidents, as well as complete descriptions of what happened to them, what was said, what they did.

As you listen to them talk, you can feel their anger and their fear, and you have to recognize the gravity of their charges. You know that in certain respects, these women have been unnerved, and that their fears will not disappear simply because you wish they would.

I am not saying that all female fears of men are justified, or that men are dangerous by definition. Nor am I claiming that men run no risks of their own on the street. But I take seriously the stories of intimidation and anxiety that I hear from women. And I am convinced that there are things we can do as men to become more helpful and protective of the women in our lives.

It's undeniable that a small minority of violent and uncontrolled men have engaged in despicable conduct toward some of the women they encounter, and that such conduct has scarred those women and darkened the image of all men in this culture. Our image, of course, has not been helped by the incessant media focus on violent men; biased and loaded media coverage increases women's fear of men.

Whether valid or not, whether fair or not, there are times when a man's mere presence can cause a woman consternation. Allow me to ask you two basic questions:

(1) Have you done your job as a man by changing your public behavior so that women feel less threatened by you?

(2) Have you been mentally lazy when it comes to this subject, and have you simply forgotten to look at life from the female side of the street?

To be male is a different experience from being female. No matter how we might try to argue about it, our experience walking down a street is not the equivalent of the female experience.

So what I want to share with you here

PAUL LEE

THE FEMALE SIDE OF THE STREET

is my code of conduct in this arena. I ask you to think about it. Because I know that men can do better than we have been doing. We can be less careless and more supportive of women in general as they function in public, as they join the American work force in increasing numbers and as they commute to and from their homes and their jobs.

Here are some of my rules:

There is safety in space, so on the street, give women space. If I am walking behind a woman on a lightly populated street, I will either pass by her quickly or stay a decent interval behind her. If the street is empty, I will often cross to the other side to give her a stronger sense of space and safety. Even in crowds, I avoid walking closely beside a woman for long. And in what may seem like an exaggerated sense of concern to some of you, I admit that I give women space in elevators, hallways, subway stops, hotel lobbies, restaurants and office buildings.

On some occasions, there is safety in closeness. Yes, I know I am contradicting the first rule in my code of conduct. But this is the real world, where nothing is simple. There are times when, if it looks like someone is about to hassle a woman in a public place, your presence can make a difference—and you don't necessarily have to say a thing. By standing closer to her than you normally would, you are indicating that she is not alone and that you might defend her, which can defuse a situation before it gets out of hand. It is a courteous, chivalric thing to do.

See yourself through her eyes. What do you look like to her? For example, to see myself through a woman's eyes, I first have to remind myself that I rarely appear as a well-dressed and affluent man. It is not my style. And for better or worse, most women in a big-city environment tend to trust the well-dressed man more than the unconventionally attired one. So when I wear casual clothes, the price I pay for that on Chicago's Michigan Avenue is that I look different from the average executive, and looking different can threaten some people. My appearance may not seem to be that of a safe or predictable man. So that is even more reason for me to be careful and to make no false assumptions about how I might be perceived.

Unless a woman gives you a clear signal that she wants to talk to you, the street is not the place to introduce yourself. Nothing irritates me more than to see some supposedly slick-talking guy trying to hustle a woman who does not want to be hustled. These days, the goal of most women on the street is to get from one place to another with safety and efficiency. They are not cruising for dates or asking for attention or on the street to flirt. So unless I've been spoken to first in a public venue, I do not talk to women I have never met. Sure, I am attracted to many women and sometimes have the illusion that I could be a friendly guy with an ability to break the ice. But so what? I know that those passing moments of self-inflation are precisely the moments when I have forgotten my job as a man on the street today.

My job and your job, I should say. Which is to wish all women the ultimate in health and safety, and to do what we can to help them lead productive and unmolested lives.

It is not too much to ask of ourselves. And if we take this code of conduct seriously, as we should, it will be well worth all our effort. Because it will help us build a much-needed bridge across that sometimes forbidding canyon we call the gender gap.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SUSAN MCDONNELL

I'M ABUSED, YOU'RE ABUSED

I was doing squat-thrusts at the gym and was working up a nice sweat when Cleo burst in.

"Oh, my God!" she yelled. "My father sexually abused me. I can't believe it!"

"Neither can I," I gasped as I dropped the barbell on my foot. "How do you know this? Did you dredge up buried memories? Did he confess?"

"I took a quiz in a magazine. I scored ninety-one out of a hundred and have the classic symptoms. I'm plagued by feelings of intense shame. I feel guilty about everything, especially sex. I have low self-esteem and always feel I'm wrong. I am incapable of sustaining a constructive relationship with a man. I have chronic nightmares. My childhood memories range from fuzzy to nonexistent. I suffer from frequent bouts of severe depression. There's no doubt about it, I was an abused child."

"Come on, Cleo, I have exactly the same symptoms."

"Unbelievable! You were abused, too. No wonder we're friends."

So then I told her she was basically describing every woman I know. She said I should stop being in denial. I said I'll bet you a hundred dollars that every woman in the gym right now has exactly the same symptoms. She took me up on it. I lost. The woman who ran the juice bar said she remembered her childhood vividly and that her husband was the best thing that ever happened to her. Cleo demanded I pay up. So I browbeat the juice-bar woman until she admitted that she thought her husband might be having an affair and that her memories of sixth grade were nonexistent.

"There, you see? It's all a crock," I crowed.

"All I see," said Cleo, "is that this child-abuse thing is more widespread than we ever imagined. What the hell is wrong with fathers, or uncles, or whoever the hell destroys the lives of innocent girls?"

"It's a crock," I reiterated. "It's the disease of the month. The authors of these articles and books make the symptoms sufficiently vague so that they fit almost everyone, which means almost everyone will run to the bookstore and gobble up these books and the authors can buy as many Benzes as they want. A crock."

"If you say crock again I'll shoot you," said Cleo.

"Sure it's a crock," said Rita at dinner that night, "unless all women in the United States are victims of child abuse, which can't be true. Can it?"

"In a way I'm relieved," said Cleo. "I've always liked my father."

"But something's wrong somewhere," said Rita. "If we weren't all abused, how come we're plagued by shame, guilt, depression, low self-esteem and bad relationships?"

We sat for a while in silent melancholy. We asked our waitress if she had any ideas. Her idea was that we should drink some margaritas and forget about it. This seemed sensible.

"But there is one thing I've been wondering," said our waitress as she brought our drinks. "I read in the paper that until they're nine years old, girls are just as happy and self-confident as boys. But then, when they hit that magic age, the long downhill slide begins. They start doing lousy in math, they go spastic in gym class, they generally fall apart. How come?"

"Simple," said Cleo. "That's when they get abused."

"If you say abused again I'll shoot you," said Rita.

"Shut up a second," I said. An idea was fighting through the margarita haze.

"OK, I've just figured it out. You know how we all come from dysfunctional families, but some families are really dysfunctional, so that Dad gets to do whatever he wants even if it's really disgusting and everybody shuts up and pretends everything is fine? Well, isn't it the same for society in general? Doesn't our society systematically abuse its women and we pretend everything is fine?"

"Boy, you are really drunk," said Cleo.

"So you're saying our entire society is dysfunctional?" asked Rita.

"Well, isn't it? Little girls are taught to be passive. We're given dolls and stupid tea sets and we aren't allowed to yell or get dirty or fight. Nobody cares what we do so long as we look cute doing it, so we become obsessed with appearance over performance. Sugar and spice and everything nice.

"Whereas little boys are active. They get to play in Little League and build forts. They get filthy, scream like banshees and beat the shit out of one another. And Mom and Dad just smile and say, "Boys will be boys." Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

"Well, so big deal," said Cleo.

"Of course it's a big deal," I yelled at her. "It's abuse. If you grow up with all your natural aggressive instincts beaten out of you, if you're not allowed to be competitive or active or express your anger, what do you think happens? You feel helpless and out of control. Which makes you depressed and full of self-loathing, you moron!"

"Looks like you don't have much of a problem expressing your anger," Cleo said.

"But what about that nine-year-old thing?" asked our hovering waitress.

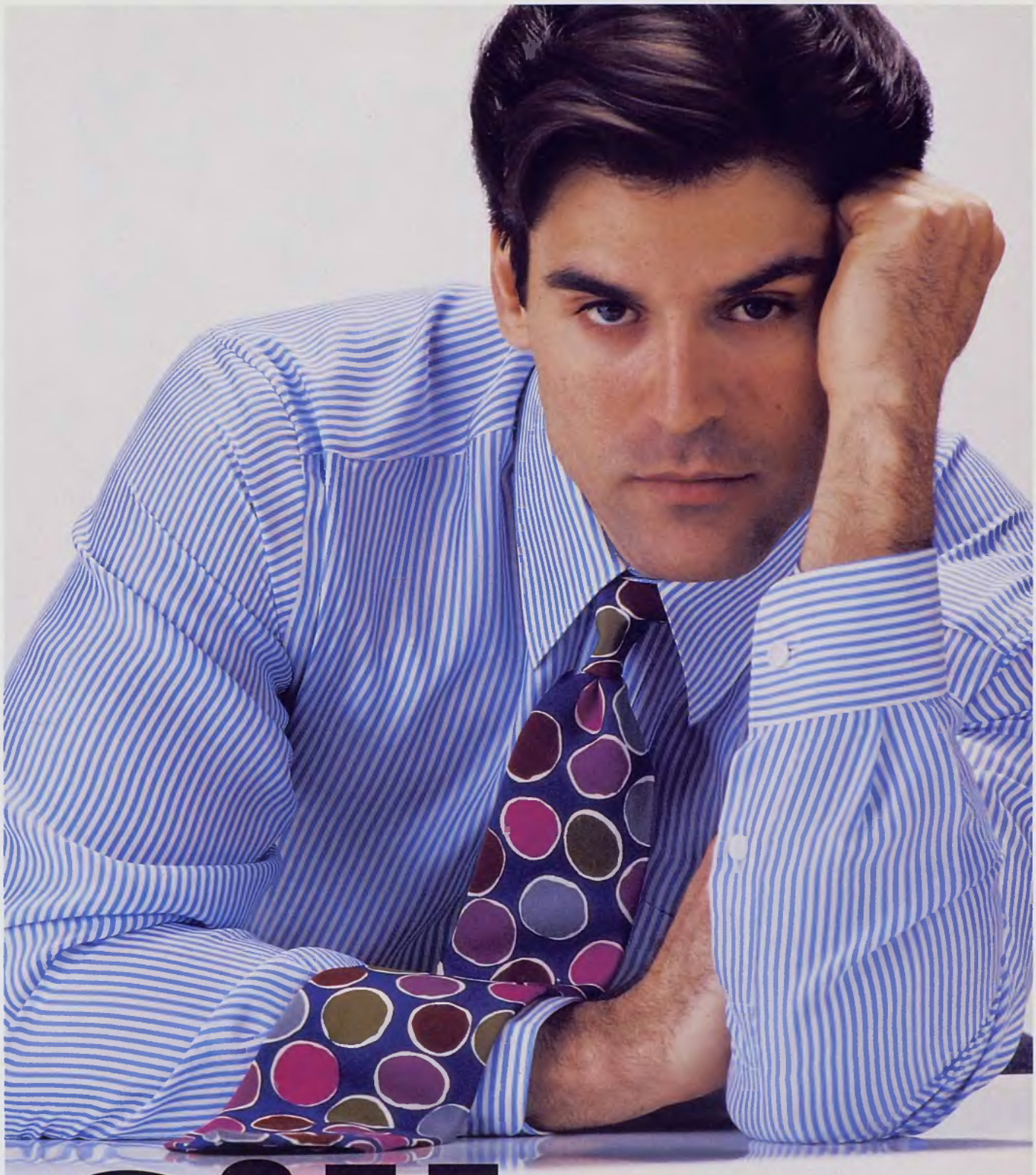
"Isn't nine when we become those obnoxious creatures who giggle and whisper and pass notes in class and never do their homework?" asked Cleo.

"Nine is when our hormones start acting up, when we start getting those little mounds on our chests," said Rita.

"Nine is when we become obsessed with boys," I said. "Nothing matters anymore but what they think of us."

"And we want them to like us so much that we start acting the way they want us to, the way we've been propagandized," said our waitress. "Stupid, passive, nonthreatening."

"I told you that we were all abused," said Cleo.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After sex I like to lounge around nude. My new girlfriend feels fine about remaining topless, but she's quick to pull on her panties. She says she "just feels more comfortable that way." But I love gazing at every part of her body. I've asked her to stay naked, but she's not into it. What gives?—T. P., Forest Hills, New York.

Chances are she doesn't consider her privates to be as attractive as you do. We're told that men are uncomfortable about nudity because of their concern with penis size. We always thought it was central air conditioning. It turns out that women are more anxious about genitals than men are. At least that's what University of Kansas researchers Rhonda Reinholtz and Charlene Muehlenhard discovered in a recent study of 320 college students, half men, half women. Compared with the men, the women felt significantly less comfortable with their genitals, and with their lovers'. But there's hope for men like you who enjoy seeing their lovers au naturel. The study also showed that the women who felt most comfortable with their nudity were also the most sexually experienced. In other words, the more often she removes her undies for sex, the more likely she is to leave them off.

I've never seen anyone use a condom in an X-rated video. Aren't the actors afraid of AIDS?—K. I., Tempe, Arizona.

Condoms are not entirely absent from sex videos, but they're rare. Porn performers are indeed concerned about AIDS and other sexually transmitted infections. Some have arrived at a creative solution to the occupational hazard they face: an expanded form of sexual exclusivity. There aren't many professionals in porn, and those who make a living at it generally know one another and work together regularly. Several performers of our acquaintance work only with a select group of actors who they know have tested disease free. If no one has sex outside the group, then no one catches anything. Of course, this requires more trust than a monogamous relationship, where you have to worry about only one lover stepping out. This type of arrangement is not unique to the porn industry. We heard about a university marching band whose members took a similar pledge and reportedly made beautiful music together. The tuba player was supposedly a legend in his own clef. If you like this combination of variety and exclusivity, you might raise the idea at your office, health club or condo association. Let us know how things work out.

Some audio dealers insist the only way to audition loudspeakers is in a room with a single pair of speakers at a time. Most audio shops display dozens of speakers in each listening room. What's

the best way to choose speakers?—E. T., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

The best auditioning facility is the room in your home where you'll be listening to music. Any store worth its woofers will let you take one or two pairs of speakers home for a trial marriage. No matter how many speakers fill the room, a store is a dismal place for listening. It's true that a demo room with a single pair of speakers permits proper positioning for listening. However, it's difficult to compare different speakers. Acoustic memory is brief. In multiple-speaker rooms, you can do instant comparisons of poorly positioned speakers. Ultimately, listening in the store provides only a rough clue to speaker sound. Among comparable speakers, room acoustics affect speaker sound more than any other variable.

Whether for business or pleasure, my trips overseas get off to a rough start because of jet lag. I've read about dozens of cures. Do any of them work?—S. D., New York, New York.

Your body uses several systems to reset your internal clock. Some travelers swear by the famed jet-lag diet described in Dr. Charles Ehret and Lynne Waller Scanlen's "Overcoming Jet Lag." More recent research contends that controlling the light reaching your eyes winds your clock. Wear eyeshades or dark welder's glasses while traveling if you'll arrive at your destination at night. Try to be in as much light as possible while traveling if the sun will be up when you get to where you're going. Once there, spend an hour in the afternoon sun when possible, or under very bright fluorescent lights. One airline is pushing aroma therapy. It hands out small vials of different scents to be sniffed at appropriate times during your journey. An overlooked contribution to jet lag is noise. Buy noise-canceling headphones (about $1000 a pair) or use tightly fitting earplugs. These reduce stress and help you arrive refreshed. Finally, some experts recommend making love your first night back home. We're not making this up. They claim sex is an excellent way of telling your body everything's back to normal.

Do sex surrogates still exist? If so, are they therapists or prostitutes?—W. A., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Surrogates are still with us, primarily on the West Coast—especially in Los Angeles, San Diego and the San Francisco Bay area. "They are also in a few other places across the country," according to Adele Kennedy, a longtime Los Angeles surrogate and surrogate trainer. Some women who call themselves surrogates are real therapists. Others are prostitutes. The way to tell the difference, Kennedy says, is that surrogate therapists never advertise. They accept only referrals from psychologists or sex therapists and are an integral part of the treatment team of therapist, patient and surrogate. In addition, they never jump right into bed with clients. "Our emphasis is on sensuality, not sexuality," Kennedy says. "I often see a client regularly for months before we have intercourse, if that becomes appropriate."

In the February *Playboy Advisor* you declare that a stereo television set not equipped with a dbx chip is a fraud or lemon. I believe that the magazine is misinformed. Thomson Consumer Electronics [the maker of RCA, Proscan and GE TVs] manufactures and markets stereo TVs with and without dbx noise-reduction circuitry. Some of our stereo models include advanced technology such as Dolby ProLogic Surround and Hughes SRS Sound Retrieval systems. We also developed the patented XS Stereo technology—a circuit that decodes and separates a stereo signal at the same time as it reduces noise. The XS system does not use dbx noise reduction, yet it delivers realistic stereo sound from cabinets with built-in, closely spaced speakers. Furthermore, XS Stereo provides directional realism, the phenomenon of sound appearing to move from one area to another. While some people have the impression that there are mandated technologies for reproducing stereo in TVs, there is no such legal requirement.—James Harper, Thomson Consumer Electronics, Indianapolis, Indiana.

We stand corrected. If a person plans on hooking a TV into a home entertainment system with separate speakers, he should look for a dbx system. But someone looking for

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

interesting sound in a one-piece unit should keep his ears open to alternate, innovative technologies. XS Stereo does create what one reviewer called a sound stage—an aural presence wider than the spacing between speakers. Check it out.

My new girlfriend is terrific, except that she keeps talking about her ex-husband of eight years. They were high school sweethearts, and she hasn't been in any other serious relationships, so this guy represents most of what she knows about men, love and sex. But after several months, her "ex" rap is getting old and I'm getting impatient. My buddies tell me to hang in there, but chilling out is leaving me cold. What do you say?—R. O., Dubuque, Iowa.

Many people carry baggage from past relationships. The trick is learning to leave it. Here's our rule: Women are free to talk about ex-boyfriends or ex-husbands for one or two dates (though why they should want to is beyond us). If they aren't talking about us by the third, the relationship is destined to go nowhere. If you want to be this woman's therapist, go ahead. But with the ghost of her ex haunting your new romance, you're in danger of winding up as a transitional fling on her way to some future relationship.

I'm recently divorced and I've started answering personal ads. They should call those things impersonals. On three occasions I've arranged what I thought would be dates, but after five-minute look-overs, all three women said it wouldn't work and brushed me off. They weren't beauties and I'm no beast. Are video personals better?—B. B., Westport, Connecticut.

We doubt it. We've never liked personals in print, video, skywriting or graffiti. The ads are like résumés—if not outright lies, they're often tortured interpretations of the truth. And the initial meetings are like casting calls (Number 21? Ah, thank you. Number 22?). Most people we know turn to the personals when they get frustrated with the bar scene. Our advice: Write your résumé, then live it. If you say you like to hang out at the climbing wall at the local sports club, go climb. If you meet a woman hanging out at the same wall, start a conversation. You already have something in common.

All the advice columns say talking leads to intimacy, which leads to better sex. But often, when I want to talk about something important, my girlfriend reaches for my zipper and we just have sex. It's as if she uses sex to avoid conversation. Most of the time I think I'm a lucky guy, but sometimes I wonder.—A. W., Morristown, New Jersey.

Except for "Excuse me, the house is on fire," what conversation can't wait till after sex? Too often, proximity is wasted on conversation. If you want to talk with her, call her on the phone, or talk after sex. When a woman reaches for our zipper, we don't mince words. There are better uses for the mouth than talking.

I've read about several new car models with five-speed automatic transmissions and six-speed manual gearboxes. Why have manufacturers provided these extra gears? Do they change the way the car should be driven?—K. G., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Six-speed manual transmissions are available in new Corvette models, in the BMW 850Ci, the Dodge Viper, the 1993 Acura Legend coupe and the 1993 Camaros and Firebirds. The extra gear provides fuel efficiency at cruising speeds. Here's how: With most new six-speed transmissions, third, fourth and fifth speeds are lower geared in order to improve acceleration. At the same time, a tall, overdrive sixth-gear ratio helps improve fuel efficiency at cruising speeds. No special driving techniques are called for—although, in the case of a six-speed manual, you don't want to shift into sixth gear too soon, as acceleration and passing ability are much better in fourth and fifth gears. The principle is the same for five-speed automatics. At present, Mercedes-Benz and BMW offer them in a few models. Reportedly, more are on the way.

My wife rarely goes to bed later than 11 P.M. I rarely retire before 12:30. We usually make love in the late afternoon, so our different bedtimes don't affect our sex life. But she doesn't like to go to bed by herself, and I'm a night owl. Do you have any suggestions?—M. G., Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.

Don't turn bedtime into battle time. Early birds rarely become night owls and vice versa. You have the flip side of the more familiar problem—one likes to jump out of bed at the crack of dawn, while the other loves to sleep in and have breakfast in bed. In the past, we've urged early risers to drop by the boudoir and share a cup of coffee with a lover breakfasting in bed. In your case, we suggest that as your wife prepares to retire, you accompany her into the bedroom, kiss her, tuck her in and then depart.

You've written about storing records, CDs and tapes. I just had a 1925 Model L Steinway piano restored. Now I want to protect my investment. What advice do you have for the real thing?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You're right to be concerned about your instrument's care. A restored Steinway of that vintage can be worth $30,000. Here are some guidelines for preserving wooden instruments: Maintain a consistent relative humidity (the optimum range is 45–50 percent). That may not be realistic in all environments—some walls "weep" at 50 percent—but at least avoid wild swings in humidity between winter and summer months. The variation should not exceed ten percent. Get a hygrometer to monitor the room's humidity, but understand that the margin of error of such a device can be as high as eight percent. Do not put the instrument in direct sunlight, near an uninsulated wall, adjacent to a heat source or air conditioner or near a drafty window. Some people protect their pianos with a fleece-lined cover—vinyl or something nonporous is preferable to a quilted material, which will act as a sponge and retain moisture directly on the instrument.

The movies that are shown on airplanes are all dogs, or about dogs. Can I use my portable VCR to watch my own flicks while flying? While you're at it, how come I still have to pay the four dollars for a movie in coach when I use my own headphones?—P. J., Washington, D.C.

The most portable of VCR-TV combinations are 8mm models that include TV tuners. TV tuners emit radio waves that theoretically can interfere with aircraft systems. Even if you insist the tuner is off, the airlines take no chances. A few manufacturers make lunch-pail-size VHS VCR-TVs without tuners. Technically, these are perfectly safe to operate on board. As far as the four-dollar headphone rentals are concerned, something has to compensate for those low fares. The airlines pay a small percentage to the movie studio and a small amount goes to amortize the aircraft audio-video system. The rest of your four dollars is pure profit in the airline's pocket.

Recently, my doctor prescribed Prozac for premature ejaculation. It worked, but now I can hardly ejaculate at all and my orgasms haven't been much fun. I thought it might be the Prozac, but my doctor said no way. Have you ever heard of this?—P. P., Pacific Grove, California.

Unfortunately, we have. Your doctor should have as well. "Recently, many doctors have returned to 'treating' premature ejaculation with drugs," says sex therapist Joseph LoPiccolo of the University of Missouri in Columbia. "That's a big mistake." LoPiccolo says many physicians are unaware that Prozac interferes with ejaculation in 30 to 50 percent of the men who take it. Meanwhile, brief sex therapy cures this problem in most cases with no drugs and no side effects. You don't even need a sex therapist. You can cure yourself using the programs described in "The New Male Sexuality," by Bernie Zilbergeld (Bantam), or "Sexual Solutions," by Michael Castleman (Touchstone).

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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GAYS IN THE MILITARY

a scrapbook of who said what

Best reason for a military coup
Section 925, article 125 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice: "Any person . . . who engages in unnatural carnal copulation with another person of the same or opposite sex . . . is guilty of sodomy." The code defines unnatural copulation as either anal or oral sex, punishable by dishonorable discharge and five to 20 years in military jail.

Where were you in high school?
"How would you feel about being in a shower with a homosexual?"—ARMY STAFF SERGEANT RICHARD BENNETT

The weak link in America's defense?
"The stereotypical female homosexual [is] hardworking, career-oriented, willing to put in long hours on the job and among the command's top professionals."—VICE ADMIRAL JOSEPH DONNELL IN 1990

Best one-liner
"Heterosexual men have an annoying habit of overestimating their own attractiveness."—JOSEPH STEFFAN, A MIDSHIPMAN EXPELLED FROM THE NAVAL ACADEMY

Bashing for bucks
"Lifting the ban is just the tip of the iceberg of the homosexual agenda. We are in the research stage on how to proceed, to find out what people are thinking, to find out what will fly."—THE REVEREND LOU SHELDON, CHAIRMAN OF THE TRADITIONAL VALUES COALITION

"Our new president needs to hear from thousands of Americans like you immediately. . . . I want you to join me in telling him why we so strongly oppose allowing homosexuals in our United States Armed Forces. . . . Please help me protect the security of America. Return your personal message to President Clinton along with your gift of $22 to Liberty Alliance today."—REVEREND JERRY FALWELL, FROM A FUND-RAISING LETTER

Most relevant statistics
During the Gulf war deployment of 195,000 Army personnel, there were four prosecutions for homosexual sodomy, six courts-martial for heterosexual rape and at least 16 heterosexual sex-harassment complaints filed by military women.

Royko on gays
"Since we're talking about sex—more specifically a form of sex that the majority of Americans consider unnatural—anybody who says that it won't affect morale and discipline in the military has never been in a barracks or on a crowded troop ship."—MIKE ROYKO, COLUMNIST

AIDS in the military
"The reason we have done what we have done [segregated HIV-positive soldiers in a barracks known as the 'HIV Hotel' or the 'leper colony'] is that we think it's good medicine. And it's medicine that might work in the civilian sector as well."—MAJOR ROBERT REDFIELD, CHIEF SCIENTIST FOR THE ARMY'S AIDS RESEARCH EFFORT IN 1989

Famous gay soldier outed
General Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben, the Revolutionary War soldier who, along with George Washington, was among the most important figures in the formation of the United States.

Public vs. private
"As far as I'm concerned, it's fine—as long as they keep in the closet."—AN EX-NAVY MAN WHO SERVED WITH GAYS

"There's a difference between a homosexual saying, on the one hand, 'My sexual orientation and behavior are none of your business,' and, on the other, 'I demand that you acknowledge my sexual choices as the exact equivalent of yours.' The former is a matter of privacy, the latter, of culture."—WILLIAM RASPBERRY, COLUMNIST

Cut to the chase
"This is, perhaps, the cruelest irony of the ban—that it has singled out those gay Americans who are among the most patriotic, the most committed to living lives that, in other people, would be at the heart of the notion of civic virtue."—ANDREW SULLIVAN, EDITOR OF *The New Republic*

"The issue is whether men and women who can and have served with distinction should be excluded from military service solely on the basis of their status, and I believe they should not."—PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON ANNOUNCING A DEADLINE FOR ALLOWING GAYS IN THE MILITARY

"As my father told me, it doesn't matter what color they are, what sex they are or what their sexual preference is. The only thing that counts is whether or not they can soldier."—LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV, A THIRD-GENERATION MILITARY MAN

READER

ROWAN ON MARSHALL

A heartfelt thanks for the article by Carl T. Rowan ("The Last Good Man," *The Playboy Forum*, February). We were all saddened by the death of former Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall. He was the ultimate crusader for the civil rights of both blacks and whites. Throughout the race riots and demonstrations of the Sixties, Justice Marshall was there. Now PLAYBOY and Rowan have given him a place in our hearts and in the history books. Long live Thurgood Marshall's work.

R. Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

I am amused by columnist Carl T. Rowan's hand-wringing over the loss of a liberal Supreme Court. The Supreme Court's initial purpose was to interpret the Constitution—not to rewrite the laws to suit its own political agenda. For years, the Democrat-controlled Congress allowed the Supreme Court to legislate what Congress would not dare pass itself. However, just hours before his retirement, Marshall expressed his dismay at a Court decision that he felt signaled a shift to the right. It would appear from his statement that he felt it was permissible for liberal justices to rewrite the Constitution, but not OK for conservatives. When President Clinton makes an appointment to the Court, I wonder what litmus test his appointee will undergo to make sure he or she has the "correct" interpretations of the law.

Mark S. Lindsey
Richmond, Virginia

FOR THE RECORD

LET DELIGHT SHINE

"Finally, we would move toward a more generous definition of sex, one that does not try to categorize people as being by nature sexy or sensuous, victim or victimizer, chaste or lusty. Instead of trying to find the universal essences of human sexuality, we would do well to frame the issues in more constructive ways. The question is not whether women are more or less sexual than men. (The answer to that is yes, no, both and sometimes.) The questions are: What are the conditions that allow women and men to enjoy sex in safety, with self-confidence and in a spirit of delight? And how do we get there?

" 'The most positive thing we women have retrieved from the 19th century is that sex is about enjoying ourselves,' said the English writer Wendy Faulkner. Let us get on with it."

—FROM *The Mismeasure of Woman*.
BY CAROL TAVRIS

RISKY BUSINESS

The author of the article "Is Sex an Assumed-Risk Sport?" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) obviously paid scant attention to my lawsuit against the Rock Hudson estate. I began my sexual relationship with Hudson in 1983, when AIDS was a disease relegated to promiscuous gay men who inhaled too many vials of amyl nitrite. Half the people in the gay community didn't fully accept that AIDS was sexually transmitted, and some gay activists railed against safe-sex measures as heterosexual-inspired homophobia and homosexual self-hatred. In June 1984 Rock learned he had AIDS. He didn't tell me then or ever, and he instructed his secretary to lie to me, deny he had AIDS and say that he was anorexic. When I saw him deteriorating, I asked him on more than one occasion if he had been tested for HIV, and I was told he had "been tested for everything" including the plague (his name for AIDS) and didn't have it. This behavior goes beyond not informing me; he actively conspired to conceal his disease from me in order to continue our sexual relationship. Rock Hudson was the first person I knew who had AIDS. I had no other reference. But the point is, if someone has a disease like AIDS and is aware of the malady, it is his or her duty to inform his or her sexual partners. When two or more people engage in sex, it is the duty of all to protect themselves. If someone deliberately lies about AIDS, herpes, etc., in order to have sex, it is criminal. After Hudson's death, I merely asked the estate for a guarantee that I would have enough money to pay for my medical care should I be diagnosed with AIDS within five years (after which time, the money, to be held in trust, would be returned to the estate). The estate lawyers responded with indifference, a smear campaign and a bogus countersuit. The jury awarded me a reduced settlement of $5.5 million. I took it. Last year, a California appellate court upheld the judgment in my case three to zero. As for the "houseboy" remark, this cut me to the quick! I can live with "street hustler," "opportunist" or "catamite," but houseboy? Rock already had one. He was English and 54 years old.

Marc Christian
Los Angeles, California

Your letter simply underscores the point of our editorial. In 1983 the gay community was very much aware of AIDS and had more than an inkling of what put its members at risk. Scientists had started to focus on the exchange of bodily fluids and had warned against unprotected sexual contact. There were even hysterical headlines claiming that the disease could be transmitted through casual contact. Within the year, the virus was isolated and an antibody test was developed that could identify HIV-infected people who had not yet shown signs of AIDS. It is not clear whether Rock Hudson ever had a confirmed diagnosis. Hudson died in October 1985, the victim of a variety of disorders ranging from Kaposi's sarcoma to lymphoma, all of which are symptomatic of AIDS infection and none of which

are communicable. More than 6000 Americans had died of the disease by the end of 1985. As you point out, the gay community was divided on the mechanics of the disease. Did you or Hudson belong to the half that avoided safe sex, that denied the existence of sexually transmitted diseases in general? Your lawsuit claimed that because of Hudson's actions, you had to live in a state of fear. Was your fear worth more in court than that of any other sexually active male in a time of uncertainty? After the trial, a copycat victim alleged that six weeks after Hudson's death, you assured him you were not infectious and had sex with him. Whether or not this allegation was true, we hope the experience with Hudson was cause enough to change your behavior. The AIDS virus is one of the many risks that accompany sex today. There are others. See the next letter.

As lawsuits charging the transmission of sexual diseases between former lovers multiply, who's to blame becomes the issue. As far as I'm concerned, trying to place blame misses the point. I don't believe it adds much to public health when two people attack, threaten and further stigmatize each other over the details of a love affair gone wrong. In addition, I resent taxes being spent in this way when they could be much better spent preventing further transmission of a host of diseases. But mostly, I don't think a courtroom is an appropriate place to talk about sexually transmitted diseases. Communication is certainly called for, but it needs to take place long before two people find themselves on opposite sides of a lawsuit. Approximately 40 million Americans are infected with an STD; there are 12 million new infections each year. Some STDs are treatable, others curable. All STDs are preventable. Prevention depends on latex condoms and honest communication. Responsible, caring people know their health status and discuss with their partners possible risks, including herpes, HIV, gonorrhea and risk of conception. That way, everyone can make informed decisions. If that isn't possible, it should tell you something about your potential partner. After all, why would you want to have sex with someone you can't even talk to?

Peggy Clarke
Executive Director
American Social Health Association
Research Triangle Park,
North Carolina

Catholic Sexual Reformation

For the past two years on October 31st, at precisely noon, Edward Grothus of Los Alamos, New Mexico has nailed a parchment scroll to the door of St. Francis Cathedral in Santa Fe. He has also mailed a copy to the Pope. The scroll reads:

"Credo that for centuries consideration of human sexuality has not been a matter of open, easy discussion.

"Credo that there needs to be a new, honest and enlightened sexual moral code proclaimed by the Church, a new sexual code for the 21st century.

"Credo that human sexual education should be a must in all schools so that every new individual has a reasonable chance to live a full and productive life. This is pro-life.

"Credo that persons should be taught that the intended conception of a new individual is one of the noblest things that a man and a woman can do. This is pro-life.

"Credo that persons should be taught that conception occurs not as a gift of God but as a consequence of a sexual act between a man and a woman.

"Credo that it is sinful, immoral, unethical and unthoughtful to beget an unwanted child. This is pro-life.

"Credo that artificial contraception is neither evil nor sinful and that it is wrong that the Church makes even a married couple feel guilty if they use any form of artificial birth control.

"Credo that it is not sinful for couples wanting a child to conceive in vitro if this is the only way for conception to occur. This is pro-life.

"Credo that a woman is denied the pleasure of her own sexuality if for most of her life she lives in a constant fear of becoming pregnant, and that the Church causes untold suffering,anxiety and hardship by insisting that every conception must be carried to term.

"Credo that it is sinful and immoral for the Church to avoid addressing the problem of world overpopulation. This is pro-life.

"Credo that persons should be taught that casual, unthinking, unprotected sexual activity is lethal. This is pro-life.

"Credo that homosexuality is a God-given exercise of free will and that homosexuals should not be persecuted.

"Credo that adoption of this creed will greatly reduce the number of traumatic abortions. This is pro-life."

THE KEATING PAPERS

how charles keating used millions in taxpayers' money to fund his crusade for decency

By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

If you want to find Charles Keating these days, he's hanging out at the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, doing ten years for swindling some 23,000 citizens out of their life savings. Moreover, this past January, a Los Angeles federal jury convicted the ex-tycoon of 73 felonies connected to the Lincoln Savings & Loan scandal. Potential penalty: more than 500 years in the federal pen.

But long before Keating became synonymous with fraud, he was a famous crusader against sexual literature. From his base in Phoenix, Charles Keating directed and financed his own foundation, Citizens for Decency Through Law, which waged a jihad against erotica. "I thank God for how far CDL has come since I founded it in 1957," Charlie Keating wrote in one fund-raising letter. "Back then Hefner's PLAYBOY magazine was among the worst. . . . Now, 12-year-old kids pick up the family phone and listen to lurid descriptions of incest, child sexual brutality—even kids having sex with their family pet."

To save us all from such depravity, Keating kept CDL—known throughout Arizona as "Charlie's charity"—well funded. He funneled hundreds of thousands of dollars from Lincoln Savings & Loan and its holding company, American Continental Corporation, into the CDL coffers.

In 1984 Lincoln Savings & Loan contributed $350,000, and American Continental $105,000, to Keating's crusade. The following year, Citizens for Decency Through Law took in $225,000 from Lincoln and $50,000 from ACC. In 1986 CDL received $100,000 in Lincoln money and another $10,000 from ACC through a Keating-sponsored fund-raising party.

The taxpayers later picked up much of the tab for this generosity. Michael Manning, a Phoenix attorney representing the Resolution Trust Corporation (the semiautonomous agency established to clean up the S&L mess), explains: "During most of that period, federally insured deposits were used for cash flow at ACC, and ACC was the greatest source of money for the Keating family. Typically, Keating moved money from Lincoln to ACC through sham transactions."

By 1989 Keating had dipped into Lincoln's treasury to such an extent that the bank was broke. On April 14, 1989, federal regulators seized Lincoln. ACC, whose main asset was Lincoln Savings' federally insured deposits, had declared bankruptcy a day earlier. Ultimately, the federal government would have to come up with some $2.6 billion to bail out Lincoln's depositors and creditors.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

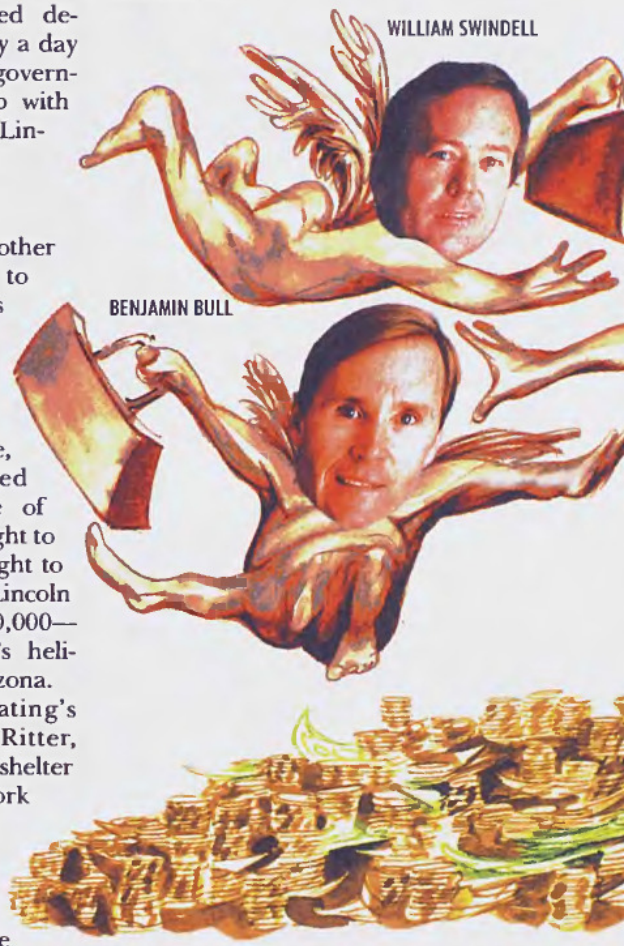
Charlie had been big with other people's money. In addition to CDL, religious organizations that might ordinarily have been barred from federal funding got hefty grants from their Lincoln Savings and ACC sources. In 1985, for instance, Lincoln Savings contributed $250,000 to the Archdiocese of Phoenix, $10,000 to Arizona Right to Life and $5000 to Colorado Right to Life. Over a four-year period, Lincoln granted Mother Teresa $900,000—plus personal use of Charlie's helicopter during her travels to Arizona.

Another recipient of Keating's largess was Father Bruce Ritter, founder of Covenant House, a shelter for runaway children in New York City. Ritter's enterprise would receive at least $400,000 in Lincoln and ACC contributions and another estimated $33.75 million in questionable Lincoln loans. Ironically, Ritter—once a key member of the 1985 Meese Commission on Pornography—fell from grace in a sex-and-money scandal involving homeless boys.

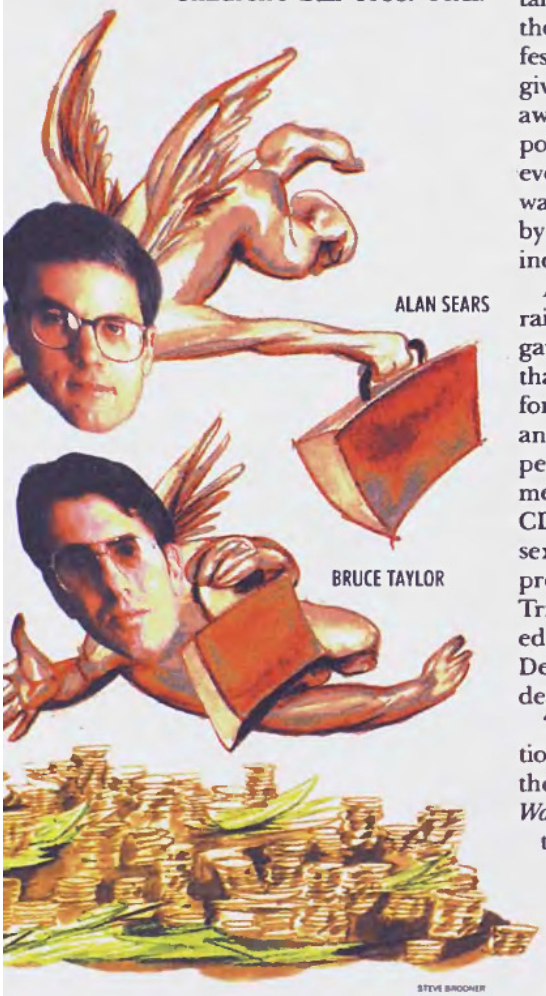
As recently as January 1993, *The Washington Post* was saying that the S&L scandal and the antiporn crusade were unrelated. Not in Charlie's mind.

When Keating wasn't outright giving Lincoln and ACC bucks to his anti-pornography obsession, he and his family were nudging the Arizona business community into funding CDL. In Arizona during the mid and late Eighties, the conventional wisdom went: If you wanted to do business with Charlie Keating, you'd do well to buy tickets for the Children's Ball, an annual fete that raised vast sums for CDL.

Here's how Keating described the ball and the ballroom in a 1988 fund-raising letter: "At this crucial juncture I'm pulling out the stops. And God help me, this year's Children's Ball is going to raise $2 million in funds for CDL—more than has ever been raised for the cause of decency in America. [This is] to make sure that our potent legal weapons—Ben Bull, Bruce Taylor, Alan Sears and the others—stay deployed.



"The 1988 Children's Ball will bring you a wealth of updated information on the underworld of child porn and the phone-sex industry. Plus, you will get an evening of exquisite entertainment and cuisine at my new $300 million hotel and development, the Phoenician Resort. To accommodate the Children's Ball, I made the Phoenician's ballroom big. So big, in fact, that this year we're making room for 1500 guests, nearly as many as have attended in the past three years combined: Children's Ball 1985. SOLD OUT. 670 guests, $1 million. Children's Ball 1986. SOLD OUT. 670 guests, $1.25 million. Children's Ball 1987. SOLD OUT. 440 guests, $1.75 million. Children's Ball 1988. GOAL:



1500 guests, $2 million."

According to Dennis Wagner of *The Phoenix Gazette*, the 1988 Children's Ball (chaired by Keating's daughter, Elaine Boland) raised $1.5 million, most of which went to CDL to deploy those "potent legal weapons" in the cause of censoring erotica.

Gene Whitson, an executive with an Arizona contracting firm that had done work on Keating's Phoenician Resort, told Wagner: "They demanded money. Not little bits of money. They put the heat on you. I think the first year it was a couple of thousand dollars [per table]. The next year it was ten thousand dollars. And the third year it was twenty thousand dollars."

Carolyn Warner, an Arizona political figure, attended one Children's Ball—a friend had bought a table and had a spare seat. "The sad stories about depravity against children that were told were almost lurid, as if there were a secret pleasure derived from this," she reports. Adds Resolution Trust Corp. outside counsel Michael Manning, "I've talked to people who attended and they said it was a Keating family lovefest. They said various Keatings would give one another expensive crystal awards for their vigilant fights against pornography. They said it wasn't an event that people who attended once wanted to go to again, though I'm told by many who went that Charlie could induce their attendance."

And what did all this frantic fundraising buy? A legal foundation that gave Charlie a national platform and that provided lucrative employment for various right-wing legal beagles and Keating relations, and that made periodic lunges at the First Amendment. During its Eighties heyday, the CDL got Congress to pass anti-phone-sex legislation, printed a guide for prosecutors on "The Preparation and Trial of an Obscenity Case" and provided a kind of brain trust for the Justice Department's war on what the CDL defined as obscenity.

"Although there was no formal relationship between the government and the now-defunct CDL," noted a recent *Washington Post* article, "the organization from the early Eighties played a major role in conceptualizing the antipornography campaign, and some of its lawyers later helped carry it out as Justice Department officials. The group's causes and targets," the *Post* reported, "became virtually indistinguishable from those of the Justice Department."

Documents obtained by PLAYBOY through the Freedom of Information Act illuminate the link. In 1984, for instance, when the Reagan administration was planning a national commission on pornography, CDL general counsel Bruce Taylor sent a long, chatty letter to then–Attorney General William French Smith that was filled with suggestions for the panel: "It will need a narrow and specific mandate and a strong chairman to stick to your mandate . . . someone, like Mr. Keating, who can handle the pressure and the press and be true to your directions. . . . Another important consideration is preventing a renegade or hostile minority from disrupting the work of the panel. Even one appointment of an ACLU lawyer or consenting-adults advocate will allow the industry to funnel money, counterresearch and dissenting reports into the proceedings. Hostile media reporters will use that member for comments and updates, thereby suppressing the main work and findings and creating controversy. The commission should be a true team to assist you in studying the situation, not a purely political or an across-the-board representation. Accuracy in the findings is all-important, fairness in the membership is not."

Critics of the commission called it a stacked deck. Now it's clear why. Taylor practically dictated the list of authorities—all of whom would guarantee an antiporn slant.

MEN OR MEESE

Although French Smith ended up appointing many of Charlie's suggested "true team" to the Meese commission, he did not give Charlie Keating the top porn-buster job. Copies of Taylor's letter were sent to Senators Strom Thurmond, Dennis DeConcini, Orrin Hatch, Jesse Helms, Jeremiah Denton, Charles Grassley and Representative John McCain (R–Ariz.). DeConcini and McCain must have been particularly sympathetic. Several years down the line, DeConcini (who got $81,000 in campaign money from Keating) and McCain (who received $112,000) were pushing to new limits the definition of constituent service as part of the Keating Five.

Long before the S&L scandal broke, McCain was enough of a Keating gofer that he wrote Edwin Meese an effusive letter inviting him to the 1985 Children's Ball for the purpose of seeing their friend Father Bruce Ritter receive an award. In his letter McCain extolled the CDL: "As you know, this group of attorneys attempts to combat pornography through the judicial process."

Ed knew. Keating and the CDL were

cozy with the Meese-era Justice Department. At the conclusion of the Meese Commission sideshow, Alan Sears joined the CDL staff. The starting pay was $125,000.

Sears apparently earned his six figures advising prosecutors on obscenity law and firing off letters on CDL stationery, such as this one to his ex-boss, Meese: "This is a matter of some importance, which I felt compelled to bring to your personal attention. . . . Last July, you hosted a luncheon for me and some of the persons who served as volunteers . . . members of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. During that luncheon session . . . you promised that each attendee and the other commissioners not present would be presented appropriate certificates of appreciation in the very near future. . . . More than a year has come and gone and I continue to receive phone calls from persons wondering why the promised certificates have not arrived. . . . I would greatly appreciate it if the preparation and issuance of such certificates could be expedited. A number of the former commissioners have been subjected to tremendous amounts of personal abuse by the media, professional associates and others, but they continue to stand strong and to defend not only the work of the commission but you and the entire administration."

The commissioners got their certificates—while some of the crusaders got federal jobs. Former CDL lawyer Paul McCommon joined the newly created National Obscenity Enforcement Unit. (See "Project Postporn," *The Playboy Forum*, September 1990). He was joined by one of Charlie's prime angels, CDL veteran Bruce Taylor. "There appears to have been a kind of revolving door between the CDL and the Justice Department during the Reagan years," suggests Marjorie Heins, director of the ACLU's Arts Censorship Project. "Justice was using materials prepared by CDL in its training and making extensive use of CDL people as speakers. The two groups appear to have shared the identical religious-right antisex agenda. This relationship fostered a hysteria about freedom of expression on sexual topics."

Porn-killing was lucrative, too. At CDL, for instance, the foundation's 1987 IRS filing showed that William Swindell, the national director, earned $175,000; Bruce Taylor, general counsel, made the same; and Benjamin Bull, legal counsel, earned $150,000.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

But the good times were not to last. On May 31, 1989, a month after ACC's bankruptcy and Lincoln Savings' seizure by the federal government, *The Phoenix Gazette* reported that "a tax-exempt organization founded by Charles Keating, Jr., to fight pornography . . . might be headed for hard times, a victim of Keating's crumbling empire." In the wake of the scandal, Alan Sears—of Meese commission fame—took over as CDL president and executive director, trimming budgets, changing the group's name to the Children's Legal Foundation Inc. and, above all, trying to shake the group's image as a Keating-family enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H Keating, Jr., founders of Citizens for Decency Through Law
Trust
A baby trusts us not to drop him or her.
A toddler trusts us to prevent a damaging fall.
A child trusts us to teach right from wrong.
A youth trusts us to educate and prepare.
A young man or woman trusts us to bequeath a clean society.
Rich or poor, we must do our best to honor all that trust.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H Keating, Jr.

This was not an easy task. In July 1992, Jerry Kammer revealed in *The Arizona Republic* that the reborn CLF had been serving as a job corps for two Keating sons-in-law: "Robert J. Hubbard, Jr., and Bradley J. Boland were hired as successive presidents of the Children's Legal Foundation by a board of directors headed by Dr. Gary Hall, a third Keating son-in-law. Other family members sat on the board." The same article had Hubbard acknowledging that "during his tenure at the foundation, staff members were asked to help Keating's legal-defense efforts by answering a phone that had been installed in the foundation's office."

This was all tremendously interesting to the FBI, which began investigating. Federal law-enforcement officials have retained a curiosity about what became of tens of millions of unaccounted-for Keating dollars.

The revelation of continuing Keating-family involvement with CLF seems to have been the final blow. By New Year's 1993, *The Washington Post* described the foundation as "defunct." The Phoenix organization's telephones were found to be disconnected, and there was no listing with directory assistance for either CLF or CDL.

Meanwhile, Charlie's "potent legal weapons" are singing their old songs in some of the more contentious corners of the religious right. William Swindell has occupied a series of jobs and titles with the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association in Tupelo, Mississippi. His salary, according to a 1990 AFA tax filing in which he's listed as "Associate Director," is a mere $41,200, plus $4200 in benefits.

Benjamin Bull, once CDL's legal counsel and later a $175,000 in-house counsel to ACC in the midst of its bankruptcy, has gone on to head Wildmon's AFA law center. There, according to their 1990 tax report, he got a modest $56,662. Bull now spends his time busily filing suit against school districts for using the "Impressions" reading series, among other infractions.

At least there's one good thing about the employment of Keating's *consiglieri* at the AFA: This time the organization's $6 million–plus budget comes voluntarily from like-minded contributors.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF PAT ROBERTSON

By STEPHEN RAE

Across the land, 300,000-plus members of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition continue to wage a religious and cultural war. According to the coalition, only by purging the "satanic forces" contending for the country's soul can America return to righteousness and its citizens lead their lives as God intended.

As outlined in Robertson's writing and in his folksy sermons on *The 700 Club*, the country bears little resemblance to any America that has ever existed. Take a look at what the once and possibly future Republican presidential candidate envisions.

On government:
"Perfect government comes from God and is controlled by God. Short of that, the next best government is a limited democracy in which the people acknowledge rights given by God."

On a state religion:
"The First Amendment says . . . Congress can't set up a national religion. End of story. There is never in the Constitution, at any point, anything that applies that to the states. None at all."

On state-sanctioned genocide:
"You've got a country full of homosexuals, people who are living together outside of wedlock, who are engaged in drunkenness, fornication, drug addiction, crime and violence. Now what are you going to do with those people? Are you going to kill them all? . . . Playtime is over."

On who can run for office:
"Individual Christians are the only ones really, and Jewish people . . . anyone whose mind and heart is not controlled by God Almighty is not qualified."

On religiously inspired criminals:
"We should have a judicial branch of the church . . . to judge these matters and handle them ourselves. . . . It shouldn't be the province of the states to put people in jail for exercising what they feel is their religious belief."

On a spiritual police force:
"Why not have God give us wisdom in such areas as crime control? He gives us wisdom in everything else."

On animal rights activists and religious Jews:
"[Jews] go to Heaven if they keep all the commandments of the Jewish law, and if you go back to the Old Testament, you see that it was necessary . . . to have animal sacrifice."

On a woman's place:
"The husband is to be the high priest of the family. . . . [God] is the head of the man and the man is to be the head of the woman. . . . A woman has voluntarily surrendered a portion of her autonomy to her husband when she marries."

On genocide as an act of Christian charity:
"God told the Israelites to kill them all [the Midianites], men, women and children, to destroy them, and that seems a terrible thing to do. Is it? Well, that would be 10,000 people who probably would have gone to hell. But if they stayed and reproduced . . . then there would be 1 million people who would have to spend eternity in hell. . . . So God in love, and that was a loving thing, took away a small number so that he might not have to take away a large number."

On feminism:
"Feminism . . . encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."

On freedom of the press:
"I think it's outrageous to intrude into a man's family in the guise of journalism."

On health care:
"I have come across instances where people were not near a television set when *The 700 Club* was used by God to heal them. One man went to bed blind, but a prayer request came in to our television program for him and when he woke up, he could see."

On sex:
"Christians can have much more stimulating sex lives than non-Christians. Non-Christians cannot join together in the spirit. They lack that extra dimension."

On meteorology:
"Word reached us that a great killer hurricane with winds exceeding one hundred fifty miles per hour was heading directly into our area. . . . I commanded that storm, in the name of Jesus, to stop its forward movement and to head back where it had come from. . . . It was almost as though a giant hand had come down out of the sky, blocked that storm and gestured, 'Stop.' . . . This hurricane followed orders."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WHAT WE WANT

HONOLULU—*Thinking of writing a singles ad? Some truth in advertising may pay off, according to what sociobiologists*

have discovered. Apparently, neither men nor women want a partner who wants a large family. Also unwanted: partners who are dominant, agnostic, night owls or early risers. Men want women who are good-looking, younger than themselves and reproductively fit. Women are more concerned with finding professional men who have ambition, status and good income and who can offer security. Perhaps most interesting: Two University of Hawaii researchers found that men think love is an essential part of marriage; women, on the other hand, deem it a much lower priority.

SAPPHO'S DESCENDANTS

CHICAGO—*Sisters of lesbians are at least four times more likely to be homosexual than sisters of heterosexual women, according to research published in the "American Journal of Psychiatry." The study was conducted by Northwestern University psychology professor J. Michael Bailey, who previously found that male homosexuality is genetically determined. A study of lesbian twins, soon to be published in the "Archives of General Psychiatry," will further corroborate the importance of genetics in determining homosexuality.*

HOME RULES

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—*A superior court has ruled in favor of landlords who want none of their tenants living in sin. Judge George Keady decided that "the state's interests in protecting unmarried cohabiting couples from discrimination is not such a paramount and compelling state interest as to outweigh the individual's right to the free exercise of religion." The chairman of the Commission Against Discrimination said that unless the decision is overturned, he could imagine a rental application with a line that reads: "Check the following boxes if you have had an abortion, if you have engaged in premarital sex, if you are gay, if you are not a Christian."*

NEW YORK CITY—*Mayor David Dinkins signed an executive order that allows unmarried couples, including homosexuals, to register with the city clerk as domestic partners.*

STATE NOT CHURCH

MANILA—*The Philippines' first Protestant president is supporting the distribution of condoms despite strong opposition from the Catholic Church. Even though most citizens are Catholic and the Church is politically powerful, President Fidel Ramos defended his health secretary's condom program as a means of slowing the spread of AIDS.*

AIDS UPDATE

ATLANTA—*Federal health officials said that the number of American AIDS deaths will increase from a total of 160,000 to at least 333,000 by 1995, but that the spread of the disease among homosexuals and bisexuals is beginning to slow. The AIDS surveillance division of the Centers for Disease Control said that the greatest improvement was among homosexual males, perhaps indicating that prevention efforts are beginning to pay off.*

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND—*Globally, however, the World Health Organization reported that the number of AIDS cases officially rose to more than 600,000 last year, with the likelihood that the real number of cases is about four times that many.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. State Department announced that at least 44 countries now require HIV testing of foreigners before they can enter their country. While most accept U.S. test results, some, including Cuba, Greece and Kuwait, do not.*

NO SEX SUCKS

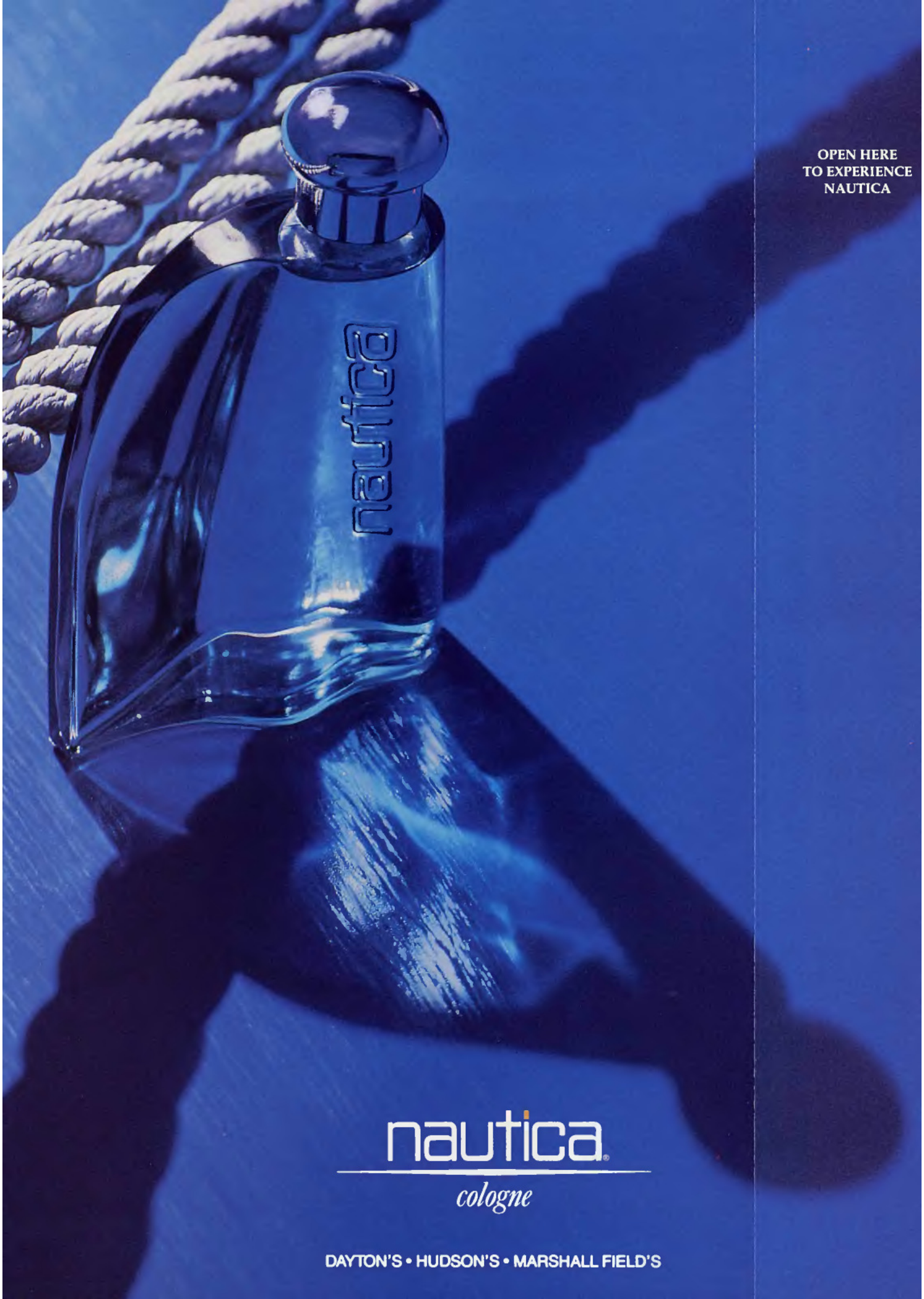
LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA—*Ordinance 619 has put Lancaster on the map, or at least in the tabloids, as the town that makes sex a crime. Strictly interpreted, the ordinance prohibits all sex outside of marriage. This means no cohabitation, sex shops, condoms, marital aids, sexy lingerie, girlie magazines, sexual videos or clothing that exposes more than 25 percent of the breast or buttocks. The law was supported by the aptly titled vice mayor, Reverend Henry Hearns, and pushed through the city council by a local constituent who claimed his smut habit once caused him nearly to rape a woman in a parking lot.*

KISS AND KVELL

BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA—*A chain of southern California health clinics has a new rule for employees: If you have a visible hickey, you're suspended without pay. It seems that too many patients and colleagues complained about a few workers branded with the signs of passionate kiss-*

ing. Personnel manager Diana Tamez explained, "When they come in and don't meet certain standards of professionalism, then it's something we have to deal with." Guess the standards depend on the profession.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK



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THE SCANDAL AT RTC

the agency created to fix the s&l mess is embroiled in mischief that makes the greedy thrift barons look like pikers

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

I recently found myself in a coffee shop interviewing a nervous woman who works for the Resolution Trust Corporation. She was afraid we might be spotted and knew she would be fired if her name were used in my story. She talked of a witch-hunt in the agency and suggested a plot to defraud taxpayers. This was not some crank or screwball. I had been given her name by a respected business professor who had vouched for her credibility.

After a long career in commercial real estate, this woman had gone to work for the government agency that was set up by Congress in 1989 to help straighten out the S&L mess. What she found was that the RTC, after spending $85 billion and asking for $45 billion more, represents a scandal even greater than the original caper. The conspiracy she hinted at involves an attempt by Wall Street and the government to defraud taxpayers. It doesn't matter that Democrats now control the White House, since the key players in this scandal, which has been bipartisan from the beginning, remain in place.

The history of the RTC is one of incompetence further tainted by avarice. Even in its better moments, this agency has managed to bungle the smallest details of the operation, including the mundane tasks of office work. Perhaps you recall the story a few months ago of how the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse charged the RTC 67 cents a page for photocopying millions of pages of records. It was only after a congressional committee expressed outrage that the accounting firm returned $4 million of the $17 million it had been paid.

But that was a minor misdeed. The real problems with the RTC have to do with the waste of billions of dollars, not millions, through the rushed sale of seized assets at well below market value. And we are talking many billions. The cost of the S&L bailout is now at $200 billion—a conservative estimate—paid by interest-bearing 40-year government bonds. Servicing that debt will cost as much as $500 billion over the next decades.

Neither President Bush nor President Clinton was willing to make an issue of the S&L or RTC scandals during the campaign. Bush's reasons were clear: The debacle occurred on his watch and his own son was implicated as a director of the failed Silverado S&L of Denver.

Then, too, during the Bush years, wealthy Republican contributors had a field day picking the assets seized by the RTC from failed S&Ls. The Robert Bass Group, for example, which was a financial backer of Bush campaigns, joined with General Electric Capital Corp. in 1991 to buy $1 billion in bad real estate loans at the bargain-basement price of $527 million. No wonder the RTC-asset auction list at one point cost $50,000.

Under Bush the RTC forced out or demoted lawyers who dared to suggest that the agency was making sweetheart deals in settling cases of fraud. A policy was set in motion to ignore smaller independent investors while favoring the largest Wall Street brokers at a considerable loss to the taxpayers.

This should have been a hot issue for the Democrats, but the Clinton campaign pointedly ignored it. "The Democratic party as a whole has seemed inclined to help Bush try to bury the mess," *The Los Angeles Times* reported in the last month of the presidential campaign. "Some outside analysts believe that questions about the involvement of Clinton and his wife with a failed Arkansas thrift, an issue that surfaced early in the presidential campaign, may have stifled his criticism of Bush on the issue."

Now we have Clinton's trusted childhood friend, chief of staff Thomas McLarty, whose company was a defendant in a $535 million lawsuit brought by the RTC. The federal agency alleges that McLarty's firm, Arkla Inc., is responsible for "misdeeds and negligence" in the operation of University Savings of Houston, a failed thrift seized by federal regulators in 1989. It is estimated by the RTC that the failure of University Savings will cost taxpayers $2 billion.

McLarty, who was chairman and chief executive officer of Arkla, says his holding company is not responsible for the irresponsibility of the thrift. In 1988 Arkla bought a natural-gas company called Entex, which owned University Savings. Entex had owned the thrift for the previous ten years.

Presumably, Arkla had looked into the operations of the subsidiary and should not have been shocked when it went bust in 1989. But McLarty insists his company bears no responsibility for the loss to savers at the thrift. His reasoning typifies the flimflam world of financiers in the Eighties. The poor suckers who got burned by the S&L may react viscerally, but to McLarty, University Savings was evidently just another property pushed around the board of high finance.

Pushing around paper profits was what mangled the U.S. economy during the Eighties, but, unfortunately, Clinton has turned over the day-to-day operation of economic planning to two old pros. Robert Rubin, recently cochairman of Goldman, Sachs & Co., the Wall Street investment firm, is coordinator of economic policy in his job as chairman of the new National Economic Council. Roger Altman, a close friend of Clinton's since their college days at Georgetown, is deputy secretary at the Treasury Department. He was vice chairman of the Blackstone Group, a New York investment bank.

Altman's boss is Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, known as "Loophole Lloyd" to his colleagues in the Senate. Bentsen also has a potential conflict of interest on S&L matters. His son Lan Bentsen is being investigated by the RTC for a possible violation of contracting rules concerning a $54 million default to the RTC by a company in which Lan was a principal. In a separate case, the RTC has already concluded that one of young Bentsen's firms, Lan Bentsen Interests of Houston, had what *The Washington Post* reported in March as "legal and ethical conflicts that should have barred it from doing work for the RTC."

No wonder Senator Bentsen didn't raise any questions about Altman's possible conflict of interest when his name came up as the deputy overseeing RTC activity. Bentsen also supported the selection of Rubin as economic czar. Rubin once managed a portion of the superrich Texas senator's personal investment portfolio.

Nor did President Clinton look askance at the fact that his two top economic advisors *(continued on page 174)*

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OPENS FRIDAY, MAY 21st

AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROSEANNE & TOM ARNOLD

a candid conversation with TV's battling blue-collar heroes about hollywood rats, media madness and their unusual rules for a happy marriage

Roseanne Arnold is dressed entirely in black, from her blouse to her cowboy boots. Her mood is dark, too.

"My lines are mean," she complains to one of the writers of her top-rated TV show, "Roseanne." "Make them funnier."

"Perhaps you could point out a few of the ones you're talking about," suggests the writer.

"No," says Roseanne. "You figure it out." Then, ever the helpful star, she points to her script. "This line is not funny," she says. She points to another. "This line isn't funny, either." Her voice becomes more agitated as she finds more offenders.

"Not funny," she says, pointing. And then she continues:

"Not funny."

"Not funny."

"Not funny."

"Oh, honey," interrupts Tom Arnold, attempting to bail out the beleaguered writer before Roseanne can dismiss every line in the script. Tom has many roles in Roseanne's life and career—husband, executive producer of "Roseanne," star of "The Jackie Thomas Show"—but none is more important than his role as peacekeeper. His mere presence brings the exchange with the writer to an end. But not before Roseanne gets in the last word.

"Well, it's not funny," she says firmly and walks off.

Life backstage at "Roseanne" is not always so tense. Although it was once considered the stormiest set in Hollywood, with Roseanne and Tom firing producers and writers with a Steinbrenneresque fervor (Roseanne even fired Tom twice), success has apparently mellowed the controversial couple. "Roseanne," their flagship show, dominates the ratings week after week, and the newer "Jackie Thomas Show" managed to pull off something of a minor miracle: It made Tom—often derided as Roseanne's Yoko Ono—respectable.

Seldom have two performers traveled farther to get to the top. And perhaps never has such a journey been so well publicized and endlessly analyzed.

The Arnolds met in Minneapolis in 1983, when they were neophyte stand-up comics. He opened her show. They were both overweight, overindulgent products of overcomplicated lives. He had a reputation as an irresponsible wild man with a taste for drugs and alcohol. Roseanne Barr, as she was known then, was a foulmouthed and abrasive comic whose whining housewife humor struck a nerve among dissatisfied women and sympathetic men.

The two quickly became best friends and together they took refuge on the road from their tawdry home lives. Tom had just escaped three years as an Iowa meat-packer; Roseanne doubled as a house-trailer Frau with three kids and a husband who worked for the post office.

"Tom was like the guy me," Roseanne explains. So they dressed alike, heckled each other from offstage, got high together, spent sexless nights in the same hotel room and had more fun than two lower-middle-class couch potatoes thought they should ever be allowed.

And that's before either one of them became famous.

Roseanne hit it big first. After four years of perfecting the wisecracking, gum-chewing Domestic Goddess, she arrived in Los Angeles in 1985 and landed at the Comedy Store.

Within weeks, she had been discovered by "The Tonight Show" and signed to an HBO deal. Then, in 1988, the producing team behind "The Cosby Show" made her the star of her own series. It was an immediate ratings success.

Why? Barbara Ehrenreich, writing in "The New Republic," called her "the neglected underside of the Eighties. The overside is handled well enough by Candice Bergen and Madonna, who exist to remind us that talented women who work out are bound to become fabulously successful. Roseanne works a whole different beat, portraying the hopeless underclass of the female sex: polyester-clad, overweight occupants of the slow track; fast-food waitresses, factory

ROSEANNE: *"I tell him he's a boring guy. Once you get past the veneer, he's just a boring husband who wants to watch sports all the time. And I'm a regular bitchy wife who just wants to go out and do something."*

TOM: *"I wouldn't care if it was the Pope, gay guys, anybody. Doesn't matter. It's inappropriate. I'm not going to let any man, even my rabbi, who's asked, have lunch with my wife. I don't believe in it."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

ROSEANNE: *"I'm not Cinderella and I'm not a fucking princess. I'm me and I have a big mouth. I am never going to shut up. I could cause all kinds of trouble every fucking day if I wanted to."*

workers, housewives. But Barr—and this may be her most appealing feature—is never a victim."

Her book, "Roseanne: My Life as a Woman," became a best-seller. And Roseanne has increasingly become one of the most powerful women in television, prompting "TV Guide" to call her this generation's Lucille Ball.

Tom's career took a bumpier path. After winning a Twin Cities Laugh Competition, he arrived in Los Angeles from Minneapolis in 1988, trying to build a career in comedy—and to forget such instances as a three-day stay in jail for urinating outside a restaurant. His old road buddy Roseanne took him in, despite the fact that she was still married to (but separated from) her former husband, Bill Pentland.

By then, Roseanne's public troubles had begun. The media took her to task for staff upheavals on "Roseanne." There was a palimony suit by her ex-husband and weird, exhibitionist behavior as Roseanne and Tom greeted the world as a couple: They showed off their tattoos in public and mooned people. She fired two managers and filed a lawsuit—since settled—against her former agency, Triad, for mishandling her career. And let's not forget her rendition of the national anthem, which earned her the enmity of President George Bush. She also came out as an incest survivor, causing her parents and siblings to denounce her publicly and leaving some in the media to wonder if Roseanne was telling the truth.

There's more: a flurry of harassment by the tabloids, including stolen love letters and claims of house-trashing; the rediscovery, via tabloid, of the daughter Roseanne gave up for adoption at 18; fistfights with photographers who annoyed them; caustic letters sent to journalists who criticized them; continuing battles with weight and other compulsions; an operation to untie her Fallopian tubes; breast reduction and other plastic surgeries; construction of a 26,000-square-foot house in Iowa—the largest in the state—as their primary residence because, as they like to say, "We hate Hollywood."

But the biggest source of controversy was the relationship between Tom and Roseanne. Tom was well known as a guy whose cocaine binges were so bad he sometimes hallucinated that there were cameras in the walls making a drug-abuse documentary—with him as the star. Her family and soon-to-be-ex-husband called him a homewrecker. Some in Hollywood thought he was a talentless hanger-on, riding on Roseanne's skirttail. Others saw him as a Svengali who took over Roseanne's life and manipulated her into naming him executive producer of her show.

These events and others were fully documented in the tabloids, on talk shows and in the gossip columns. Yet despite the extensive media exposure, the Arnolds still confuse and fascinate people. To find out why, we sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *to get the untold story. He met with the couple on and off for nine months at their Brentwood, California home, on the "Roseanne" set and at their temporary trailer in Iowa, next to the site of their as yet unfinished mansion. Rensin's report:*

"The Tom and Roseanne I met were not the Tom and Roseanne the media led me to expect. For all the attention they've received, it seems that everyone wants either to sanitize the Arnolds or to sensationalize trivial aspects of their lives. Roseanne often complains that the press leaves out great chunks of what she says in its reports. One reason they agreed to talk to me at such length was that, for once, they could hold forth uncensored.

"The two seem like a perfect couple. During our sessions, their love was evident and their friendship even more so. Roseanne radiates both vulnerability and self-confidence, while Tom is a mountain of support and patience, even if he can't sit still for more than five seconds.

"The Arnolds are everywhere. Their names are thrust into our collective consciousness constantly. We began by asking them why they get so much attention."

PLAYBOY: There's hardly a day when your name isn't in a magazine, a newspaper or mentioned on TV. How do you explain America's fascination with Roseanne?

Roseanne: "I still have secrets I haven't told anyone." Tom: "No, you don't. You used them up on 'Donahue' and 'Sally Jessy Raphaël.'"

ROSEANNE: It's because I'm so goddamn cool.

PLAYBOY: What's so cool about you?

ROSEANNE: I'd rather be sorry than safe. I'm interesting because I'm not afraid to think, to make mistakes, to disagree, to stand alone. I'm not going to tell someone I like them if I don't. I can't work with people I don't respect. I'm not afraid to fight.

PLAYBOY: Clearly. You always seem to be involved in a controversy.

ROSEANNE: Some of my controversies I've chosen, a lot I haven't—they're thrust upon me just because I'm me.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ROSEANNE: I made up my mind when I got into show business that I was always going to be honest and wouldn't try to hide anything.

PLAYBOY: That's certainly not standard operating procedure in Hollywood.

ROSEANNE: That's why I like it. Look, I'm a comic. I'm not the fucking president. Everything comics do is to expose hypocrisy and dishonesty, so why wouldn't I be honest, for Christ's sake? Besides, I'm not ashamed of anything I've done or lived through.

PLAYBOY: But don't you sometimes reveal too much?

ROSEANNE: I still have secrets I haven't told anyone.

TOM: No, you don't. You used them up on *Donahue* and *Sally Jessy Raphaël*.

ROSEANNE: I've never just gone out and flapped my mouth. I don't talk about anything that I'm not comfortable with or haven't decided beforehand to talk about. I make those choices after a lot of thought. I don't talk about my sexual fantasies like Madonna does. I didn't pose for a book and call it *Sex*. I'm not self-promoting to make money. I say what I say because my fans want to hear it.

PLAYBOY: Hear what?

ROSEANNE: Stuff about child abuse, for instance. It's never brought up, so I'm going to do it. It's the stuff that's supposed to be silent, and I'm prepared to break all kinds of silences.

PLAYBOY: We'll come to that topic in a while, but——

TOM: If Madonna were in recovery and got to the point where she could talk about that kind of stuff, it would help a lot of people, too. For recovering alcoholics and recovering sex-abuse victims, part of recovery is talking about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean "if Madonna were in recovery"? Are you saying she may have incest or abuse issues herself?

TOM: I assume that she's in such a vacuum, as was Elvis Presley with his drug problem. Who's going to get to her to help her?

ROSEANNE: Her whole attitude about sex is that of a sex addict. Sex addicts are totally devoid of any spirituality, any connection to the rest of their lives. That's what she's touting as liberation, but it's not. It's the opposite of liberation.

PLAYBOY: Have you spoken with her about this?

ROSEANNE: No. As if she'd fucking listen to me. I'd like to talk to her about it because I think she's talented and I think it's sad. She's very vulnerable. Also very intelligent. I don't know if Madonna's problem is incest, but being obsessed with your sexuality is a sign that you've been sexually abused.

PLAYBOY: Really?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. It's not normal to be only about sex. Anybody who has it as number one is fucked up. You can quote me on that. Her entire art is about that. Maybe when you're an adolescent, sex is really number one. But not when you're an adult, or a parent. Sex isn't gross or dirty or anything like that. I just don't like it when people shove it down our throats like it's supposed to make up for all the other stuff that's been taken away. Madonna talks about how people have

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sexual hang-ups that she's trying to loosen them from. People are too loose about sex. They feel there's nothing connected to our bodies, our spirits, our minds, our lives about sex. Meanwhile, there's tons of abuse going on. Hardly anything is being done about child sexual abuse and the way it's handled in the courts, in the media, everywhere. That's what I feel I was put on the earth for, and I'm going to do it. And I have been doing it.

PLAYBOY: So it's blowtorch time for child abusers?

ROSEANNE: A-bomb time.

TOM: We believe that a lot of judges are pedophiles.

ROSEANNE: And that a lot of lawmakers are, too.

TOM: That's the only way you can explain it.

PLAYBOY: Explain what?

ROSEANNE: Powerful businessmen, people with power and money. They all protect one another. But we also have power and we're going to do something about it, even if it is just to talk.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to you. As well-intentioned as you are, won't this subject create more of the controversy some people—including your sister Stephanie—suggest you need?

ROSEANNE: I'm not addicted to controversy. To hear that pisses me off. I don't like controversy. I didn't think going public about incest and child abuse would be offensive. I thought it would be important. I do it because I have the public's ear. And because people need to listen.

PLAYBOY: But abuse issues are only a fraction of what has kept your name in the headlines.

ROSEANNE: Well, I didn't think showing my tattoo would be so incredibly shocking, but it turned out to be. And if I knew how people were going to freak when I sang the national anthem, I wouldn't have done it.

PLAYBOY: The latest uproar is over your faxing caustic notes to TV critics who lambasted *The Jackie Thomas Show*.

ROSEANNE: I will fax people for the rest of my fucking career and my life. So be watching!

TOM: Madonna started faxing after Rosie did. People want her to fax. They'll write bad reviews now and go, "Please fax me." And she doesn't just send one, she sends twenty.

ROSEANNE: It's so that one fucker can't get no money off it. It's just a copy, it isn't an original. Otherwise they'd give it to their grandkids and try to make money off it.

PLAYBOY: Of the three critics you've faxed, your missive to *USA Today*'s Matt Roush was the most controversial because of references to his sexuality. You say the fax was private, but he made it public.

ROSEANNE: He once reviewed Tom's cable special and said it was the worst thing on TV and that he hated Tom, and that if Tom gets a show he's never going to watch it and that he never watches my show when Tom's on. That isn't a review, that's a personal attack. I personally attacked him so he would know what it felt like. I wrote, "You're in no position to judge anything about heterosexuals."

PLAYBOY: So you're implying——

ROSEANNE: He absolutely is gay. I could tell by the way he wrote the review. It was heterophobic. It was full of fear and loathing for a heterosexual male. You can read homophobia, you can also read heterophobia. If you're a student of the media, you can tell everything about people—their race, culture, etc.—by the way they write. Writers are so fucking smug they think they're above all the things that make them up, but they're not. They're not godlike, they're human beings, and I get tired of their smugness.

PLAYBOY: Until this latest flurry of media activity, your camp had been calm for about six months. And all of a sudden, just when people were starting to think——

ROSEANNE: I am never going to be that calm or whatever they think I'm going to turn into. I'm not. If they don't get it by now, it's time to wake up. I'm not Cinderella and I'm not a fucking princess. I'm me and I have a big mouth. I am never going to shut up.

TOM: And it's not like we needed the publicity. At the time, *Roseanne* was number two for the week and *The Jackie Thomas Show* had just premiered.

PLAYBOY: So we can always count on your taking offense at something?

ROSEANNE: Of course. Now you get it. I could cause all kinds of trouble every fucking day if I wanted to. But I don't want to because I want to live my life.

PLAYBOY: You're slowing down?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. I'm not quite as angry as I was in the past. I'm healthier. But things still tick me off. And pompous assholes tick me off—not that I'm not a pompous asshole in my own right.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever worry about overexposure?

ROSEANNE: It's funny, but the more I do, the more people ask me to do. I'm not just a one-note sitcom actor. I'm a performer, a writer, a producer, an actress, a personality, a stand-up comic and a spokeswoman. And I don't mind if people think of me as a fat, jolly housewife, either. That's also part of me. Everything I do has several levels to it because I want as many people as possible to get my work.

TOM: In Hollywood stardom is like gold. If you hide out, people are supposed to want you more and your market goes

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up. It's different with Rosie. Her persona is so accessible that people need to see her. Everything she does is the highest-rated. The *Saturday Night Live* we did was the highest-rated one in ten years. And during sweeps week, every top show wants her. Her fans can't get enough.

PLAYBOY: You realize that some people find you offensive.

TOM: People who get offended by us offend me.

ROSEANNE: There are reasons why people are offended, and those reasons are hideously offensive. Fuck 'em, I don't give a shit. I hope they are offended. But I don't go out there to offend, I just go out there to be me. The fact that I'm a Jewish woman offends a lot of fucking people. That I'm breathing and that I'm a Jew is very offensive to a lot of people, to really get down to it. I don't care about them. I hope they are offended. Not even hope they are—I don't give a shit.

PLAYBOY: What guides you?

ROSEANNE: My whole career is guided by God, so that's why I don't have to answer to any earthly shit.

PLAYBOY: That explains everything.

ROSEANNE: I take ultimate responsibility for everything I do. But if I feel that God wants me to do something, I'll do it even if I don't want to.

PLAYBOY: What has God told you to do?

ROSEANNE: To come out as an incest survivor. I didn't want to do that. It was very painful for me. But I felt God wanted me to blow the lid off it, to make it come into the light because it could save a lot of children.

PLAYBOY: Anything career-wise?

ROSEANNE: Yeah, all my career is God stuff, too.

PLAYBOY: Let's be crystal clear here, so this doesn't end up on the cover of some tabloid.

TOM: He's right, honey. You have to be very clear on this.

ROSEANNE: I am being clear. It's a deeply spiritual feeling. It's within me. It's not a disembodied voice coming from within a plant. I feel something within that I know is God-consciousness. It leads me to do certain things. I think God talks to everybody. He or She doesn't talk to just me. If we're really going to get down to it, I'm here for godly purpose.

PLAYBOY: Are the two of you believers in reincarnation?

ROSEANNE: I believe in every religious tenet and more.

TOM: What does "tenet" mean?

PLAYBOY: Principle.

TOM: What about the one that says the more Jews you kill, the more whores you get in heaven?

ROSEANNE: A whore in heaven? I hadn't heard of that one. I was talking more about God and consciousness and belief rather than how we degrade ourselves and one another. I don't believe in that shit. I'm spiritual but I don't believe in any religion. "Roseanne, do you hear voices?" Just ask me that.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne, do you hear voices?

ROSEANNE: [*Chuckles*] Yeah. "Roseanne, do you think you're Joan of Arc?" Go ahead. Ask me.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne, do you think you're Joan of Arc?

ROSEANNE: Yes.

TOM: Do you really?

ROSEANNE: Somewhat like that.

TOM: But you don't think you're *that* Joan of Arc. C'mon. I'm going to call Arlene. Stay with me here.

ROSEANNE: He's gonna call my therapist.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you're speaking metaphorically—a feeling of having been figuratively burned at the stake.

ROSEANNE: Yes, absolutely.

TOM: Joan of Arc died. Only a few have risen above that and become multimillionaires.

ROSEANNE: He's very pragmatic.

PLAYBOY: And on that note, isn't it true that statements such as these bring problems on yourself?

Roseanne: "My whole career is guided by God, so that's why I don't have to answer to any earthly shit."

ROSEANNE: That just excuses all the assholes from being assholes, all the sexists from being sexists. I don't like being torn apart in public for no damn good reason when I'm just being myself. My plan has always been to stay two years ahead of the media because that's where the rest of the country is. That way, they can't figure me out, try to squash me and dispose of me. Get it? The media are so unhip they're two years behind. Fortunately, staying two years ahead ain't hard because the media, for the most part, are a bunch of lunkheads.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the media attacks really start when you wanted more control of *Roseanne*?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. But it's directly related to the power—their word—that I assumed by firing a male producer. But any thinking person is potentially a threat to the ruling class.

TOM: I thought it was weird when everybody was up in arms all over the country about the trouble she had on the show. It's not like she was kicking ass at the Vatican, clearing people out of there. She was doing a TV show. Think about it: It's a stupid TV show.

PLAYBOY: On one hand the media want your drawing power, and on the other they're saying, "Don't you know that you being you is offensive?"

ROSEANNE: We are not Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stack, nor will we ever be.

TOM: Unless they take an ugly turn.

ROSEANNE: To whitewash us means to take the working class out of us. But we have no interest in moving up to the bourgeoisie.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you're making good use of your success and money. A fancy house. A Bentley in the driveway. The huge spread in Iowa. Jewelry. Your new diner in Eldon, Iowa.

ROSEANNE: Well, I can buy a whole bunch of shit. It's cool. But our values and political ideals aren't any different. We're still pro-union all the way. Tom used to work in a meat-packing plant. Money and success didn't change nothing except that now we can get in really good restaurants. We don't have to wait in line.

PLAYBOY: Tom, you once said that you two are "America's worst nightmare—white trash with money."

TOM: That really scares people. What are they going to do about us? We're famous, we have a lot of money, what the fuck are they going to do? People can still be rude, but we can do whatever we want. And that's great. Fortunately, we're nice and we don't abuse people.

ROSEANNE: We're not sleazy.

TOM: We can be a little naive, but we've learned a lot. [*Belches loudly*]

ROSEANNE: Like not belching or eating during interviews.

TOM: No, never learned that.

PLAYBOY: Do you like television?

ROSEANNE: I am the hugest couch potato. I love TV, watch it all the time. I hate anybody who says "I never watch TV" or "I only watch PBS." That person is a fucking idiot and should be slapped severely because TV is totally where it's at. On the other hand, most people who critique TV, who write about TV, don't like TV—and that's the other fucking funny thing about it. That I, one of the world's biggest couch potatoes, am on TV represents a victory for all couch potatoes, for all people on the other side of the tube. I got through. I made it. My show is exactly the show I wanted to see on TV. The medium is absolutely the fucking message. Fuck film. That's for pretentious, egotistical, elitist assholes.

PLAYBOY: Probably no television series did more to depict the bleakness of the recession. How do you take to the idea that *Roseanne* played a great part in getting George Bush kicked out of office?

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ROSEANNE: Thanks. I set out to do just that.

TOM: Two years ago. We never wanted to mention it, but we wanted to show——

ROSEANNE: We wanted to show what was going on.

TOM: What the American family was going through politically.

ROSEANNE: I've been offended by all this talk of the great upward mobility in America. I wanted to say, Hey, that isn't what's fucking happening, not in my world and not in the majority of people's worlds. And it ain't right. Jobs got sent overseas. Who got rich? Those fuckers and their buddies.

TOM: And then they blame the Japanese. I love how they always manage to blame the Japanese.

ROSEANNE: They always blame another race.

PLAYBOY: How do you two feel about George Bush now?

TOM: Let me tell you a story. We had Loretta Lynn on the show earlier this year——

ROSEANNE: She's friends with Bush. She says that she came unglued all over him for what he said about me. She had fucked up the national anthem, too.

TOM: I'll tell it so it doesn't sound like you're telling it.

ROSEANNE: OK, go for it.

TOM: So Loretta said that Bush took her aside and said, "You know what? I screwed up. I was too hard on Roseanne. I know she was doing her best. The press put a microphone in my face and I said she was disgraceful. I screwed up and I always felt bad about that." That was pretty cool of him.

PLAYBOY: How's the show going to change now that Clinton's in?

TOM: The Conners will win the lottery.

ROSEANNE: We have no idea if Clinton is going to be any better or any worse. The only thing we liked about him was that he ignited a little bit of hope in people. And we're always for hope.

TOM: And civil rights and women's rights. If he sticks by those things, then he's our man.

ROSEANNE: And if he doesn't do what he said he was going to do, we'll be on his shit, too.

PLAYBOY: You went to the inauguration?

TOM: Yeah, we liked it.

PLAYBOY: Have any private moments with the president?

ROSEANNE: We met him once.

TOM: I blew him.

ROSEANNE: Honey!

TOM: Yeah, we think he and Hillary are real nice. We especially like him because he also survived the media. They're survivors within their marriage. That's a great example for a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking when, as a housewife with three kids, you started out to make it as a comic?

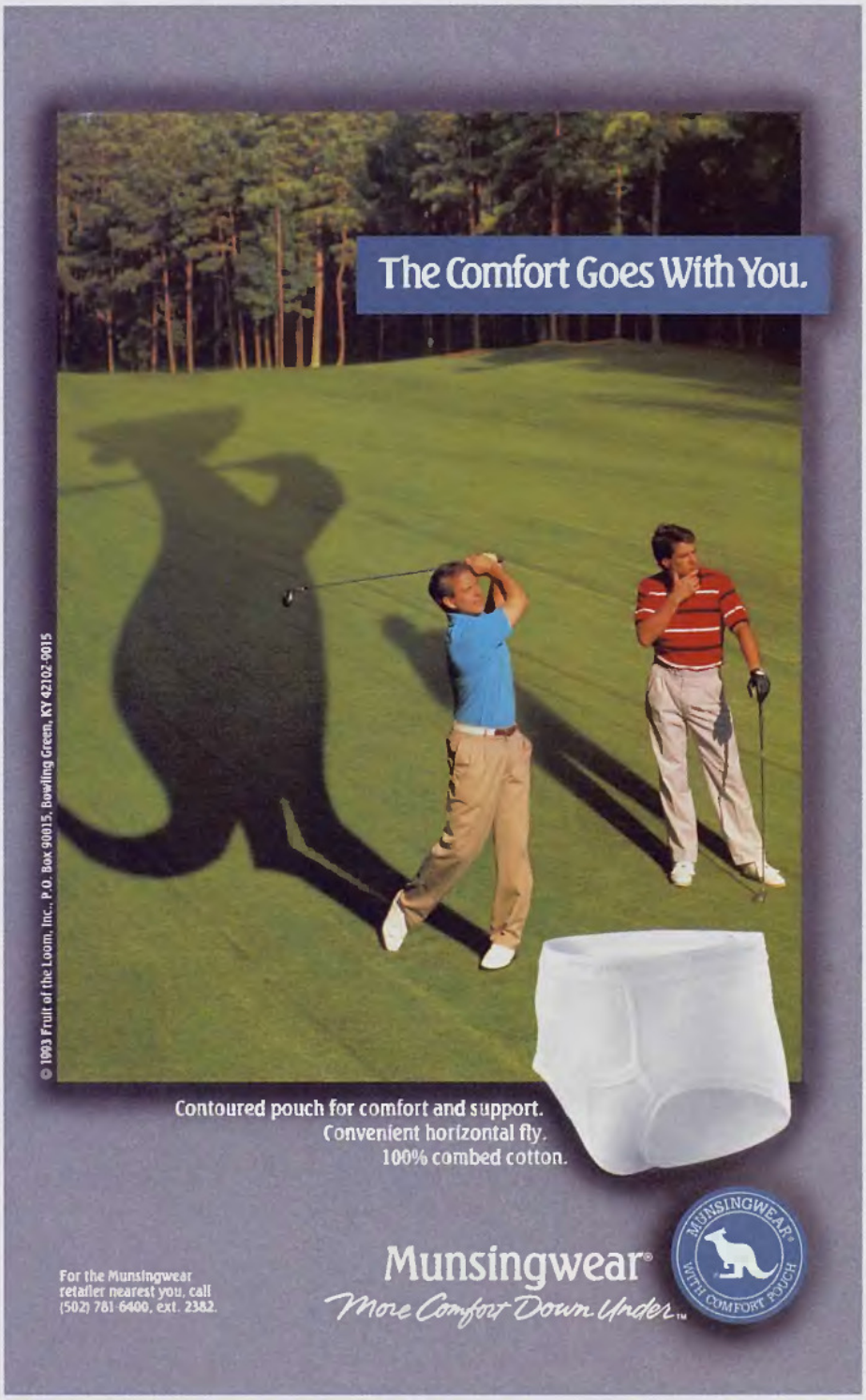
ROSEANNE: When the Eighties started, I thought it was time that a woman spoke as a woman about being a woman. My background was ten years of feminist politics. Reagan was in, I was working in a feminist bookstore in Denver. Budgets were being slashed for women and children. I remember panicking because we knew one homeless person. And things were getting worse. So I decided to get vocal, to go out and start yelling because nothing else had worked. I've always taken up causes. I've always had something to say. I suppose because of my fucking weird life, my family problems and being raised as a Jew in Utah, I've always been very interested in exposing the rotting core of everything. I got disgusted and went through a marching-and-speaking phase. Then I got amused. Then I became a comic.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall the transition that took you from disgusted to amused to the comedy stage?

ROSEANNE: Just before I was to give a speech at the University of Colorado at Boulder about feminist ethics, using these four-dollar academentia words, I suddenly realized that there was no such thing as feminist ethics because there was no such thing as feminism anywhere in the world.

PLAYBOY: That would probably surprise a lot of feminists.

ROSEANNE: It's not allowed to exist. It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threatens the status quo power structure. It rises up and is squashed, over and over.

PLAYBOY: By status quo, do you mean male status quo?

ROSEANNE: It's way beyond that because women have bought into it, too, and they profit from it. I don't buy this men against women stuff. The status quo starts with hierarchical thinking. That's the core of everything that's wrong. It comes from the idea that man is above nature. Then it's man above woman—one half of the race serving the other, ad infinitum, in endless subdivisions. That's an ecofeminist viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: Critics have said that you are antimale.

ROSEANNE: I don't blame men. That makes me gag. We all did it.

TOM: [*Nudges Roseanne*] You hate men. You know, men.

ROSEANNE: I have never said I hate men. You're full of shit, I have not said that.

TOM: You used to say it.

ROSEANNE: But did I say that today? [*To interviewer*] No, because Tom has totally mellowed me.

TOM: And tell him what changed you, the first time that——

ROSEANNE: Oh, please.

TOM: You said it before.

ROSEANNE: I'm not going to say it in this interview.

TOM: Oh, OK.

ROSEANNE: Shall I tell him that line?

TOM: Yes, dear.

ROSEANNE: It's gonna piss everybody off. [*Pauses*] I used to be a feminist, until the first time Tom grabbed me by the hair, threw me up against the wall and fucked me in the ass.

TOM: What's wrong with that? I think that's nice.

ROSEANNE: Yeah, that is nice. That's every guy's fantasy—that his wiener saved your life.

TOM: Funny you'd use the term wiener after saying "fucked in the ass."

ROSEANNE: That's one of the things that makes me so charming. [*To Tom*] Maybe you should leave. I have to go on about my feminist ethics.

TOM: Hey, I'd like to hear them, too. Honey, will you make me dinner?

ROSEANNE: Fuck off.

PLAYBOY: So, you had a revelation?

ROSEANNE: I decided to talk about how things are, not how they should be; to stop dealing with theoretical shit and start telling the truth—a revolutionary act.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you talked to the media about your feminist background or beliefs before?

ROSEANNE: I've talked about this stuff to the media for years, but it never gets printed. The media only want to hear about how much I eat because it's threatening to read about a woman who has vision and a fucking brain. That there's a woman as pissed off as I am should be everywhere, not only in *Ms.* It's simple. I'm just sick of the shit like, "The fat, jolly Roseanne loves to eat her brownies." I would like it for once to be about me as an artist rather than only the sensational aspects of my personal life—which, of course, I don't mind talking about, either. I'd like it to be about my body of work, not just my body. I'll be watching to see how this one comes out.

PLAYBOY: What if, when people read this, they think, This woman is just blowing smoke through her ass. She should go back to being funny.

ROSEANNE: That's funny. They probably will think that.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "Stand-up was a victory over my whole life." Why?

ROSEANNE: Comedy is the only chance I have to speak about what it's like being a woman in this culture. I knew at first that everyone would go, "Can you believe the things she says?" One joke was: "Men are here for one reason only: to serve me, to bring back food and build a comfortable hive for me and my larvae, to willingly move on when it's time for a younger drone with more stamina. Oh, call me old-fashioned." That's pretty radical to say your second time on *The Tonight Show*. Frightening. Threatening.

PLAYBOY: Obviously not that threatening.

ROSEANNE: I used to be the most foul-mouthed comic. But I figured out how

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to take a radical thought and make it mainstream through wording and packaging. Instead of espousing political theory, I changed it into women's point-of-view jokes. But it wasn't just role reversal. I didn't want to have a husband named Fang, because that had already been done—and very well. Men became the butt of my jokes, only I tried not to be mean-spirited. I joked about how we women thought instead of how we looked. About our hypocrisy. As for packaging, I used the cover of being everyone's fat mother, fat neighbor. I used a funny voice.

PLAYBOY: A thin, shapely woman couldn't say those things?

TOM: If an insecure man looks at Roseanne, instead of having to deal with who she is, he says, "She's crazy and she's fat." That way he doesn't have to deal with the fact that she's powerful, intelligent and brilliant. Oprah is another great example. Men think, Oh, she's fat. That way it's OK for them to be average. That's how men get by with their pride.

PLAYBOY: Weight has been a constant battle for each of you, but you've both slimmed down.

TOM: We just don't want to get huge.

ROSEANNE: We wouldn't be able to have sex if we weighed five hundred pounds. Well, we'd probably figure out a way.

PLAYBOY: Can America accept a thin Roseanne?

ROSEANNE: Who gives a shit?

PLAYBOY: OK, we'll move on. From the first season of *Roseanne* there have been problems with producers and writers. Is the turnover on your show any more unusual than the turnover on other shows?

ROSEANNE: No. We have a different rule from other shows. We turn over our writers every two years, for the sake of freshness.

TOM: At least. Bob Meyers, the guy who people say we most recently fired, is writing our movie for Jon Peters. He was up with us to win the Golden Globe. He's a great guy. We gave him a Rolex. I recruit writers knowing that every two years I'll turn them over.

PLAYBOY: Do you tell them this?

TOM: Do they know it? Hey, I hire them for one season at a time, then I'll renew them for another season. You know where they go when they move on from our show? They move up a notch and run other shows.

ROSEANNE: They don't disappear and start selling shoes. They get multimillion-dollar deals at Disney.

PLAYBOY: Are you angry you've never won an Emmy?

ROSEANNE: If and when I get one, I already have my speech.

PLAYBOY: What is it?

ROSEANNE: "Now what the hell am I gonna bitch about?" And then I'm gone. That's all I'm going to say.

PLAYBOY: You once took out an ad in a Hollywood trade paper that read: "Hollywood is a back-stabbing, scum-sucking, small-minded town. But thanks for the money." Do you really believe that?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. There are plenty of small-minded, judgmental people. And there are great people out here, too.

PLAYBOY: Your opinions on this matter are quite judgmental.

ROSEANNE: Let's just say there's a limit to my bullshit.

TOM: When I first came to town, I thought it was about quality, but it's about politics. On our show we spend so much time on the quality, we don't have time for the politics. We only have a certain amount of time. True?

ROSEANNE: Yeah, really. Not enough time to kiss ass. Hey, I finally figured out what my problem is: I just don't know how to kiss ass. Now, it's not like I can't get along with nobody, because I will suck the dick. But I'd rather suck dick than kiss ass, because sucking the dick is a decent business proposition. You get your twenty bucks up front. I don't know how much it's going for now, but in my day it was twenty. You make the deal, you do the thing. It's a finite thing, if you know how to do it right. But kissing ass just goes on and on in the hope that people someday will appreciate it. They never do because they just want you to kiss their ass more. They're like,

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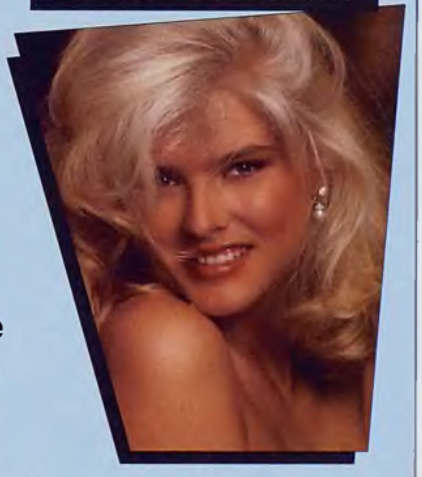

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"Hey, Roseanne, could you kiss my friend's ass, too? And bring him a cup of coffee on your way back." I tell you what: I'll take a cocksucker over an ass-kisser any day. That's the American way.

TOM: What's bad is when you spend years and years kissing the wrong ass.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that you expected the writers and producers of *Roseanne* to kiss your ass?

ROSEANNE: I said, "Let me just understand something. How come you all are not kissing my ass, since I let you work on my fucking show?" They were really shocked. They thought that I should be kissing their asses because they had given me a television show.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you somewhat grateful?

ROSEANNE: I was supposed to just show up and do it and be grateful—like Tim Allen, whose *Home Improvement* show is a total rip-off of my show.

PLAYBOY: Matt Williams, the first *Roseanne* producer you fired, is running that show.

ROSEANNE: I wish Matt Williams the very best. We had our big fight over the "Created By" credit, and when he got it, in my mind, he was gone. But just about everything I blamed him for I have since found out was not his fault. He was a victim like me.

PLAYBOY: A victim of what?

ROSEANNE: My former agents. They sold me down the river. They were supposed to get me my "Created By" credit. Instead, they were so concerned about their packaging deal that they sold me out for shit, which put me head-to-head with Matt in the first place. So he did some desperate things like humiliate me in front of the cast. I don't like him for that, but it don't mean nothing anymore.

PLAYBOY: Have you told Tim Allen any of this?

ROSEANNE: I told him, "Matt's going to try to get your 'Created By' credit, and it's your act. So you make sure you get the credit." Well, Matt got it and then Tim was all pissed. He got the "Creative Consultant" shit that Matt gave me, too. But Tim said, "I'm not going to fight it because I'm just lucky to be on TV and have my own show." Which is exactly how I didn't think. When I was in Tim's position, I told them I couldn't understand how they were so out of it and arrogant. I wasn't going to be grateful when I was doing all the fucking work.

TOM: Here's the system: You come into town, you get fucked over. Then you get fucked over again, and then you get fucked over again. Then you say, "Fuck it, I'm going to get what's mine." And the only way to get what's yours, what you've already lost, is to fuck over other people. And that continues the cycle.

PLAYBOY: You forced out another producer, Jeff Harris. Then he took out a trade ad that said he was taking a vacation in the relative peace and quiet of Beirut.

ROSEANNE: And I answered back, "They won't think you're funny in Beirut, either." He tried to fire Tom all the time. His whole life became about firing Tom. Then Tom choked him. It was fun.

PLAYBOY: Did you physically choke him?

TOM: He walked into my office and tried to fire me. Sat down with his big cigar and said, "Well, it's not working out." I go, "Yep, it's not." And then he goes, "So I want you to move on." I go, "What? What are you saying?"

"I want you to clean out your office."

I go, "What?"

"Cease and desist."

Then I lost it on him. "Get the fuck out of here. You're fired, man. I'm going to have your office."

ROSEANNE: And he does have his office.

PLAYBOY: Were you married at the time?

ROSEANNE: We were living together. That's how people are here: Their arrogance blinds them.

TOM: Do you think they'd fire Cosby's wife? Hell, no. What kind of balls would you have to have to do something that stupid? Of course, at first, he told you he wanted to fire me and you said to me, "Sorry, honey." I said, "What do you mean he's going to fire me? It's your show." You go, "Oh, yeah!"

ROSEANNE: I realized, fuck, it is my show. I realized that after you choked him. Tom comes down and goes, "I'll fire his ass! He's not going to fucking fire me!"

TOM: "He's going to have to fucking carry me out of here." I have been fired three times on the show.

ROSEANNE: Tell him about when I fired you, honey.

TOM: I was fired from the first show. I was the warm-up guy. I was so bad, I deserved it. Then Rosie fired me my first day as a writer because we had an argument. I got hired back the second day. She had called to apologize that evening, wondering if we could still talk on the phone as friends. I said, "What the fuck? Fuck you!"

ROSEANNE: So he hung up on me.

TOM: I was so pissed. Then I went back to work the next day.

PLAYBOY: Now you work together and you go home together.

TOM: We like that a lot.

ROSEANNE: It's not like we're constantly hugging, kissing and chatting. Most of the day we ignore each other.

TOM: Although, you would like that if we hugged and chatted all day.

ROSEANNE: I would like that if we did, but he ignores me.

TOM: I got a lot to do, man. Just like you do.

ROSEANNE: I tell him he's really kind of a boring guy. Once you get past the veneer, he's just a regular boring husband

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who just wants to watch sports all the fucking time. And I'm a regular bitchy wife who just wants to go out and do something.

TOM: Yet, when we do go out and do something, she doesn't like it because she realizes her true love is bitching about never doing anything. And once you start taking her out, you take that away from her.

PLAYBOY: ABC has given you a two-year renewal for $2 million per show. Where does the money go?

TOM: The show's license fee was reported at $2 million.

ROSEANNE: It's incorrect.

TOM: It's far off. They don't know.

ROSEANNE: Nobody knows.

TOM: If they knew the figure, it would scare everybody.

ROSEANNE: Honey, tell him. . . . [*Whispers in his ear*]

TOM: OK. I can tell you that Rosie is the highest-paid entertainer ever, as she should be. She has a bigger deal than Cosby's.

PLAYBOY: You're well paid. Are you also a good actress?

ROSEANNE: I'm a great actress.

PLAYBOY: How proud are you of your movie debut in *She-Devil*?

ROSEANNE: What a fucking piece of shit, huh? It was a terrible disappointment to me. Imagine, my first movie, with Meryl Streep, Sylvia Miles and Linda Hunt. How much more incredible can you get? I was honored and in awe. But the direction stank. Susan Seidelman [the director] fucked up my movie career.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk to her about this?

ROSEANNE: No. She asked me what I was going to do to promote the movie and I said, "I don't know, what are you going to do about my fucking career, which you ruined?" I'm only getting movie offers again now, after two years.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Howard Stern, who's been making lots of fat jokes at your expense, such as: "Imagine Roseanne naked"?

TOM: Imagine him naked!

ROSEANNE: We hear about it. He's pissed because we won't come on his show. But if someone is a jack-off like Howard Stern and everyone knows it, I'm not going to get angry at that. Besides, next to Joey Ramone, no one is uglier than Howard Stern.

TOM: But Joey's talented. Joey's a legend. Howard thinks that when he goes home to his wife that it's OK, because he's just offensive for a living. But that's bullshit. It has repercussions. He's offending survivors of incest, women. He's racist as hell. Listening to him makes you hate Jews, because he's Jewish.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to an earlier subject: incest and child abuse. Some people don't believe your story and think it's another publicity ploy or the work of an unstable mind. Even *People* ran an article exploring the veracity of your claim.

ROSEANNE: Like I couldn't think of anything better than to say I'm a survivor of incest. Like I couldn't come up with a better media event than that. Like I don't have enough money or my show isn't number two. What the fuck did I have to gain from that—except for judgmental people going, "Oh, it's another Roseanne thing"? Well, they weren't there. Fuck them. Just fuck them. They really piss me off. People say this stuff about any survivor who comes forward. They try to discredit you. And that's part of the reason why it continues, why it's accepted. To question any victim is hideously immoral.

PLAYBOY: What can be done to improve things?

ROSEANNE: People are going to have to redefine the term child abuse. People say, "Well, we only spanked her, it wasn't abusive." Well, fuck, that is abusive.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your child abuse never involved actual sex?

ROSEANNE: Actual sex? You mean penetration? Well, there's way more to "actual sex" than penetration. Besides, we're not talking about the orifice that was raped, we're talking about the child.

PLAYBOY: In your case, your mom allegedly put soap in your vagina. Your father allegedly fondled his penis, made Peeping Tom photos, chased you with dirty underwear.

ROSEANNE: The things that my parents did to me are innumerable. What you read is only what I talk about. I'm not going to give child molesters anything to jack off about.

PLAYBOY: There's more?

ROSEANNE: I'm not going to say anything titillating for anybody. I know how people think. Let me sum up my childhood: When I was two or three years old, I started to walk in front of moving cars. I did that until I was sixteen and got hit by a car. People are going to have to figure out why by themselves.

PLAYBOY: In an issue of *TV Guide*, your sister Stephanie contended that your sex-abuse charges come from an "overheated imagination."

ROSEANNE: I'm staggered and speechless that she, of anyone in the world, would say that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROSEANNE: I know that it happened to Stephanie, too. My parents gave me custody of her when she was seventeen years old. I got her out of their house when she phoned me from her bedroom and told me that Dad had molested her. I said, "You get your ass on a plane." She came to live with me and my three kids. I went into bankruptcy because of that. And my other sister, Geraldine, came out and lived in our basement, too. For five years no one spoke to my parents about

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it. But my sisters and I talked about it every day for hours and hours.

PLAYBOY: Both Stephanie and Geraldine strongly deny everything you say. In fact, Geraldine has said, "[For Roseanne] to say [she's] an incest victim absolves all [her] acts of the past." What acts?

ROSEANNE: She means my firing her as my manager. I thought she was there for me because she was my sister. But I think now she was there for a payoff, and obviously that's true. My sister and I were very close, as close as two sisters can be. I supported her for ten years. It's over now. She has to get a job, do some work.

PLAYBOY: Were you an enabler?

ROSEANNE: Absolutely. We'd sit there together and smoke five packs of cigarettes each. We mostly talked about our childhood and tried to make some sense of it. But both of us had extremely blank memories. And now she talks about me like I was her girlfriend who dumped her. I read one of her quotes that said, "Roseanne made a decision to become Mrs. Tom Arnold, and I was no longer necessary." That sounds like a spurned lover. It's always been a very sick family. It was a sick, sick family from the day I was born. And it still is.

PLAYBOY: How long has it been since you've spoken to them?

ROSEANNE: Three years.

PLAYBOY: In denying these charges, your family pretty much blames Tom for your estrangement.

TOM: Hey, I tried with them. I was so nice to her parents, her sisters and her brother. I went way out on a limb, trying to develop relationships with them. I said they were great. But they kept doing things that were unforgivable.

PLAYBOY: Did you push them apart?

TOM: It had to be Rosie's decision, particularly to end the business relationship with her sister Geraldine. I was in favor of it, but I never pressured either way. It was Rosie's decision for me to be her manager and the executive producer of *Roseanne*.

PLAYBOY: Some people claim you took an enfeebled star and brainwashed her.

TOM: I didn't brainwash her. I put a blanket of protection around her that she had never had before. I was totally devoted and still am. That's the way marriages are in Iowa: It's you and your wife and your family, and that's it. I insisted she get in recovery and remain in recovery, do the work, not waiver and not backslide. I was on her ass. As she was on mine to get sober.

ROSEANNE: When I first started to have therapy and recall my memories, I really couldn't handle anything. It came so fast and so furious. I couldn't even walk.

TOM: When I was on drugs, I'd still get up at six to get the kids up for school, make sure they had breakfast, get them going. I knew I had to do it.

ROSEANNE: He always came home every night.

TOM: I never went to bars.

ROSEANNE: He sat in his bathroom and closet and snorted cocaine.

TOM: Yeah, and in my car on the way home.

PLAYBOY: Why did you trust him?

ROSEANNE: At that point, I didn't have a choice. But if he hadn't been there I would be dead, because I couldn't function in any fucking way at all. Also, he was right often enough for me to go, "Fuck, he knows what he is talking about." We both have alcoholic personalities, and neither of us trusts anybody.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne, were you ever suicidal?

ROSEANNE: Me? Yeah, like every second. I felt really bad. I had to go on antidepressants. That's when I started to get back to being OK. It really did save my life. I'm one of those success stories with Prozac. It just made everything bottom out and I could focus. I suppose it was a breakdown. I couldn't remember what day it was or where I was.

TOM: I said, "You're not leaving me here with these fucking kids. There's no way." This is when the kids were battling. Her life was a shit pile waiting to burst. And when it burst, it was the toughest time for me. People had no clue what was going on inside our house. No clue of how devastating it was for her. I was implementing structure in the kids' lives where they'd never had it before, and there was so much resentment against me—which is only natural. And then to deal with my own shit. That's what I was supposed to handle. It was a lot for a newly sober guy.

Tom: "When I was on drugs, I'd still get up at six to get the kids up for school. I knew I had to do it."

PLAYBOY: Did the money and opportunity make it easier for you to marry into this mess?

TOM: Hey, there isn't enough money for a single guy on drugs to say, "Guess what? I'm going to get sober and I'm going to get all this shit." I got into this because I was loved and I loved her, and I wanted a family. I'd take any family, but hers is a great one. And it's turned out to be really rewarding that it was so hard.

PLAYBOY: Rewarding in many ways: your new sitcom, *The Jackie Thomas Show*, the job producing *Roseanne*. You don't deny that there is a professional advantage to being with Roseanne?

TOM: Of course. As far as her opening all the doors in my career is concerned, hell yes. I can do anything I want. Any time I come into a professional arrangement, I carry her weight with me. Everybody knows that.

PLAYBOY: They also think that you've achieved what you have only because you're Roseanne's husband.

TOM: It's true. If I didn't know her I wouldn't be on the show. So? What can I say? It's great to work with your family.

ROSEANNE: That's not what we live for. We don't plan our lives around our careers, we plan our careers around our lives.

PLAYBOY: At one time, Tom didn't get much respect. Now it seems that he's the hip one.

ROSEANNE: He'd gotten respect for a long time within our community, even though the public wasn't aware of it. The professionals knew he did the work of ten people. Everybody thought I was crazy for dragging my boyfriend everyplace, until they saw his talent.

TOM: I like to be known as Rosie's husband. That's what I am. But I know people will still resent me. That only makes me quicker and sharper. Having worked in a meat-packing plant, I now feel like I'm doing this for every fucker who used to work with me. I'm going to enjoy it all. I'm not going to feel bad about it.

PLAYBOY: Would *The Jackie Thomas Show* work if somebody else played Jackie Thomas?

ROSEANNE: No. He's the only one who can act that big and that dumb.

PLAYBOY: Ever since *The Jackie Thomas Show* debuted, and despite the big ratings, there's been speculation that it would be canceled. Why?

TOM: The show is in no jeopardy of being canceled. We got picked up for more. They aren't going to cancel my show. I mean, then what? I'm going to take it to CBS or NBC. They can't beat my show. The network has assured me the show will be on next season. We're fine.

PLAYBOY: Let's focus on your relationship. Why is it working?

TOM: Because we work at it real hard. We don't take it for granted.

ROSEANNE: We were so wild and crazy in our younger years. To be actually intimate and honest with another person is really intense for both of us. Neither of us ever had that with a sexual partner.

PLAYBOY: Did you really break the furniture the first time you made love?

ROSEANNE: We were so scared.

TOM: But we just went for it. That was one time we just cleared out our heads. Eight years of "We can't go over that line." We had to propel ourselves violently over that line.

PLAYBOY: What if the sex had been bad?

ROSEANNE: It wouldn't have mattered.

TOM: I learned about the mechanics of sex from Rosie. When I grew up, I didn't know that women enjoyed sex. I didn't know what it meant for a woman to come until I was about twenty-five. Somebody got real pissed off at me and said, "What the fuck?" There's so much more going on than just sticking your dick in somebody and humping away. I learned that from Rosie because I took time to relax. There's spiritual stuff involved. And I'm still learning. I have a lot to learn.

PLAYBOY: Is there a dark side to all this?

ROSEANNE: We used to really Sid and Nancy out.

TOM: I threw her around a few times. She'd be screaming at me and I'd throw her on the floor.

ROSEANNE: One time he was in bed watching TV and I got this big baseball and threw it at his head.

TOM: It wasn't just a baseball. It was encased in this acrylic stuff. There used to be nights of terror when she had PMS. She'd be raging. She'd say, "Fuck, that's it!" Then she'd go out in her car. She'd call and hang up on me. There was all this insanity. I'd have to go looking for her. Finally, my therapist said to me, "Don't chase her anymore." So I quit and then she quit doing it. She didn't like it anymore.

PLAYBOY: Was it love at first sight?

TOM: Yeah, when I look back.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you noticed about her?

TOM: She was hilarious. She was tough. We met at a comedy club. I went on first. When she came out, the whole room was mesmerized. I'd never seen anything like it. And offstage she was fun. I could tell that she was sensitive. But what I have always loved about her the most is that I think she always loved me.

PLAYBOY: Is that true?

ROSEANNE: Uh-huh.

TOM: And that made me feel great. Roseanne believed in me. She opened all the doors and created all the opportunities for what's happening in my career now—stuff I never knew I had the ability to do. All the years she said, "Tom, you're great," I felt like, Oh, man, she's dreaming. This includes being a good parent and husband, too.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about this outpouring of love?

ROSEANNE: At first I couldn't handle it. I'd been sexual with a lot of people, but not actually intimate. He'd say things and I wouldn't talk to him for six months. I'd just lose it and go, Whoa, take a break. Scared the hell out of me.

TOM: Once in a while we'd get fucked up together and she'd say, "You know, I do have a crush on you and I think you have a crush on me."

ROSEANNE: The first time that happened was during my first HBO special. Your girlfriend said we had a crush on each other. I got really scared.

TOM: And then you said, "What are we going to do about it?" And I said, "I'll tell you what we're going to do about it: The first time we have this conversation when we're sober, that's when we'll do something about it." I was scared that you were just saying it. I was in love, sober or fucked up. I wanted to know you felt that way, too.

ROSEANNE: I'd sober up and then I wouldn't talk to him.

PLAYBOY: And you were married, too.

TOM: But this went on even after we were married. I was nice to her and she couldn't handle it. It's because of this incest stuff. But I didn't know that at first. She wondered, "Why are you on my side? Why would you be on my side?"

ROSEANNE: It didn't make sense. I'd go, "What is he after?" Intimacy means pain and betrayal and getting fucked over.

TOM: To me, that meant she didn't love me. Now I know she loves me, but I used to take it personally. Like, "What do I have to do to prove I love you?" I'd run down the list every time: "Look how good I am with the kids. I worship the ground you walk on."

Roseanne: "I had my girlfriends pin him in a chair, pull up their shirts and rub their boobs all over him."

PLAYBOY: Did Roseanne have the same suspicions about you that others had?

TOM: Right. And it took me back to my using and drinking times. I did some things that were not honest.

ROSEANNE: I wanted to feel love for Tom because to me love meant taking care of someone and lying to them. I'd take care of him but I'd keep him away from the real me, and I'd lie to him. That way I could stay in my sick shit but I could still have somebody to love. But him loving me, that was something I never had. I thought he wanted something. I would even lie to him about money.

TOM: She wouldn't pay me. I wrote comedy for a living and she'd say, "I'll pay you in a month." Even when she got out here and had money she'd say, "Here are two checks for four hundred fifty dollars. Cash this one in two weeks, cash the other one in a month." They were supposed to be for fifteen hundred dollars, but she would talk me down. She thought paying me would be crossing the line, that we couldn't be friends. Our working together kept us together. We'd tell her husband and my girlfriends we were going on the road together. They'd go, "Oh, that's cool." That way Rosie got out and we got to see each other.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone suspect?

ROSEANNE: We never had sex or anything.

TOM: We'd just go on the road, drink, sleep in the same bed. We could do that because we were writing and performing together.

ROSEANNE: We were just the best buddies.

PLAYBOY: And now you sound like old marrieds.

TOM: We're basically old-fashioned.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. Well, I'm protective.

TOM: I don't want to give her any reason to be jealous, either, because that puts her in a scary place. However, we have certain friends—her girlfriends—who she's not jealous of.

ROSEANNE: My girlfriends all gave Tom pictures of them naked from the waist up for Christmas. I framed them for him. I think they're funny.

TOM: She took the pictures.

ROSEANNE: He always talks about women's boobs. So I had my girlfriends pin him in a chair, pull up their shirts and rub their boobs all over him.

TOM: And you haven't heard me talk about them since, have you? No.

ROSEANNE: Other women better not try anything with you because I'll mess them up really bad. I'm a working-class woman. I'm not one of those dainty types who doesn't know how to fight.

TOM: She's not a very good fighter, though. She's tough. She has hit me. When she's mad she's a killer, but I don't want her out there fighting. I don't let men talk to her on the phone. I don't give a shit that they're her old comedy friends. I couldn't care less. I'll talk to them first and then we'll talk to them together at a club.

ROSEANNE: He doesn't let me call up any of my guy friends I used to party with.

TOM: Absolutely not. You can see them at a club or invite them over to dinner. I'd love to have them over.

PLAYBOY: You can't see them alone?

ROSEANNE: We met Jesse Jackson at Farm Aid. He said he would really love to sit down and talk over lunch. I was really excited. Tom said I couldn't have lunch with him unless I brought him to our house. I said, "You're being ridiculous." Tom said, "If you do, I'll show up and kick his black ass."

TOM: I meant it.

PLAYBOY: Care to explain?

TOM: I don't allow my woman to go to lunch with other men.

ROSEANNE: Tom doesn't allow his wife to do any of that.

TOM: With any man. I wouldn't care if

it was the Pope, gay guys, anybody. Doesn't matter. It's inappropriate. I don't know Jesse Jackson. I like him as a man, I like his politics. But I'm not going to let any man, even my rabbi, who's asked, have lunch with my wife. I don't believe in it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you trust Roseanne?

TOM: I know nothing would happen, but you don't put yourself in slippery situations where something could happen, even if it's not going to happen. If he's gay, I figure she could change him. If he's a rabbi, well, rabbis date. Jesse Jackson, he's a man. I don't approve of it.

PLAYBOY: You're serious?

TOM: I'm a hundred percent serious.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say "black" ass?

TOM: I don't mean to sound racist. I'm not. I'd kick his Jewish ass or his fat ass or whatever kind of ass he has. I would kick it. I just wanted her to know what would happen if she had lunch with him.

PLAYBOY: Good thing she's not having lunch with Sammy Davis Jr.

TOM: I'd kick his dead, black, Jewish ass. Look, in Iowa married women just don't have lunch with men.

PLAYBOY: You're not in Iowa anymore.

TOM: I know. I'll get better.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne, isn't your acquiescence to Tom on this subject contrary to your strong-woman image?

ROSEANNE: I think about that a lot. Everything I say must be bullshit if he doesn't let me out the door.

TOM: She's told me she's glad I'm like that. I'm very passionate about it, even though when I hear myself saying it I go, Boy, that sounds sort of old-fashioned.

ROSEANNE: In other words, we're so traditional that it's radical. Our primary commitment is to each other and to our marriage. I guess you can still be a feminist and do that.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to build trust or is this rampant insecurity speaking?

TOM: Probably both.

ROSEANNE: See, we know each other.

TOM: This has been the first relationship in which we've been honest, and I want it to continue. I feel she needs to be taken care of sometimes. Maybe she won't in a year.

PLAYBOY: How about something more pleasant? What sexual fantasy is still unfulfilled?

ROSEANNE: Mine is that Tom cooks pork and doesn't burn it. [*To Tom*] Do you have a weird sexual fantasy?

TOM: Well, I feel I'm not very free at home. I know the kids and the nanny are there. I think I could act out more if we went away and were by ourselves in a safe place. Then we could be naked, which I like. My fantasy revolves around Rosie performing different sex acts on me—blow jobs, etc.—without me having to do anything. But in the end you like to reciprocate.

PLAYBOY: These days you're referred to as one entity: Tom and Roseanne. Any desire to have separate identities again?

TOM: We love doing what we do and we'll always be together.

PLAYBOY: You reportedly bristle when someone calls you Roseanne Barr. What does that make you want to do?

ROSEANNE: Beat the holy fucking shit out of 'em, kick 'em in the nuts or cunt, rip their fucking hair out, throw 'em down a flight of stairs, jump up and down on 'em, tie a rope around their neck and drag 'em down the street, set 'em on fire, throw 'em through a plate-glass window, hit 'em in the fucking head with an ax.

TOM: And force them to marry her ex-husband.

PLAYBOY: At first, your marriage was the butt of jokes. When do you think that perception changed?

ROSEANNE: As soon as my ex-husband and sister stopped talking to the press. When we had the gag order.

TOM: It also helped when people saw me perform. When I started doing HBO specials and *Roseanne* started getting better as I was producing it, and I got my own show and some movies. Seeing my work added credibility to Rosie's always saying that I was very talented.

Roseanne: "I still feel like a geek from outer space. To everyone and everything." Tom: "You are!"

ROSEANNE: I think it's when them two shut up.

PLAYBOY: What if everything in your life and work were calm?

ROSEANNE: I wouldn't do confrontational comedy, I'd do something different. But I'd always be creative.

TOM: But the world would have to be hunky-dory.

ROSEANNE: I'd probably write children's books or some shit.

TOM: Children's books?

ROSEANNE: Shut up. I am kind of a crusader. I'm sort of a crazy Don Quixote type. [*Tom looks askance.*] I am.

TOM: Nobody's arguing with you.

ROSEANNE: Maybe this is also born of controversy, and I'm going to do it anyway: I would work on issues of child abuse and legislation. That's what we want to do with the rest of our lives. I will always be a confrontational person. This is so fucking clichéd, but what burns inside me more than anything is that I have something to say.

PLAYBOY: You two are trying to have kids, right?

BOTH: [*Smiling*] Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How many kids do you want?

TOM: I would like to have four or five, but she says one. And maybe we'll adopt one, too. The biological part is not my main thing. I'm happy being a stepparent, but I would like to be the main guy one way or another. I've never seen men change so much as they do when they become fathers.

PLAYBOY: Any plans for the future?

TOM: We want to be movie stars.

ROSEANNE: I'd like to win an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: Despite your successes, do you still feel like outsiders?

ROSEANNE: Well, I still feel like a geek from outer space. To everyone and everything.

TOM: You are!

ROSEANNE: That's what I said. Why are you arguing with me?

TOM: I'm not arguing about that.

ROSEANNE: Idiot.

TOM: I'm not arguing that you're not a geek.

ROSEANNE: I feel like a geek from outer space.

TOM: Then you're in touch. Enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne, you said that you have been on Prozac, the antidepressant drug, for more than a year. Is it still helping?

ROSEANNE: I'm more satisfied with the world since I've been on antidepressants. I think that everything you do in—and the way you look at—the world comes from how you feel about yourself. I still have the old fire. I just don't have the horrible lows. Well, I kind of have the horrible lows, but not as frequently. Now I freak out only every other day. I'm able to run my personal life a lot better. I could always work but I didn't have a happy personal life and didn't know how to get it. Once, I didn't even know how to live in the world. Now I'm doing pretty good.

PLAYBOY: Are the two of you doing Prozac together?

ROSEANNE: He should be. But it won't work for him.

TOM: Somebody has to drive the car.

ROSEANNE: That's what Timothy Leary told him. He totally understands what Tom's trip is: He's driving the car. Driving me around in the car. Go away. You're ruining the interview. I would answer differently if you weren't here with your goofy fucking head and your goofy fucking face. Zit face.

TOM: Look at you. [*Pinches her*]

ROSEANNE: Owww!

TOM: Owww!

ROSEANNE: Ohhhhh!

TOM: Ahhhhh! [*They stop.*]

ROSEANNE: Damn it.

BOTH: [*Laugh*]

WHAT MAKES A MOMENT

A MEMORY

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DEATH in BANGKOK

once in ten thousand incarnations a woman like this appears— to bestow the ultimate pleasure

FICTION BY DAN SIMMONS

I FLY BACK to Asia in the late spring of 1992, leaving one City of Angels, which had just exorcised its evil spirits in an orgy of looting and flame, and arriving in another, where the blood demons are gathering on the horizon like monsoon clouds. My home city of Los Angeles had gone up in flames and insane looting the month before; Bangkok—known locally as Krung Thep, the City of Angels—is preparing to slaughter its children on the streets near the Democracy Monument.

All of this is irrelevant to me. I have my own blood score to settle.

The minute I step outside the air-conditioned vaults of Bangkok's Don Muang International Airport, it all comes back to me: the heat, over 105°F, humidity as close to liquid air as atmosphere can get, the stink of carbon monoxide and industrial pollution and the open sewage of 10 million people turning the air into a cocktail thick enough to drink. The heat and the humidity and the intense tropical sunlight combine to make breathing a physical effort, like trying to inhale oxygen through a blanket moistened with kerosene. And the airport is 25 klicks from the center of town.

I feel myself stir and harden just to be there.

"Dr. Merrick?" says a Thai in chauffeur's livery.

I nod. A yellow Mercedes from the Oriental Hotel is waiting for me. There is no scenic way into Bangkok today unless one were to ride a sampan upriver into the heart of the city. The commute into the old section of Bangkok now is pure capitalist madness: traffic jams, Asian palaces that are really shopping malls, industrial clutter, new elevated expressways, ferroconcrete apartment towers, billboards hawking Japanese electronics, the roar of motorcycles and the constant arc-flash and jackhammer-thud of new construction. As is the case with all of Asia's new megalopolises, Bangkok is tearing itself down and rebuilding itself daily in a frenzy that makes Western cities such as New York look as permanent as the pyramids.

I catch a glimpse of Silom Road, jammed with people but looking empty and lethargic compared with its usual crush of manic crowds. I glance at my watch. It is eight P.M. on a Friday night Los Angeles time; 11 o'clock Saturday morning here in Bangkok. Silom Road is resting, waiting for the evening excitement that emanates from the Patpong entertainment district like the scent of a bitch in heat—an urgent scent like a subtle blend of exotic perfume and the Clorox tang of semen and the coppery taste of blood.

I hurry through the courteous greetings and the bowed *wai*s and the gracious registerings of the Oriental Hotel, perhaps the world's finest hotel, wanting only to get to my suite and shower and feign sleep, to lie there and stare at the teak-and-plaster ceiling until the sunlight fades and the night begins. Darkness will bring this particular City of Angels alive, or at least stir the corpse of it into slow, erotic motion.

When it is well and truly dark, I rise, dress in my Bangkok street clothes and go out into the night.

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The first time I saw Bangkok had been 22 years earlier, in May 1970. Tres and I had chosen Bangkok as our destination for the seven days of out-of-country R&R we had coming to us. Actually, I don't know many grunts who called it R&R back then. Many called it I&I: intercourse and intoxication. Married officers used their leave to meet wives in Hawaii, but for the rest of us the Army offered a smorgasbord of destinations ranging from Tokyo to Sydney. A lot of us chose Bangkok for four reasons: (1) it was easy to get to and didn't use up a lot of our time in travel, (2) the cheap sex, (3) the cheap sex and (4) the cheap sex.

To tell the truth, Tres had chosen Bangkok for other reasons, and I followed along trusting in his judgment, much the way I did when we were out on a long-range reconnaissance patrol. Tres—Robert William Tindale III—was only about a year older than I was, but he was taller, stronger, smarter and infinitely better educated. I'd dropped out of my Midwestern college in my

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

junior year and rattled around until the draft sucked me in. Tres had graduated from Kenyon College with honors and then enlisted in the infantry rather than go on to graduate school. His nickname came from the Spanish word for three and was pronounced *tray*. Most of us had been given nicknames in the platoon—mine was Prick because of the heavy PRC-25 radio I'd carried around during my short stint as a radiotelephone operator—but Tres came to us with his nickname in place.

Tres had a deep interest in Asian cultures and was good at languages. He was the only grunt in the company who could speak any real Vietnamese. Most of us thought that *beaucoup* was Vietnamese and felt clever to know *di di mau* and half a dozen other corrupted local phrases. Tres spoke Vietnamese, though he kept that fact from reaching any officer other than our own LTC. "I wouldn't let them make me a typist or officer," he used to say to me. "I'll be goddamned if I'll let them turn me into some pissant interrogator."

Tres had never studied the Thai language but he learned quickly.

"Just tell me what the Thai word is for blow job," I'd said to him during the MAC flight from Saigon to Bangkok.

"I don't know," said Tres. "But the phrase for hand job is *shak wao*."

"No shit," I'd said.

"No shit," said Tres. He was reading a book and didn't look up. "It means 'pulling on the kite string.'"

I thought about that image for a minute. The transport was losing altitude, jouncing through clouds toward Bangkok. "I think I'll hold out for a blow job," I said. I was not quite 20 years old and had experienced oral sex only once, with a college girlfriend who had obviously never tried it before, either. But I was full of hormones and macho posturing I'd picked up from the platoon, not to mention the sheer adrenaline rush of being alive after six months in the boonies. "Definitely a blow job," I said.

Tres had grunted and kept reading. It was a dusty book about Thai customs or mythology or religion or something.

I realize now that if I'd known what he was reading about and why he had chosen Bangkok, I probably wouldn't have stepped off the plane.

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The floor valet, elevator doorman, concierge and main doormen of the Oriental do not raise eyebrows at my wrinkled chinos and stained photographer's vest. At 350 American dollars a night, their guests can wear whatever they want. The concierge does, however, step out to talk to me before I leave the air-conditioned sanity of the hotel.

"Dr. Merrick," he says softly, "you are aware of the . . . ah . . . tensions that exist in Bangkok at the current time?"

I nod. "The student riots? The military crackdown?"

The concierge smiles and bows slightly, obviously grateful for not having to educate the *farang* in what seems an embarrassing topic to him. "Yes, sir. I mention it only because, while the problems have been concentrated near the university and the Grand Palace, there have been, ah, disturbances on Silom Road."

I nod again. "But there's no curfew yet," I say. "Patpong is still open."

The concierge smiles with no hint of a leer. "Oh, yes, sir. Patpong and the nightclubs are open for business. The city is very much open."

It is not hard to recognize when I get there. The narrow streets connecting Silom and Suriwong roads are awash with cheap neon signs: MARVELOUS MASSAGE, PUSSY GALORE, BABY A-GO-GO, SUPERGIRL LIVE SEX SHOWS, PUSSY ALIVE! and a score of others. The lanes of Patpong are narrow enough to be pedestrian-only, but the roar of the three-wheeled *tuk-tuk*s in the boulevards beyond provides a constant background to the rock-and-roll music that is blaring from speakers and open doors.

Young men or women—sometimes it is hard to tell in androgynous Thailand—begin plucking at my sleeve and gesturing toward doorways the moment I turn onto the lane called Patpong One.

"Mister, best live sex shows, best pussy shows."

"Hey, Mister, this way prettiest girls, best prices."

"Want to see nicest shave pussy? Meet nice girl?"

"You want girls? No? You want boys?"

I stroll on, ignoring the gentle tugs at my sleeve. The last query had come as I entered the lane called Patpong Two. The night zone is divided into three areas: Patpong One serves straights, Patpong Two offers delights to both straights and gays and Patpong Three is all gay. The majority of the action here on Patpong Two is still for heterosexuals, though most of the bars have smiling boys as well as girls.

I pause in front of a bar called Pussy Delite. A little man with one arm and a face turned blue by the flickering neon steps forward and hands me a long plastic card. "Pussy menu?" he says, his voice the epitome of an upscale maître d's.

I take the grubby plastic card and study it: PUSSY BANANAS, PUSSY COCA-COLA, PUSSY CHOPSTICKS, PUSSY RAZOR BLADES, PUSSY SMOKING.

Nodding, I start into the busy nightclub. The one-armed maître d' hurries forward and retrieves his card.

The club is small and smoky, with four bars set in a square around a crude stage. The girl on the stage—she looks no more than 16 or 17—is arched backward so that the top of her head almost touches the rough wood of the stage, her legs and arms supporting her in a crablike backbend. She is naked; her crotch has been shaved. Colored lights shaft down through the smoke and fall on her like soft lasers. The center of the stage is a turntable, and the girl holds the arched position while her body rotates so that everyone can see her exposed genitals. A lighted cigarette has been set between her labia. As the stage revolves toward each section of the bar, smoke puffs from her vulva as if she is exhaling. Occasionally, one of the drunker patrons applauds.

Most of the men in the bar are Thai, but there are plenty of *farang* scattered around: arrogant Germans in khaki with their hair slicked back, beaky Brits paying more attention to their drinks than to the girl on the stage, an occasional frowning Chinese from Hong Kong squinting through glasses and a few fat Americans with untouched drinks and protruding eyes.

I move up to the big bar and take an empty stool. The girl's upside-down face revolves past three feet from me. Her eyes are open but unfocused. Her small breasts seem little more than swellings. I can count her ribs.

A young Thai woman slides close, her left breast touching my bare forearm through her thin cotton tank top. Although she is no older than the girl whose genitals rotate our way, she looks older because of the heavy makeup that glows a necrotic color in the shifting blue light. "My name Nok," she shouts over the rock and roll. "What your name?"

She is so close that I can smell her sweet talcum-and-perspiration scent through the cigarette smoke. Thai are among the cleanest people in the world, bathing several times a day. Ignoring her question, I say, "Nok means bird. Are you a bird, Nok?"

Her eyes widen. "Do you speak Thai?" she asks in Thai.

I show no comprehension. "Are you a bird, Nok?" I ask again.

She sighs and says in English, "Yes, I a thirsty bird. Buy me drink?"

I nod and the bartender is there a fraction of a second later, pouring her the most expensive "whiskey" in the place. It is 98 percent tea, of course.

(continued on page 152)

"I'm afraid madam is down for the Count."

All About "Eden"

meet the stars of cable's daring drama, produced—you guessed it—by playboy

IN THE beginning, there was network TV. Father knew best, sitcom moms always wore a smile and nobody ever talked dirty. Television sex was taboo in the years B.C. (before cable). What's surprising, though, is that on-air sex is still a touchy topic. The networks routinely accompany references to their favorite subject with nervous giggles on the laugh track. Men are nearly always impotent or incompetent, and women are always left unsatisfied.

But change is underway. On *Eden*, Playboy TV's new landmark evening drama, fantasy finally meets reality. American cable audiences will have a real alternative to buttoned-up prime-time fare. And while the central plot of *Eden* is presented from a woman's point of view, this series set in paradise is great television for two. The original version is currently airing on Playboy TV, and USA Network will kick off its version with a prime-time two-hour movie airing June 27.

Eden tracks the blossoming of gorgeous widow Eve Sinclair, portrayed by the soulful Barbara Alyn Woods, as she takes over the daily operation of her dead husband's tropical resort, Eden. Eve's quest for healing grief and emotional serenity is disrupted by Randi Banks (the drama's quintessential bad girl, played by sultry actress Darcy DeMoss). How devilish is Randi? How pure is Eve? Is *Eden* the start of a new era of sexy TV programming? Viewers can judge for themselves. In the meantime, discriminating readers can appreciate the duo's charms here.

Barbara Alyn Woods (Eve, below) can boast big-screen credits in *The Waterdance* and the upcoming *Flesh* and Bone starring Dennis Quaid. "In 1993, women want it all and they're succeeding," says the busy Woods. "Eve is a perfect blend of femininity and strength."

The first lady of Eden luxuriates in the sun on location in Monzonillo, Mexico (right). "Many people think that if you take off your clothes in front of the camera, you can't act," she says with a shrug. Then smiling: "I intend to be the exception to the rule." One of the entanglements in Eden involves dead hubby's brother Josh Sinclair (played by Steve Chase, shown above in the arms of actress Brittney Powell). Eve also finds time to enjoy calmer moments, like a sunset in the garden of earthly delights (top).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

At left and right, the dark and alluring Darcy DeMoss shows why the temptations of Eden's bad apple, Randi, are so hard to resist. "I wouldn't turn my back on Randi," she says of her alter ego. "She uses vulnerability to get what she wants." Eden, center, is every lover's playground. For the time being, Eve—pictured below in a fantasy segment with the ghost of husband Grant Sinclair (Jeff Griggs) and at bottom with his brother Josh—appears to have it all. But when Darcy is asked who is stronger, Eve or Randi, she replies, "Randi, definitely, though I bet Barbara would say Eve. We'll just have to see." Stay tuned.

THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE

before you tie the knot, learn the ropes

EVERY NOW and then, love gets so crazy that it has to be institutionalized. Marriage—that nutty dream of every mad lover from John Alden to John Hinckley—is the Swiss army knife of social conventions, one shiny package jammed full of useful features. It has, for instance, always been the therapeutic tool we use to calm one of our most irrational passions: If nothing else, marriage gets the mad dog of lust off the streets for a time and makes the world a little safer for our daughters. It provides respectability to many who could never hope to be respectable in any other pursuit, and it creates jobs for counselors and others who would otherwise never find employment. For many, marriage provides a swell sort of emotional Barcalounger, something remarkably comfortable, if somewhat unfashionable, to fall back on. For all of us, it's the next thing you do after your last date.

The essential benefits of marriage, especially monogamous marriage, are twofold. First, it keeps us from confusing sex-without-guilt with sex-without-responsibility. Second, it protects children and women—a notion that appeals to men's better selves. So marriage, for most of us, is a good idea.

When it's not a good idea, you find out right away.

There is a profound distinction between getting married and getting to a wedding. If you can read a map, you can get to a wedding. It's how you ended up married that's hard to figure.

Causality confuses us. From adolescence we have practiced the liturgy of lust, from a kiss to a feel to a touchdown. But we never quite saw where all that was leading until we found ourselves standing there promising away all of our life and half of our worldly goods.

HOW YOU GET MARRIED

Usually, it works like this: A man meets a woman and, based almost solely on her appearance (augmented sometimes by a decent personality or other marginal factors such as intelligence), he pursues her. His objective is often quite limited. Maybe he just wants to know if she's a pleasant dinner companion, or maybe he's after uncomplicated sex. In any case, he doesn't see where a simple introduction might lead until the moment arrives when he realizes he can do nothing other than marry her.

A typical woman sees things much more clearly than does a typical man. Rather than looking at a relationship as a series of dates, she sees it as an elaborate syllogism in which certain hypotheses are proved by what has preceded them. A courtship proceeds down a figurative aisle,

ARTICLE BY DENIS BOYLES

ILLUSTRATION BY WIKTOR SADOWSKI

and each one of these encounters will lead to another, more complex encounter, until you are finally brought to the last date.

In handyman's terms: She asks you to make a series of objects—a bookshelf, a planter shaped like a goose, a table. Then one day she tells you that you have built a house and asks you to please shut the door because there's a draft.

WOMEN'S WORK

Marriage is to women what work is to men. For men, work—a job, a career, a paycheck—is an elaborate construction designed to minimize meaninglessness in life and maximize rewards. Women see marriage (and a consequent family) the same way. The difference: Work really is meaningless.

MEN ARE SUCH. . . .

Fifty years ago, if you became conversationally loose with a woman, she'd tell you about all the terrific suitors she had had and how she had dismissed them all with broken hearts. Today the granddaughter of that same woman is likely to tell you about the many, many suitors she's had who were not so terrific. Virtually every unmarried woman over the age of, say, 25 or 30 has a jam-packed gallery of rogues who trampled on her hopes and dreams: men who were married, men who drank, men who were closet hermits, men who killed her cats, men who wore her skirts. Unsuitable men. "Men are such jerks," she'll say at some point.

But that's her problem. Most women crave justification for ill-advised behavior, and those who choose a long sequence of lunatics and philanderers are on the run from responsibility and just don't want to feel bad about it. If you're a lunatic or a philanderer, you may wish to help them. If not, remember: Most women spend at least part of their postadolescence in this state, and if you happen along during this stage of her life and look for any reasonable long-term relationship, she'll boot you out of there, pronto. If a committed relationship is what she wanted, she would have one.

Most women decide on a mature marriage at a certain point—often in their late 20s or early 30s—and, armed with a crisp new realism, they marry the first eligible chap to come along after that decision has been made. Usually, the decision is made with what to us must seem an almost coldhearted deliberation. Smart women—the sort of women you want to marry—simply and wisely wish to be convinced of the aptness of their men. They make their choice almost without regard to whatever transpired in their premarital life. Suddenly, those nights with motorcycle gangs and guys with red rubber noses and water balloons are things of the past. For women, there's a big difference between getting down and getting down to business.

WHY WOMEN MARRY

As H. L. Mencken pointed out in *In Defense of Women*, you may think you're a prize, but to your wife, you're second-rate at best.

According to Mencken, a woman makes her first choice in a man while she's still quite young, and the object of her heart may not even be a real person: He may be a character in a movie or book. Or he might be a very distant ideal, maybe a singer or a TV personality. He's probably not a politician.

From that point onward, it's one compromise after another until she settles for you—perhaps her 50th choice.

But she never forgets one through 49. In fact, no one is more aware of a man's shortcomings than his wife. Not only is he a disappointment in comparison with all those idealized men who for years paraded through her imagination—or, maybe, her bedroom—but he reinforces her notions of his own dorkishness by gaining in incompetence what he loses in independence. Still, you must have had something going for you once—even if only momentarily and when very drunk. When she finally settled for you, she formulated a number of reasonable considerations:

- Security. When women get serious about marriage, they get serious men, since most women prefer not to help men find themselves, and most women prefer men who are able to do a man's work—namely, to support themselves and their families. This is true even if she has a career; in fact, a woman who already deals with workaday responsibilities is even more clear in her expectations, and she will have a well-informed appreciation of what it will take to get by if she decides to opt for full-time motherhood.
- Dad. According to a legion of shrinks, women marry as part of a reaction against their fathers. This is psychology, so it may be more a feeling than a truth.
- Mom. Same source: Some women get married in order to become their mothers. Some men love to be mothered. These two types get together and they're stuck for life.
- Respect. Never underestimate the importance of a woman's self-esteem—and the esteem of her friends and family—in making her choice. The best women marry men whose qualities match their own healthy self-esteem. On the other hand, insecure men frequently marry trophy wives—especially if their insecurity is caused by advancing age. So do women wed trophy husbands, but women are considerably more adroit in concealing their motives for marriage.
- Children. Most women earnestly desire to have children and, in cooperation with a responsible, sensible father (and, really, many desperate women even skip the sensible part), to be good mothers to the children they have.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN YOUR BASIC WIFE

Men (and women, for that matter) spend most of their first two or three decades like teens in a premarital mall, hanging out, window-shopping, occasionally slipping something on but not really buying.

If you were one of the ones who left the mall married, then you know that what happened was psychedelic, man. Suddenly you started hallucinating signs that read FINAL DAYS! CLEARANCE SALE! and you grabbed something—anything—on the way out.

When you get ready to close that deal, there are only a half dozen things you should consider. Six. That's not many. But skip just one, and you'll be doomed to repeat the other five—with a new woman.

(1) Marry the most beautiful woman you can find. Every woman has one good picture, one angle that makes her look just wonderful. It's the shot you see when you first fall in love with a woman. From that moment on, it's the only picture of her that exists for you. Women are far more realistic in these matters, and once they leave adolescence, they look for qualities in a man that often have little to do with his appearance, thank God. But men are browsers, so packaging makes the sale. If a woman has a dazzling personality or a spirituality that blinds you to her appearance, don't worry: You'll patch something together in your imagination that will keep her looking beautiful forever.

On the other hand, attractive women who use their looks as a replacement part for other important character qualities, such as wit or kindness or competence, make expensive but convenient Bic wives. They're disposable, but at least they know it. Like ball players, they have to get it while they can, because when the fat lady sings, it's over, especially if they've become the fat lady.

(2) Marry for laughs. Dull and stupid women, self-serious women, boring women all have no sense of humor, the one unfailing measure of intelligence. Find somebody who knows a joke when she tells it.

(continued on page 140)

"I suggest we go to my place and play another mixed doubles."

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

HOT STUFF

light, loose and layered—it's the warm-weather way to go

THINK SUITS are getting more comfortable? Wait until you see what menswear designers have done to summer sportswear. Shirts and shorts are made of natural, ultra-lightweight fabrics that keep their cool when things get hot. Most come prewashed or "laundered," so they're soft and rarely need ironing. Colors are subtle (earthy beige, muted green and pale coral are a few of our favorites) and prints are equally low-key (check out the batik vest on page 93). Add up these features and you get clothing so relaxed that you'll have no choice but to play hooky from office homework, kick back and enjoy the weekend.

Forget the spray starch—rumpled is the right look this season. At left, our guy is wearing a washed-cotton twill hooded zip-front jacket, from Colours by Alexander Julian, $125; with a striped cotton T-shirt, by Edwin Jeans, about $40; and washed-cotton twill fatigue shorts, by DKNY, about $60; plus clip-on sunglasses, by Calvin Klein Eyewear, $75. The outfit at right includes a washed-nylon fishing vest with a mesh lining, by DKNY, $155; a striped cotton short-sleeved knit polo shirt, by Reunion Menswear, $45; and washed-linen five-pocket jean shorts, by Calvin Klein Jeans, about $80.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGORY HINSDALE

Natural fabrics such as cotton and linen can take the heat and look great when layered. The oarsman at left has paired a washed-cottan chambray sport shirt, abaut $70, with a striped washed-cotton mesh polo shirt, $70, and linen shorts with side flap pockets, $95, all from Palo by Ralph Lauren. Our mate at right cambines a hooded linen vest with four button-through pockets, by Calvin Klein Jeans, $130; with a washed-rayon and poly-crepe spart shirt, for Basco by Lance Karesh, about $90; and cotton stane-washed jean shorts, by Guess Men, about $50.

Yes, it is fashionable to skip the shoelaces. The fellow at left wears nubuck sneakers, by G. H. Bass, $50; with a linen fishing vest, by Huga Boss, $380; a sport shirt, from Calours by Alexander Julian, $55; and cotton twill sharts, by Scout America Denim, $35; plus sunglasses, by Oliver Peoples, $260; and a watch, by TAG-Heuer, abaut $600. Everything at right is up for grabs, including his cottan pullover, by Sassafras and Chino, $35; a batik vest, by Island Trading Company, $76; washed-linen shorts, from J.O.E. by Joseph Abbaud, about $100; and nubuck sandals, by Birkenstock, about $80.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ROSEMARY TACKBARY
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 178.

OF LUST AND ARMS

THE DEBATE about gays in the military is really about sex in the military, and it has two fundamental flaws: It's dumb when it talks about sex and it's dumb when it talks about the military. The debate ignores the complexity of human sexual behavior and insists on classifying people as either hetero- or homosexual. Even more important, it fails to understand the sexually repressed, homoerotic nature of the bond that in combat prevents soldiers from fleeing and allows them to fight—the bond, in other words, that keeps them alive.

War without sex is like war without death. It took about five minutes into the first morning I spent in the Marine Corps for sex to assume the central place it would occupy for the rest of my training and, in fact, my three years on duty. It was still dark outside when we lined up in what passed for order. Our drill instructors paced up and down, staring at each recruit a few inches from his face. Then one of the recruits, a slightly effeminate Marine I'll call Brown, made a big mistake: He looked back.

"Why are you looking at me, maggot?" the drill instructor screamed.

"He's queer, I knew it. Queer," the other drill instructor piped up from the end of the line.

"You a peter puffer, Brown? Is that why you were looking at me?"

"I wasn't——" Brown began.

"Eye? Are you a private eye?" the drill instructor screamed. "Are you some sort of special individual? There are no individuals in my Marine Corps. You will refer to yourself as 'the private.'"

"Sir, the private wasn't looking at you," the hapless Brown ventured.

"Ewe? Am I a female sheep? Do you fuck sheep?" The drill sergeant was enraged.

"He does, I can tell," the other drill instructor chimed in helpfully. "Fucks cows, too. He's got that cow-fucking look."

"So that must mean you want to fuck me?"

"Sir, no sir."

"I'm not good enough, is that it? Not as good as those cows and sheep you usually fuck."

"Sir, no sir. I mean, sir, yes sir."

"Which is it, maggot?"

Brown looked very pale.

"You'd rather fuck my wife, is that it?"

"Sir, no sir."

"What's wrong with my wife, then?"

At this point someone else began to laugh—perhaps it was even me—and the focus of this torture switched away from poor Brown. His reprieve was only temporary. Every squad has someone who is the butt of harassment, and Brown filled that role for us. Eventually even some of his fellow recruits joined in, particularly a tough, squared-away Marine I'll call Stanley, who rode Brown mercilessly.

WHAT WILL BE THE IMPACT OF GAYS IN BATTLE? A VETERAN OF COMBAT IN VIETNAM HAS SOME SURPRISING ANSWERS

Harassment is part of training. New recruits get their heads shaved for a reason. Combat units are the opposite of democracies. The individual no longer matters. The group is everything. Recruits are referred to only in the third person. "I" and "me" disappear from their vocabulary. Harassment is brutal and universal. Every recruit is under intense pressure at all times. Any personal detail is cruelly exploited. Heaven help the poor recruit who is overweight, stutters, wets his bed, can't tell right from left or has a little dick.

Is this stupid, sexist and degrading? Yes, but so is war, which is what we were being trained for. And so is being captured. We were being trained to kill and to avoid being killed, to be overwhelmed by horror and blood and terrible chaos and not let our buddies down. War is at bottom a horrible profession, glossed over with spit-shined shoes and gleaming buttons. But its reality is primitive and repugnant.

Gay activists like to quote what Vietnam hero Leonard Matlovich had inscribed on his gravestone. "They gave me a medal for killing two men and a discharge for loving one." Allan Berube writes in *Coming Out Under Fire*: "It is one of the many tragic ironies of the war that gay soldiers and officers had to kill, risk their lives and see their buddies die in order to gain some respect and a sense of belonging as men among men."

Both these attitudes are fundamentally at odds with what

article by WILLIAM BROYLES, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

WILCOX

war is about. It is about killing people, which is precisely why you get medals for doing it. And the tragic irony Berube writes about is no less tragic or ironic if you eliminate the word gay from his sentence. The rite of passage for soldiers of any race, age and sexual background has always been performance under fire, which means performance in the face of death.

General Colin Powell argues that integrating acknowledged homosexuals is different from integrating blacks. Race, Powell claims, is a "benign" condition while homosexuality is defined by behavior. Not so, claim gay advocates. "Gay sexual orientation," say the editors of *The New Republic*, "like straight sexual orientation is constitutive of someone's deepest personal identity and in the opinion of the vast majority of psychologists and even of the Roman Catholic Church essentially unalterable." Being gay is a matter of biology and deepest psychology. It just is.

But as a basic human function, sexuality is not always discerning. Some people, homosexual to their essence, have heterosexual sex; some heterosexuals have homosexual sex. "There is probably no sensitive heterosexual alive," writes Norman Mailer, "who is not preoccupied with his latent homosexuality." When someone is hungry enough he or she will eat almost anything. T. E. Lawrence wrote about how the men of his Arab legion would slake their desires in one another's bodies and then depart the wars to become family men and raise children. The traditions of the Royal Navy, Winston Churchill said, were "rum, sodomy and the lash." Otherwise heterosexual sailors, like inmates in prison, make do with what is at hand—and are not much more particular when they hit land.

People exist along the entire spectrum of behavior, from absolute hetero through bisexual to absolute homo. At some point what you are is less important than what you do, when you do it and with whom. Essence doesn't always predict behavior; behavior is not always a clue to essence.

One argument against gays in the military is that men would be subjected to unwanted advances—in other words, that they would be subjected to the same harassment that women in the military are, from the rowdy gantlets of Tailhook to the mundane lechery of daily duty. Men would, in short, risk being treated like women. And that, particularly in combat units, is not a fear taken lightly.

To introduce acknowledged homosexuals into combat units is in some respects different from introducing women, but not in one important way: It brings in the possibility of consensual sex. In every other area of a democratic society based on individual freedom this is good. But for a communal organization, sex presents different challenges than it does for a democracy made up of individuals. Almost every communal experiment has stumbled over the issue of sexuality: How does everyone love the group when some within the group love one another? In other words, if you fuck your buddy, do you fuck your buddies?

The New Republic's editors argue that the military disavows homosexuality because the military has a secret: It doesn't want to admit that the bond that holds military men together is homoerotic. When I was in the Marines, I bonded with a group of men I would never have met otherwise. We trained together, ate together, slept together, fought together. We shit, bathed, and—off duty—fucked in front of one another. We loved each other with a deep, undying love. Supporters of allowing homosexuals to be open with their sexuality insist that this close bonding, this communal identity or love, would thrive if it included open homosexuals. They may be right, but it's a long way from a sure thing. And that's important for one reason: The other thing we did together was die. The military is not just an organization. It goes to war. In combat, soldiers must bond together. Their lives depend on it.

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Anna Simons, an anthropologist at UCLA, spent more than a year studying a 70-man special-forces unit. Her conclusions are an academic validation of what every combat soldier knows. Simons concludes that allowing gays to serve openly would destroy "small-unit cohesion." Simons suggests the debate is backward: It starts from acknowledging gays and then adjusting to combat conditions, when in fact "you need to understand what being in combat is all about and then work backward before you begin your social engineering."

The bond that holds men together in combat is most like the love between parents and their children—an unselfish, undemanding love more powerful than life itself. I would give my life for my children and for my buddy, and for no one else. The paradigmatic act for winning the Medal of Honor is giving your life to save your buddies. There are taboos against injecting sex into the love between parent and child. The taboos against injecting it into combat units spring from the same source.

Homosexuality and homoeroticism are incompatible precisely because they are so closely linked. In *The Symposium*, Plato has Phaedrus argue that homosexual lovers make the best soldiers because they fight more bravely for fear of disgracing themselves in front of their beloved. No one since has described the combat bond any better. But homosexual love can't hold together a unit of more than two men, unless everyone fucks everyone else. Not even the most outspoken gay activist has suggested that.

The essence of combat training is to expand the power of that homosexual love to the entire unit. Everyone becomes lovers, but without sex. That is precisely why all soldiers fight in combat: It takes more courage to run, the natural response, than to fight because to run would be to betray your buddies. That bond is homoerotic, not homosexual. Homoeroticism is the more fragile. It survives only if the homosexuality that lies deeper beneath it is suppressed. It strengthens men in combat only if they can love their fellow soldiers without fear of undermining their own sexuality. It is an exuberant, powerful, raunchy, vicious, deadly but ultimately innocent love. The moment the men who share it begin to ask themselves, "What did he mean by that?"—the moment they have to interpret actions and not simply live them—the power of homoeroticism slips away. Without that power, soldiers can't fight as effectively.

America Online, a computer bulletin board, has been lighting up on this topic for months. I quote two of many observations from combat veterans. From MtCowboy: "In many ways combat is more intimate than living with your spouse. People who haven't served haven't a clue what the life is like." And from JohnS426: "A sex act between any two consenting adults in a combat unit is like the mess sergeant feeding only two of the troops."

With civil rights we gave up trying to change people's hearts and decided what mattered was to change behavior. It didn't matter whether you loved blacks, just so long as you would serve them a meal or rent them a room. But in a combat unit behavior isn't enough. You have to love your buddies. Sure, you can hate them, too, and know in your heart that away from the unit you wouldn't even like them. But combat bonding is like sorcery. The ingredients have to be right, you have to say the right words and your heart has to be pure.

I come from a time when straights pretended to be gay in order to get out of the military. Now gays pretend to be straight in order to get in. During Vietnam it was hard to imagine which required more courage: to deny your

(continued on page 172)

"Let's eat, dear. I've been dieting for years."

STRAIGHT A STUNNER

everything but her name, alesha marie oreskovich, is all-american. miss june's grades aren't bad, either

CLOTHES are a pain," says 21-year-old Playmate Alesha Marie Oreskovich, who graces this month's centerfold.

"They're a constricting, uncomfortable nuisance, which is why I always wear as little as possible." Even as a child, as soon as her parents would turn their backs, Alesha would strip to her underwear and bicycle around the neighborhood. "At Grandma's house it was like a nudist colony," she remembers. "Before I'd even say hi, it was off with the clothes. That ended at childhood, but I wish I could get away with it now."

Thankfully she can't, or her classmates in southern Florida might have a hard time keeping their eyes on the chalkboard. Alesha is serious about her education, just your typical overachiever on two academic scholarships who has her sights set on a doctorate in English. "I want that higher degree," she says with determination, "because someday I plan to teach college."

Alesha's ideal man can't be a slouch, either. Intelligence, ambition, sensitivity, honesty and a quick wit are all prerequisites. "I wouldn't mind if he looked like Tom Cruise," she adds, only half-joking. "I'm a romantic. My idea of a perfect evening is a quiet, one-on-one dinner with my boyfriend. I've always been in long-term relationships and have never been courageous enough to go on a blind date."

It was a long-term friendship that serendipitously led to Alesha's becoming a Playmate. She was at a casting session a few years ago when fashion photographer and PLAYBOY scout Michael Moffitt recognized her unusual last name and discovered that she was the daughter of acquaintances he hadn't seen in ten years. Moffitt had known Alesha as a baby and had also photographed her mother when she modeled in the Seventies. At Alesha's urging and with her parents' support—"My dad has

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"Men and women are mare alike than they are different," says Alesha, who studied psychalagy in college. "I think a male with feminine qualities, and vice versa, is attractive. With an andragynaus persanality, yau have the best of both worlds. Althaugh I strongly believe in equality between the sexes, men have some attributes wamen don't."

subscribed to PLAYBOY for years and has issues older than me"—Moffitt submitted some test shots of Alesha. Once again, she made straight A's.

"When I really want something, I buckle down and strive for it with all my heart. I take everything to an extreme, and if it doesn't go the way I've planned, it's a major crisis. That's the down side of being a perfectionist."

Alesha demands a lot from herself. Every weekday morning, she works out for an hour and a half, doing aerobics and weight training. "I go to an all-women's health club because I don't want to put on makeup just to do the Stair Master." Weekends are devoted to jogging, which obviously keeps Alesha in top form.

"Americans have to get over their hang-ups with the nude human body," she says. "I wish we had a Scandinavian openness about sexuality here, or at least a European mind-set, where it's nothing to see women topless at the beach. After all, we were born naked and the human body is a beautiful thing."

Alesha, who lives with her parents and 13-year-old brother, has never had to brave life far from her family. "I'm lost when I'm away from them," she explains. She also shamelessly admits to

"I love fattening foods like cookies, cake and ice cream," claims a guilt-ridden Alesha, showing no evidence of a sweet tooth. "Luckily, I'm part Italian, so I exercise the food off by talking with my hands."

getting homesick easily, even if she's just away modeling for a few weeks.

At the age of 15, when Alesha went to New York to audition for modeling jobs, her mother and grandmother went along. She spent much of the next summer alone, modeling in Paris, where she developed a deep love for impressionism at the Louvre. Alesha was unimpressed, however, by the French and couldn't wait to return to Florida. "The snotty stereotype is true. And when I tried to speak French, they laughed in my face because I wasn't speaking it properly."

Alesha is part French. She's also part Swedish, German, Yugoslavian, Italian and living proof that the whole can definitely be greater than the sum of its international parts. Although people are sometimes intimidated by her beauty, Alesha

confesses to being self-conscious and shy, especially among peers. "In high school, cheerleading was the only thing that kept me in touch with the other students. I just wasn't happy around people my own age. Even now, I relate better to my professors than to students. I'm emotionally mature, which is why I get along so well with people older than myself, like my parents' friends." —TOM WOTHERSPOON

"I'd love to live on the beach to hear the waves breaking, but I couldn't just lie around sunning myself all day. Plus, as a model, it's best not to have a partial tan. And to get a totally even tan, you can't wear a suit." Well, we don't hear any neighbors objecting.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Alesha Dreskovich

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alesha M. Oreskovich

BUST: 36C-D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 5/21/72 BIRTHPLACE: Tampa, Florida

AMBITIONS: To see the world. To become a college professor. To do what makes me happy.

TURN-ONS: My boyfriend, chocolate, my family, brains, a great body and a man who can type.

TURN-OFFS: Old men in bikinis, procrastination, infidelity, greasy food!

SO SUE ME: I put mustard on my baked potato & I drive like a crazy woman.

IF I WERE A SENATOR: I would really bounce some checks!

CHAMPAGNE MAKES ME: Reveal my deepest, darkest secrets. (No, I'm not drinking champagne now.)

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND: The male fascination with sports, or physicist Werner Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle.

Homecoming Queen at age 12

FREEDOM
High school Graduation
1990

Me with my best buddy — mom!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young man stopped his car on a lonely country road, reached for the girl and made the usual advances. Pushing him away, she said, "I hate to tell you this, but I'm really a hooker. The price for my services is twenty dollars."

The fellow reluctantly paid her and they had sex. Afterward, he sat silently behind the wheel, making no effort to drive away.

"Why aren't we going?" she asked.

"I hate to tell you this," he said, "but I'm really a cabbie and the fare back to town is twenty-five bucks."

A couple of mangy small-town dogs wandered into the big city for the first time. As they roamed the streets, they came across a parking meter. "Look at that," one said to the other, "a pay toilet!"

Two recently retired CEOs had lunch at a famous restaurant, then walked over to a nearby Rolls-Royce showroom. One of them bent to look at the sticker on the window of a new Corniche.

"Seventy grand," he said. "It's a handsome car. Hell, I think I'm gonna buy it."

As he reached for his wallet, his companion put a hand on his arm. "No," he insisted, "let me get this one. You paid for lunch."

When the golfer shanked his first tee shot into the woods, his partner muttered, "That's a lost ball."

"No way," responded the errant shooter. "That's a special ball you can't lose. First it makes a beeping sound, and if you still can't find it, it emits puffs of smoke. If it lands in water," he continued, "it sends out a stream of bubbles, but if it's too deep to reach, a flotation device brings it to the surface. It's impossible to lose."

"That's amazing," his partner said. "Where can I get one?"

"I don't really know."

Puzzled, his friend asked, "Well, where did you get yours?"

"I found it."

A husband was distraught when he caught his wife in bed with another man. In desperation, he sought advice from his rabbi, who counseled forgiveness. "After all," the cleric said, "a man cannot be held responsible for his actions below the waist."

At that, the furious man kicked the rabbi in the shin.

Two men on death row were scheduled for back-to-back executions. On the appointed day, the warden asked each if he had a last request.

"Yes, sir," the first said. "I'd really like to hear *Achy Breaky Heart* one last time."

"And you?" the warden asked the other.

"Please," the second condemned man pleaded, "kill me first."

Have you seen the new blonde invention? It's a solar-powered flashlight.

After a long dry spell without work, an actor answered a help-wanted ad at the zoo. Much to his dismay, he found that the position required him to don a gorilla suit and jump around a cage in imitation of its former occupant.

Within a few days, however, the actor began to enjoy the attention he received from visitors as he pounded his chest and swung from bar to bar. One day, in a moment of exuberance, he swung out through the top of his cage and into the lion's quarters next to his. The crowd gasped. The actor, frozen with fear, watched as the beast moved toward him. He began to scream for help.

"Shhh. Be quiet," the lion whispered, "or we'll all lose our fucking jobs!"

Dr. Hobson, you have to come over right away," the frantic woman said to the psychiatrist. "My husband's in real bad shape. Please hurry!"

The doctor arrived quickly. "Oh, Doc, thank goodness you're here," the woman sobbed. "Just go down the hall. He's in the last room on the left."

The psychiatrist went down the hall, looked into the room and saw the woman's husband sitting on the toilet, dangling a fishing line into the bathtub. "Mrs. Chambers, you're right," the medic told the woman. "He's in very bad shape. Why in the world didn't you call me sooner?"

"I would have," she replied, "but I've been cleaning fish all week."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Gee, I can even remember back to when you could eat them."

The Flannel Revolution

LOOKING FOR THE UNBALANCED, THE UNHINGED, THE UNLIKELY EPICENTER OF AMERICAN CULTURE? GO NORTHWEST, YOUNG MAN

MY PARENTS built a small retirement house last year out on the Olympic Peninsula, the most northwesterly place you can go in the contiguous United States without falling into the Pacific Ocean. It's a lovely shank of land, mossy and evergreen, an area where trees tickle the feet of the gods and the very mist seems impregnated with Miracle-Gro. But like other pockets of paradise in the Pacific Northwest, there's a dark humor, bordering on outright lunacy, entangled in the fog.

Long ago, British mariners claimed that the Olympic Peninsula was full of cannibals, a perception born in the experience of some sailors from the Royal Navy who washed ashore and ended up as jerky, passed around between courses by coastal Indians. The regional diet is more traditional now, but that's about all that is. A carpenter's level applied to the psychic foundation of the Northwest would still find the place to be more or less off-kilter.

The new family house in Sequim (pronounced SKWIM) was built in farm country between Kitchen-Dick Lane and Schmuck Road. When I asked my mother about this, she said the roads had been there forever, named for a pair of pioneers, Dick and Schmuck. And Kitchen-Dick? Oh . . . well, that's to distinguish him from the other Dicks around town, my mother told me. Of course. Why set off a subdivision with something banal like Easy Vista Heights when a practical joke of the potato-in-the-tail-pipe variety can be had?

The Pacific Northwest has never tried to hide its true self. Like an island cut off from the main currents of evolution, this far corner of the United States is something of a freak of nature that has developed a culture to match its surroundings. And now that much of the world is being exposed to this peculiar strain of the American character, some interpretation is in order. My family has lived in the Northwest for nearly a hundred years, so I will assume—with apologies to all who disagree—the role of regional anthropologist.

For the first time in its history, the Northwest is enjoying a major influence on popular culture, fashion and attitude. Perry Ellis and other trendmeisters have adopted for their high-end line this year the thrift-shop uniform that my little brother has been buying at Value Village in Spokane for ten years. Chris, the soft-voiced radio philosopher on *Northern*

ARTICLE BY TIMOTHY EGAN

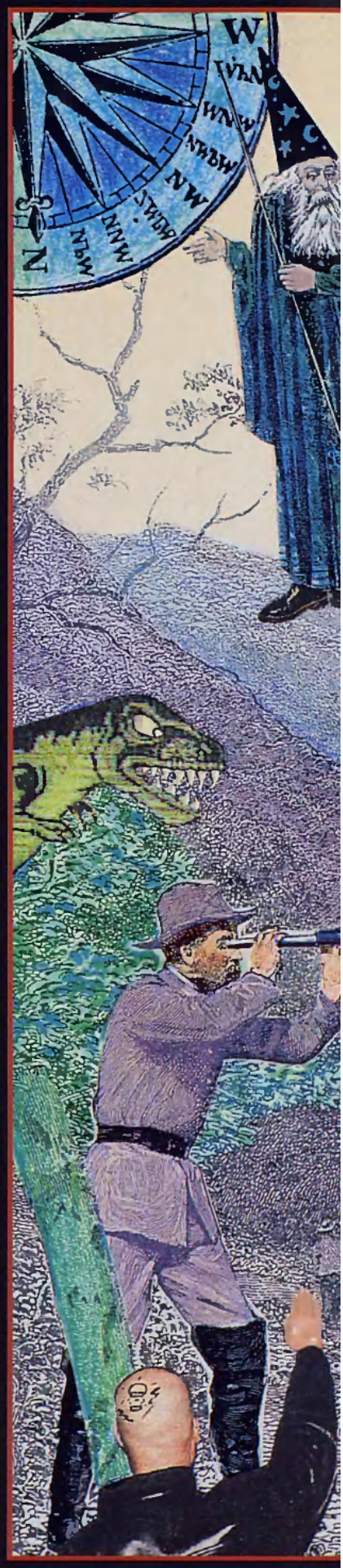

ILLUSTRATION BY KRISTIN KORJENEK

Exposure—which is filmed in the Seattle area and the Cascade Mountain town of Roslyn—has become an archetypal man of the Nineties. In ripped logger's shirt and greasy hair, Chris answers to a voice that seems to ride with the wind. A fresh-steamed jolt of latté, far better than the acidic imitation of ship-canal bilge that used to pass for morning coffee here, is available at any convenience store from the Idaho border to the Pacific Coast. Starbucks coffee, born in Portland, is drawing converts across the land.

"Are Northwesterners naturally weird, possessing an indigenous streak of wacko?"

As the gospel of plaid, grunge and latté-sipping spreads—along with the dark elements of neo-Nazi survivalism and New Age religion-by-credit-card—a basic question arises: Are Northwesterners naturally weird, possessing an indigenous streak of wacko? Or does this part of the world just attract people who are already on the edge—people who, having sloshed around the country, have nowhere else to go? It may be a bit of both.

The physical isolation of being walled in by mountains to the east and the ocean to the west has led to a psychological detachment. Seattle is 2841 miles from New York. But distance alone doesn't explain a name like Schmuck Road. It's something more, something that comes from the sky and sea: In the Northwest, more than in any other place in the country, the elements—earth and air, wind and fire—shape character.

The Northwest was born with geologic birth defects, an unfinished land sculpted by earthquakes, mud slides and volcanoes that still haunt and refine the area. Between mood swings, nature has a sense of humor, and from it the residents have taken their cue. How else to explain the official mascot of Evergreen State College in Olympia—the Puget Sound geoduck (pronounced gooey duck), a clam with a neck the size, shape and texture of a five-foot-long penis? Or the psychotropic mushrooms that sprout in cow pastures after autumn rainstorms? Or Bigfoot? You may not believe in the foul-smelling, eight-foot-tall hominid of the old-growth woods, but the people here do. In Skamania County, on the Washington side of the Columbia River, it's against the law to hunt the phantom of the forest.

Sitting in, say, Titonka, Iowa, it may seem that the Northwest has become a sanctuary for pond scum and religious experimenters with large bank accounts. But the neon flashing QUIRKY in the left-hand corner of the map is generated, in many respects, by all Americans. And therein lies the second half of the explanation for this region's personality. A hundred years after historian Frederick Jackson Turner pronounced the American frontier closed, we still cannot shake restlessness from our souls. In the mid–19th century, upstate New York was where the free-love advocates, Utopian communitarians and promiscuous Mormons planted their stakes. Later, it was California.

When the Northwest was settled by whites, it attracted a certain type of character. A story about the Oregon Trail, which opened 150 years ago, helps to explain why. As Americans pushed toward the Pacific in wagon trains, they came to a big Y in the rutted road just west of the Continental Divide. Those who chose the southern route headed for California and the promise of sunshine and gold-rush good times. Those who chose the northern route were on a course for rain country and winter days when the sun sets shortly after four P.M. Early on, the settlers in the Northwest developed a reputation for tolerance, and a certain edge. The Cascade Range and the Olympic Mountains walled them in; the jagged coast kept out interlopers. The feeling was, and still is: You could be left alone at the edge of the continent. New arrivals have no past; nosiness is a low crime.

Today two types of people are still drawn to the Northwest: those seeking liberation in the scenery—the poets and idealists, the artists and tree-huggers with modems back at the cabin—and those who come here to hide and who view the mountains and raging surf as protection from a world they can no longer control. Thus, Eugene, Oregon is the center of alternative lifestyles, with a vaguely Sixties, Grateful Dead–loving tinge to it. But Springfield, its neighboring city across the Willamette River, is a hotbed of skinheads, mad-at-the-world loggers and religious fundamentalists who whipped the populace into such a frenzy against homosexuals that they passed a law prohibiting protection for gays six months before Colorado gave itself the same distinction.

Sandpoint, Idaho, at the base of the Selkirk Mountains on the shore of Lake Pend Oreille, can look like Sun Valley without the celebrities, or Lake Tahoe a hundred years ago. The city has well-stocked bookstores and cappuccino bars with National Public Radio playing in the background. But the woods around Sandpoint are full of folks who think a public-school levy is part of an international conspiracy, and these people have loaded semiautomatic weapons to back up their notions.

Free from the restraints of tradition and inspired by the extremes of landscape, Northwesterners have gone their own ways—sometimes to great disaster and embarrassment, other times to triumph. Consider Dr. John Kitzhaber, an emergency-room physician who until last year was president of the Oregon Senate, one of the most powerful political positions in the state. Well before national health insurance became a presidential concern, Dr. Kitzhaber fashioned a plan to give every person in his state guaranteed health care, a law that is being phased in through the Nineties.

But he is better known to some Oregonians as the author of a song about stupid salmon, the kind raised in fish hatcheries instead of the wild. Now, try to imagine a bunch of Chicago aldermen getting together in the proverbial smoke-filled room to pen an ode to kielbasa, and you have an idea why things are different in the Northwest.

Politics, particularly in Oregon, has long been practiced like an extended comedy skit.

Bud Clark, a bartender with a paintbrush beard, ran for mayor of Portland in the mid-Eighties. His experience? He had posed as a flasher in the famous poster with the inscription EXPOSE YOURSELF TO ART. He was elected to two terms as leader of Oregon's largest city. When he left office in December 1992, he rode off into a snowstorm on his bicycle.

Last year, Absolutely Nobody, age 35, was a candidate for lieutenant governor in Washington state. A onetime manager at Winchell's Donuts, the candidate had his name legally changed from David Powers. He ran on a campaign promise to abolish the office and got 148,021 votes. He finished third.

More traditional politicians also provide much humor, but

"Good afternoon, and welcome to the newest entry in America's talk-show derby."

the punch line is usually delayed. The most recent examples are a couple of United States senators, Brock Adams of Washington and Bob Packwood of Oregon—both accused of sexual harrassment. Packwood did wonders for the Oregon retail economy by inspiring T-shirts such as the one with a pair of handprints over the front, reading, BOB PACKWOOD WAS HERE. Not long after Adams was accused by a former aide of trying to seduce her with a pink drug-laced drink (a charge he denied), bartenders in Seattle began serving a strawberry-colored Brock cocktail. Tom Foley, the Speaker of the House, hails from the farm country of eastern Washington and seldom passes over a federal handout relating to agriculture. Thus, Washington State University, in Pullman, received a government grant to study bovine belching.

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In matters of the spirit, Oregonians are justifiably proud of the 24-hour Church of Elvis in Portland (one of the better shrines to the King), but other religious oddities have been deliberately kept off the tourist map. Remember Rajneeshpuram, named for Baghwan Shree Rajneesh, an Indian guru who owned 85 Rolls-Royces? The Baghwan turned the Oregon desert town of Antelope into a community of exiled yuppies dressed in sunset red and chanting at his feet. Within four years of founding Rajneeshpuram, the holy one was piloting his fleet of English performance automobiles off to a grand jury, criminal charges and eventual deportation. Now, he is but an asterisk from the Eighties. His 64,000-acre ranch went into foreclosure and became a ghost town.

In the shadow of Mount Rainier, a former Tacoma housewife summons the whiskey-voiced spirit of a 35,000-year-old warrior named Ramtha—for a considerable fee, of course. Many people have left their jobs and homes and moved to the town of Yelm, where Ramtha hangs. On warm-weather weekends, they crawl through a vast maze inside a walled compound, hoping to find their inner selves while trying to avoid head injuries. They call themselves Ramsters, as in hamsters; most of them have advanced degrees.

Rainier, which the Indians believed was inhabited by noxious, gabby spirits inside its crater cauldron, has always had a psychic effect on people. It looks like an exclamation point on the skyline, a 14,411-foot cone covered with ice from centuries of storms. People see things near the mountain that are not apparent at sea level. The term flying saucer came into the language in 1947, when Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot from Meridian, Idaho, flew near the mountain and reported seeing a fleet of fast-moving objects about 25 miles from his plane. They weren't Boeing test planes zipping around the big volcano, Arnold said.

Another kind of religion, the worship of the atom, flourishes in the desert where the Snake River joins the Columbia, around Hanford. Sections of three towns built virtually overnight during World War Two, in the rush to manufacture an atomic bomb, look like an aging set from a Fifties science-fiction movie. Richland High School is home of the Bombers—yes, named for the Big One—and their official logo, plastered around the school and on football helmets, is a mushroom cloud.

Even with the nucleophiles of Hanford, the Northwest is often referred to as Ecotopia, from the Ernest Callenbach novel of the same name. There is a great deal of truth in the stereotype, from which flows many of the Birkenstock-clad characters who people the land. Seattle may have 2 million people in its metro area, but these urbanites want to feel connected to the natural world. Within a two-hour drive south of the city, you can howl at the moon with a pack of four-legged carnivores at Wolf Haven, an orphanage for what used to be the most feared animal in America.

Out of respect for the scenery, recycling is done with maniacal devotion. Portland was so concerned about violations of a regulation against packaging food in polystyrene that the city hired a man known as the Styro-Cop to hang around fast-food restaurants looking for violators. Hey, drop that french-fry container!

During a water shortage in Seattle last summer, homeowners were told to conserve. They did. Toilet-flushing dropped by nearly two thirds. It got so bad that the Water Department had to raise the rates to make up for the fact that people were using so much less of its product.

The most famous residents of all that clean water, the salmon, are worshiped. The Indians treated them as gods, edible icons, and current residents exhibit no less passion. The University of Washington is the only college in the nation to have its own salmon run; the big chinook return to the doorstep of the school every fall. At the Pike Place Market, Seattle's most popular attraction, the fish literally fly as vendors toss them to the fillet men, who swiftly disembowel and behead them. Spike Lee used this scene as the visual centerpiece for a Levi's commercial.

And a few hours before child-killer Westley Allan Dodd was hanged at the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, he ate as his last meal—what else?—fresh salmon.

Much was made of the way film director David Lynch wrapped the body of Laura Palmer in plastic for the opening sequence of his ill-fated and ultimately incomprehensible television show *Twin Peaks*. But Lynch, a former Boy Scout from Missoula and Spokane who helped to define Northwest noir style, was only holding up a mirror, as they say. Granted, the Log Lady, his timber-petting creation, was a bit of a stretch. But Lynch was onto something with his theme of darkness lurking amid the towering Douglas firs. For every glowing innovation there is a counter impulse. The worst crimes are not the property heists or S&L failures that drain an entire region, but inexplicable, self-hating acts of violence.

Perhaps the most prolific serial murderer in American history was the one who killed nearly 50 women in the Northwest during the mid-Eighties. He was known as the Green River Killer, named after the meandering stretch of water south of Seattle where many of the bodies were dumped. He was never found, and police have no idea why the killings started or why they stopped. Nearly a decade earlier, Ted Bundy was a law student at the University of Washington, a young Republican invariably described as clean-scrubbed and nice. One of his routines was to show up at the beach with his arm in a sling. He would then ask some woman to help him load his boat onto his car. Who could refuse him? He looked like a Northwest guy with a windsurfing injury. Bundy was electrocuted in Florida in 1989 after confessing to the murders of more than 30 young women.

A few weeks before Christmas last year, a logger in northern Idaho came upon the frozen body of Johnny Ray Sharbnow, a skinhead. It turned out he had been killed by two other skinheads, according to the Bonner County prosecutor. They suspected he was less than loyal to the cause. The neo-Nazis came to Idaho more than a decade ago, looking for a place to establish a "homeland" for white people with character defects. They chose the Northwest, and more particularly northern Idaho, because it was a place without color or accent. Every year or so, a neo-Nazi makes national news when he holes up in a cabin and starts shooting while shouting about Zionist conspiracies.

With all the attention these loners receive, people begin to wonder if the

(concluded on page 144)

GOLF CARTS OF THE THIRD REICH

HITLER'S A STAR ON CABLE TV, BUT YOU NEVER SEE THE NAZIS' PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT

ZG-2.5 GRASSBLASTER, 1940

HISTORIANS cite the 1938 Albert Speer Pro-Am Invitational as the moment when golf in the Third Reich began its long and eventful flirtation with mechanization, spearheaded by the rapid adoption and even swifter technological development of the self-propelled cart.

Played on Nuremberg's monster 270-hole Burning Foot course, with its vast concrete fairways and an average distance of 12.3 kilometers from pin to pin, the Speer Pro-Am venue gaudily expressed the Reich ideal of the iron-legged, long-ball-hitting German Super Golfer. But not for the first or last time, self-glorifying Party propaganda backfired. Imagine the Führer's rage when no one in his 26-man team could stagger through 21 days of rain and fog to make the final cut, forcing him to award Germany's most prestigious golfing trophy to an unknown Balt amateur. A quick response was expected from the Reichsgolfinstitut.

That response, of course, was the ZD-1, little more than a motorized collapsible bath chair, but the world's first mechanized golf cart, nonetheless.

The September 1939 outbreak of World War Two canceled that year's playing of the Speer Pro-Am. And by early 1940, Burning Foot had been converted into a tank-testing ground. But work on the ZD-1 and other cart types continued apace at the Reichsgolfinstitut's Augsburg "skunk works." It is also known that a slew of prototypes were demonstrated on May 9,

HUMOR BY BRUCE MCCALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE MC CALL

1941, to a wowed crowd that included Rudolf Hess. What made Hess, the next day, pack up one prototype and fly off to Scotland? To realize his dream of playing Troon? To peddle the golf cart concept to the British, as Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry alleged?

We will never know for certain. Beyond question is that the sudden vanishing of Hess and the prototype cart spurred a furious new burst of German golf cart technology—not only at the Reichsgolfinstitut but also in the military services, by personal order of the Führer. Now that the British had the secret, Germany must build an insuperable lead by working fast to outdistance them with new golf cart designs.

The rest is golf cart history, forged over the next few years in the larger story some call World War Two. The golf carts documented in this study are the heretofore unknown, unsung, unseen golf carts of the Third Reich, trundled out into the sunlight from half a century or more of hiding in the metaphoric musty shed behind Nazidom's shuttered pro shop.

AFRIKA GOLFKORPS CART

Ladies and gentlemen, *meine Damen und Herren*—to the carts?

The ZG-2.5 Grassblaster, 1940: The technological crudity of early Nazi golf cart design was epitomized by the tank-like ZG-2.5 that clanked into service during the 1940 Blitzkrieg on the Western front. "A golf cart to be feared," brayed the narrator of a Berlin propaganda film, "attacking sand traps and fording water hazards with merciless efficiency in the lightning conquest of golfing challenges from Belgium to the Swiss frontier." The ZG-2.5 even possessed an eerie siren to scatter enemy foursomes in its path. But this mean Nazi golfing machine actually proved a godsend to Allied forces. The violent shuddering of its diesel engine, amplified via that corrugated-tin body structure, left its riders numb, dazed and wandering—easy prey for snipers hiding in the rough. Its diesel noise and stench betrayed the ZG-2.5's position even during the torchlit tournaments that marked Third Reich golf mania. Rejected as a gift by Hungary's Admiral Horthy, Albania's King Zog and even Norway's Quisling, the complete 12-platoon complement of ZG-2.5s found its way to Vichy France. Rare footage from a 1944 propaganda film shows them doing yeoman's work during haying maneuvers.

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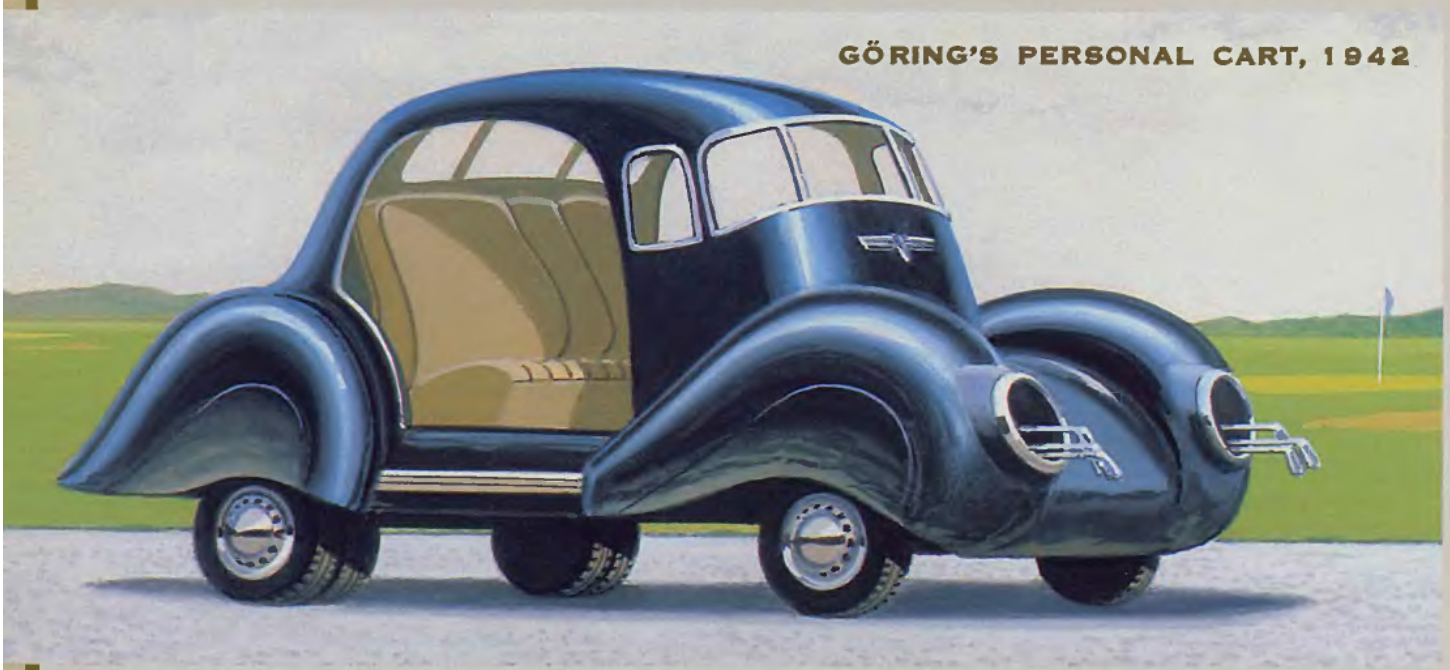
The Greenskeeper's Nightmare—The ZG-12, 1943: Legend has it that the gawky and cumbersome ZG-12 was developed by the Wehrmacht itself as a last resort after the Reichsgolfinstitut's design bureau had failed to produce a cart capable of carrying eight officers and their clubs over the notoriously steep and rocky courses of the Balkans. The truth is less savory—if more human. Enraged at being denied a Mulligan at every hole by his Reichsgolfinstitut partner during the 1942 Wolf's Lair Open, the Führer ordered the



GÖRING'S PERSONAL CART, 1942

"THE GOLF CARTS TRUNDLED INTO THE SUN FROM HALF A CENTURY OF HIDING IN THE METAPHORIC MUSTY SHED BEHIND NAZIDOM'S SHUTTERED PRO SHOP."

ZG-12 contract yanked from the Institute out of sheer choler. In any event, the Wehrmacht's novel wagon-and-trailer concept proved a bust from the moment it debuted in the Balkans in 1943. Partisans in the hedgerows were adept at chopping the chain that connected wagon to cart as the ZG-12 rattled past, leaving eight horrified golfers to watch helplessly as the trailer and their clubs rolled away. But the ZG-12 hardly needed partisans. It was its own worst enemy. Deployed on middle Europe's chronically soggy courses, the ungainly machine, with its giant tractor-type rear wheels, earned the lasting nickname of the Greenskeeper's Nightmare. "If the course is not muddy and ruined to begin with," wrote one embittered Undermower 2nd Class to his mother from Ruthenia in 1943, "it sure is after a ZG-12 or two has done eighteen holes." Scenes such as the one shown on the opposite page—a ZG-12 abandoned by the roadside like an empty beer bottle—were all too common by 1944 as the retreating Nazis left scores of wagon-and-trailer units behind for the advancing Russians. Touchingly, in the only such gesture ever recorded in World War Two, the Russians gave them back.

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The Landcrab—Afrika Golfkorps Cart, 1942: Lightweight, agile, powered by a heat-proof, air-cooled engine, the affectionately nicknamed Landcrab was originally hailed as an ideal golf cart for the predominantly sandy courses of North Africa. Field experience reversed that positive initial response. Its designers were threatened with courts-martial after the Landcrab's rackety engine noise was blamed for so abrading the nerves of Field Marshall Rommel during the prestigious El Alamein Open that he blew a gimme putt on the final hole of the tie-breaking round, allowing Italy's Marshal Badoglio to squeak through to a tournament win. Geared more for traction than for speed, the Landcrab was snail-slow: An estimated half of all units deployed were captured when golf-course traffic became so congested that there was no choice but to allow the advancing British to play through. Its lightness backfired in every sudden sandstorm; the other half of the Landcrabs lost in North Africa were classified as "Gone with the Wind." Within six months of its advent, the Landcrab was replaced in the *Afrika Golfkorps* by sturdily earthbound Bedouin caddies. All remaining units were returned to the fatherland and assigned to the Strength Through Joy movement to be used as motorized shopping carts.

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The Limousine of the Links—Göring's Personal Golf Cart, 1942: Fat Hermann had already cracked the chassis of the first four prototypes he sat in. Panicked that the Reich's number-one duffer was about to literally if inadvertently crush the golf cart program, Reichsgolfinstitut engineers decided that the best defense was a preemptive strike. They hurriedly fashioned this special cart around the Reichsmarschall's unique dimensions and presented it to him as a birthday gift, seven months early. Göring was delighted—and predictably enough, since *der grosse Luxuskart* radiated his baroque tastes and love of comfort in every detail. It was constructed on a sturdy railway handcar platform and fitted with dual rear wheels to support the combined heft of Göring and such on-board appurtenances as a hot-chocolate tank, a duck press, a boot-shining machine and an inlaid mother-of-pearl tee caddy. Alas for Fat Hermann, the *Luxuskart*'s first and sole appearance was at his home course in the 1942 Carinhall Open. One glimpse and der Führer, tears welling, congratulated Göring for developing the one-man tank that Wehrmacht designers had failed to give him. He ordered it stripped of its luxuries and sent for testing to the Russian front. The fickle Reichsmarschall's sporting interests soon drifted to polo and the luge. Aside from an alleged sighting in Paraguay in 1948, later discounted, *der grosse Luxuskart* was never seen again.

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Zenith and Nadir in One—The G-101 Ozymandias, 1945: "Well, we had all these parts left over and nothing much to do." That was the Reichsgolfinstitut technical director's simple explanation for the *(concluded on page 171)*

G-101 OZYMANDIAS, 1945

ZS-2 SEA WEASEL AMPHIBIAN, 1940

Z-262 ROCKET CART

REBECCA DE MORNAY

america's rockaby baby explains why love boils down to forgiveness and why marriage is a risky business

Rebecca De Mornay likes going in unexpected directions. Films as diverse as "Risky Business," "Runaway Train," "Trip to Bountiful," "And God Created Woman," "Dealers," "Backdraft" and "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" underscore the point. The 30-year-old actress' latest film is "Beyond Innocence," with Don Johnson, in which she plays a lawyer. According to Contributing Editor David Rensin, who met with De Mornay on a rainy day at a Sunset Strip hotel and who has seen "Risky Business" about 30 times, the woman defies whatever a priori notions you may have of her. Says Rensin, "Rebecca requested a table by a picture window in the empty restaurant—to watch the rain. Suddenly, she fixed her baby blues on me and said, 'I don't know if I'm in the mood for this.' But for a moment I could have sworn she'd said, 'Are you ready for me?' It was just my imagination. But either way, the challenge was inviting."

1.

PLAYBOY: In the surprise hit *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*, you play Peyton, a seriously disturbed individual. How much did playing her affect you?

DE MORNAY: A lot. It was schizophrenic. She was very freaky and disturbed in a way that was almost unpleasant to watch. I guess that means I succeeded in the character. What was surprising was how much the audience cared about Peyton's predicament initially, and then how much it loved to hate her. In Japan, she actually turned out to be the heroine. The Japanese are in love with their children and feel they have to be protected at all costs. They recognized how much Peyton loved the kids. One male journalist said to me: "Ah, it's strange what Peyton did. It's hard for a man to understand." I said, "Yeah, well, it's a movie." He said, "Why didn't she just kill the family?" That was funny.

2.

PLAYBOY: How did you play someone so connected to children without having had the experience of raising children of your own?

DE MORNAY: As an actress you know that the primal emotions you'll be dealing with on-screen are ones you have experienced by the time you're five years old. You've tapped into all the major feelings: love, hatred, rage, envy, murderous passion. You know them as a child. And then you learn to repress them, slowly but surely, as you grow up. You bury them. The horrible thing about burying feelings is you never bury them dead, you bury them alive. As for not having had my own children yet, I'm glad. I'm still very self-absorbed, and the biggest gift you can give to kids is to be ready to have them.

3.

PLAYBOY: As one who's seen both sides, describe the common ground between extreme success and extreme failure.

DE MORNAY: I spoke at length to a Zen monk about this question. What he said came at the time I needed to hear it. He said that the notion of success and failure is a game society educates us in. The game is dangerous because the stakes are incredibly high. Few people win. You pay the price of worthlessness if you lose. Success is played out on the backs of others who are called failures. Winners are only winners in comparison with the losers. When you're really involved in the game without realizing it's a game, and you lose, you get the worthlessness. If you can realize that it's a game, it can be fun. That's how it is for me today. I was blessed because my first two movies demonstrated the game profoundly. *Risky Business* was a huge success. That's very rare. My next one was a huge flop. At the time, the flop felt awful, but nothing happens to me that isn't illuminating. It took a while to figure out. Now, I'm no longer emotionally attached to the results of the game I play because I understand it has nothing to do with me personally.

4.

PLAYBOY: How tough is it to convince yourself of that?

DE MORNAY: The results of a movie have to do with my financial future, period. When *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* became a success, did I suddenly become a better actress at that moment? After the success of *Risky Business* I was given a career that lasted nine years until my next hit. That's very nice—a nine-year ride on one movie. I did a lot of other interesting things, too. But I was moving on that movie because it was a hit. I'm grateful. Our financial livelihood is a matter of serious concern. Had it not worked out so quickly, I probably would have gone into something else. As it is, even if *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* hadn't been a hit, it didn't matter since I've worked continuously since *Risky Business*. And with very good salaries.

5.

PLAYBOY: Oscar Wilde said "One's real life is often the life that one does not live." What's your real life like?

DE MORNAY: I'm living a life very different from my real one. I suspect most people are. I would be a nun. [*Smiles*] Really. The concerns that are deep in my heart are addressed in the monastery. Running around to see how we can help or what difference we can make is mindless activity. You radiate your position. Every person has tremendous influence on everyone else, even by just being in the same room. So it becomes very important to do something for yourself. As Krishnamurti said, "Don't just do something, sit there." And if you really sit there, then you start to breathe. You start to feel your own breath. And when you start to feel your own breath, you start to feel connected to your environment. And when you start to feel connected to your environment, you start to feel less frantic and lonely. And when you start to feel less frantic and lonely, you start to feel kinder. And when you start to feel kinder, you start to feel happier. And when you start to feel happier, you begin to make a difference.

6.

PLAYBOY: When God created women, what did He get right and get wrong?

DE MORNAY: A woman is a wonderful creature. The dynamic of men and women, the beauty and the sadness of what men and women get right and get wrong and the misunderstandings that happen can often be illuminated directly in sexual intercourse. The man has to become hard, the woman has to become soft. The man has to push in and withdraw and push in and withdraw, the woman closes around him and embraces him. The woman fears abandonment *(continued on page 146)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

the rubles fly

when a

junk-bond jailbird

joins the peace

corps to teach capitalism to

the russians

CASH AND COMMIES

"WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Peace Corps is sending its first volunteers to Russia this week. The volunteers, on two-year assignments, were invited by the Russian government to teach Russian entrepreneurs."

—*The New York Times*, NOV. 20, 1992

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PEACE CORPS FAX

From: Peabody Phelps, Associate Administrator, Project Golden Bear
To: R. Staunton Tibbett, Jr., PC Assistant Deputy Director, Washington
21 November 92
Dear Roger:

Arrived in Kashlak yesterday amid highest excitement. The volunteers and I know the challenge is great, but we feel our mission—to teach the fledgling Russian entrepreneur how to survive and prosper in the free marketplace of capitalism—is achievable. Moreover, it puts us on the cutting edge of history.

We were officially welcomed at the airport by Minister for Humanitarian Aid Dmitri Gouzenko, a fellow I would characterize as a bit on the pessimistic side. "In the course of your stay here," he told us, "you may face insurmountable difficulties, but I call upon you to bravely resist suicidal impulses."

After the repair of our bus, which broke down even before it had cleared the airport, we were delivered straight to our offices—situated in a small but handsome building (I am

satire by

LEWIS GROSSBERGER

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

BOBBI CASINO
BOBBI LITE
BOBBICIMERPLEX
BOBBI BEEF
PURE CREEK WATER
I'VE BEEN TO WAR WORLD
BOBBI GEARS
BOBBI STATUES & PEDESTALS

told it once housed the Renowned Pioneers of Tractor Repair Hall of Fame)—where we happily threw ourselves into our labors. Incredible as it may seem, in just one week we hope to commence Capitalism for Beginners, offering the following classes:

- Money: What Is It? How Do You Get Some?
- Transforming the Lazy, Depressed and Alcoholic Drone into the Diligent, Extraordinarily Motivated Yet Compliant Worker
- Legitimate Profit and Armed Robbery: How to Tell the Difference
- Elementary Smile Workshop for the Novice Salesperson

Not to boast, but we've really hit the ground running. Enthusiasm is the highest I've seen in a group of volunteers since our award-winning mop-up after the Southern Dahomey Rotting Mackerel Tsunami of 1977. I feel like a schoolboy who has just heard the call to arms from JFK. Onward and upward.

Peabody

P.S., CONFIDENTIAL

Roger, I don't think Bobby Greenway is going to be a problem after all. I resented just as much as you did the high-level string-pulling that brought him aboard before the election. But we had a long chat on the plane and I came away convinced that Greenway really turned over a new leaf in prison. "All I give a damn about now," he said, "is helping people. I used to be a money person. Now I'm a people person." Darn it, Roger, the man actually had tears running down his cheeks. So far, Bobby has pitched in as avidly as the other volunteers and is very personable besides. (The story he tells about how he introduced Milken to Boesky and how they immediately attempted to sell each other Pan Am stock is very amusing.) I believe he could be a real asset to the program. Of course, I'll be monitoring him closely.

•

January 26, 1993

Dear Pam:

Hope this finds you, Doug and the kids well. This time your dear old absentee dad is riding herd on 24 volunteers in Kashlak (an industrial city of 1.7 million souls on the Dnieper) and is in excellent health—except that his fanny is frozen solid most of the time. The heat never seems to work at our training center or in the small apartment I share with the Kalishnikovs, a typical Russian family. (She's a brain surgeon, he's a college professor. They earn 2000 rubles a month; a carrot costs 3500.) We wouldn't have any lights or phones at work, either, if not for one of our more resourceful volunteers, Bobby Greenway. In case the name sounds familiar, Greenway was one of those Wall Street–scandal types who was tossed in the hoosegow (and fined $4 billion) for trading bankrupt S&Ls to BCCI for worthless junk bonds that he sent to Iran for Israeli arms that he illegally leased to Nicaragua. I don't understand how, but he made a fortune on the deal.

Anyway, he was paroled after volunteering for the Peace Corps, and here he is. Charming fellow, Bobby. When yours truly went to city hall to beg a local apparatchik, a hardliner named V. E. Vyadeslav, for help in the spirit of the new free-market Russia, the old walrus kept me waiting three hours. When I was leaving, he dumped a pail of rotten cabbages on my head from his window and shouted, "Go back home, son of bastard CIA spy!" But then Bobby paid a visit to him and—presto!—everything was straightened out.

Our classes are filled with eager-beaver students, and many of us serve as advisors to the growing ranks of *biznesmieny*, as they're called. I am mentoring Konstantin P. Kevrensky, manager of a refinery that used to produce tank fuel and is now struggling to convert to the peacetime economy. Bobby Greenway already has had great success with a 17-year-old named Arkady Zipkov, whom he found hawking state secrets in the streets. After a few weeks under Bobby's tutelage, Arkady seems to have put together his own little empire of kiosks selling everything from chewing gum to VCRs. He drives around in a BMW. Bobby jokes that it's too bad we're not allowed to engage in business or he himself would be the Donald Trump of Kashlak by now.

I can't tell you how gratifying it is to be part of such progress. Working side by side with the Russian people, I feel proud to be contributing to their future society and, perhaps more important, helping to cement the growing friendship between once bitter Cold War rivals who now live in peace.

Love,
Dad

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PEACE CORPS FAX

From: Peabody Phelps,
Associate Administrator,
Project Golden Bear

To: R. Staunton Tibbett, Jr.,
PC Assistant Deputy Director,
Washington

12 March 93

Roger:

Just a brief note to update you after our little health emergency. I'm back at my desk, though still feeling slightly woozy. Had Bobby Greenway not rescued me from Kashlak Hospital—where the inebriated doctors weren't sure what was wrong but wanted to remove several major organs in the hope of finding out—and had me flown by Russian Air Force personnel to a private clinic in Finland (the man has an amazing knack for making friends), heaven knows what would have become of me.

Anyhow, when I finally got back to work, I found that some unusual problems had cropped up. First, there was a virtual sea of attractive young women besieging the building, all waving photographs of themselves. It seems that Bobby's young protégé Arkady has begun publishing a mail-order catalog that supplies Russian wives to foreigners. I tried to explain that this was not a proper program for us to be involved in, but Bobby contended that it was good old basic capitalism and that the women "had merely found a market for their natural resources."

I thought I was making some headway against this argument when, unfortunately, our discussion was interrupted by a burst of gunfire from outside. Several large-caliber bullets struck my office wall, ruining a valuable framed photograph (the one of me shaking hands with Vice President Rockefeller at the dedication of the Paraguayan Zombie Rehab Station in 1974) and barely missing Svetlana Tatiana, a rather striking blonde who describes herself as an actress-stenographer-entrepreneur and seems to be some sort of assistant to Bobby. Apparently, we were under attack by one of the local *mafiyas*, violent criminals who demand protection money from honest *biznesmieny*. Having quickly recovered from the twin embarrassments of swooning and soiling myself, I noticed a large, sinister-looking individual with an eye patch who was plucking hand grenades from a briefcase and pitching them down at the fleeing perpetrators (putting even more potholes in the street, I'm afraid). Bobby introduced him as Nikolai Rogov, chief of our "security team."

Well, this certainly ought to teach me not to get sick. As you can imagine, I'm utterly swamped with work and will be filing a more detailed report as soon as I catch up.

Peabody

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PEACE CORPS FAX

From: Peabody Phelps

To: Robert Greenway

2 May 93

Dear Bobby:

As you have been absent from the training center and unreachable via telephone for several weeks, I'm faxing

(continued on page 150)

"I would never have called you out, kid, if I'd known you were busy."

the game master

hiroshi yamauchi helped nintendo devour the video-game industry. now he's hungry for more

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY DAVID SHEFF

NOT EVERYONE hates a loser. In Seattle in 1991, the city sat by mournfully as the owner of the Mariners—the only major-league baseball team in the Pacific Northwest—announced he was selling the team and that the most likely buyer planned to uproot the club to Florida.

It didn't much matter that the Mariners had been perpetual cellar-dwellers with one of the worst records in the majors. Residents of Seattle—indeed, the entire region—didn't care that their team lost, they just didn't want to lose their team. Slade Gorton, a senator from Washington, organized a group of politicians and businessmen to help keep the Mariners. They approached everyone they could think of—from Microsoft's Bill Gates to the executives at Boeing Aircraft—trying to find a financial angel.

One of their stops was Nintendo, the Japanese video-game company, which has its American subsidiary based in Redmond, just outside Seattle. Nintendo's U.S. president, Minoru Arakawa, wanted to help. Arakawa called his father-in-law, Nintendo's chairman, Hiroshi Yamauchi, the secretive and powerful commander of the world's $10 billion video-game industry. Yamauchi had never played baseball nor ever watched a game, but he saw something valuable in the Mariners. Saving the team would be great public relations for Nintendo—as well as a way for Yamauchi to return something to the country that had made him one of the richest men in the world. Since 1985, Americans had spent about $17 billion on Nintendo video-game systems and cartridges, so the $100 million needed to save the Mariners was pocket change. Yamauchi instructed his son-in-law to make a deal.

Senator Gorton and his group were elated. With Yamauchi's $75 million, they were able to put together a consortium of local investors that would enable the team to stay in Seattle. Yamauchi was happy, too. He got to look like a hero. Only one hurdle remained: baseball commissioner Fay Vincent.

Vincent promptly turned Yamauchi's PR coup into a media nightmare. No deal, said Vincent. Baseball is an American game and baseball cannot allow foreign ownership. When it was pointed out that Canadians owned teams, Vincent modified his objection: There could be no non–North American ownership. It didn't even matter that Yamauchi readily agreed to give irrevocable proxy of his voting interest to Arakawa, who was a 15-year resident of the Seattle area.

Yamauchi's bid came at a bad time. The American economy was reeling in a worsening recession, and the Japanese were viewed as the monsters who had lost the war but won the peace. Wittingly or not, the baseball commissioner placed Yamauchi's offer smack in the center of the trade issue, making Nintendo a lightning rod for America's hostility toward Japan. In Japan, banner headlines portrayed Nintendo as a victim of the latest round of Japan bashing, and in the United States, Nintendo supporters called Vincent's ruling racist.

Sitting in his corporate headquarters in Kyoto, Japan, Yamauchi was surprised by the uproar. He didn't care about the team one way or the other, but he was concerned about controversy. One of his many successes was keeping a low profile. In fact, he had done it so well that few people, inside or outside Japan, knew much about him. Now his name was on the front page of *The New York Times*, and reporters across the United States were probing into his life.

In America, baseball's ownership committee met in secret throughout mid-1992. Popular local support for Yamauchi's offer seemed to influence the baseball owners, and it looked likely that the Nintendo chairman would get his team. But just to be sure, Senator Gorton played a little hardball: He intimated that baseball's antitrust exemptions might be reviewed by Congress if the committee blocked Yamauchi's purchase.

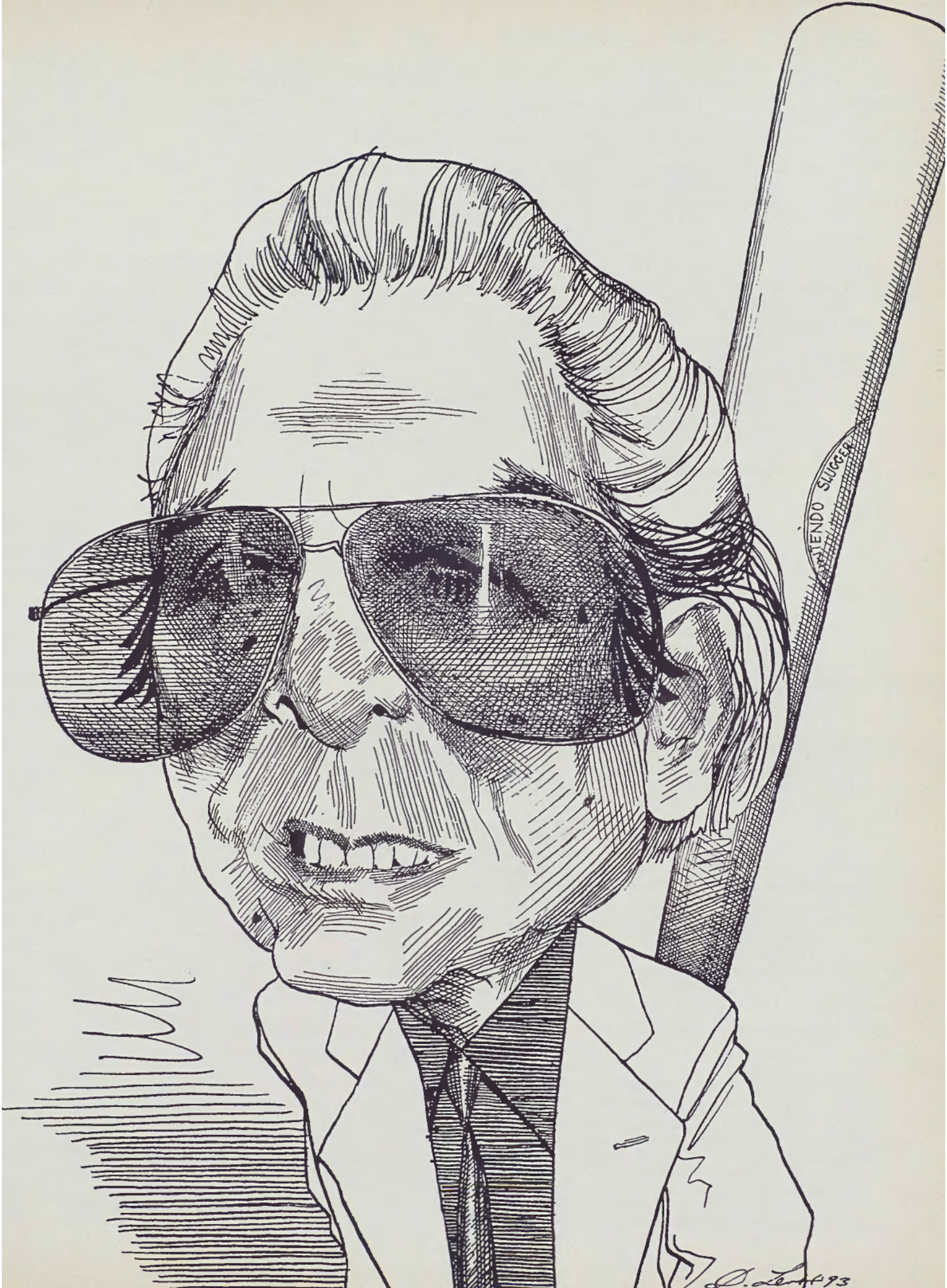
Finally, on June 11, 1992, the club owners formally approved the deal. In Seattle, Yamauchi was viewed as a savior—and got the PR boost he desired. Elsewhere, he was merely another predator from Japan making off with American treasures. Even Yamauchi's own countrymen viewed him with wariness. "We know better," said a businessman in Japan. "Do not become involved in dealings with Yamauchi. Cross him and he'll squash you. Americans will pay if they are fooled."

In fact, we already have.

In 1983 American companies dominated the home video-game industry, which was then worth about $2 billion a year. While the industry has tripled in size, today virtually none of it belongs to Americans. Of the almost $6 billion a year now at stake, almost all of it heads overseas to Japan, and much of that flows into the bank accounts of Hiroshi Yamauchi and his companies.

Just how rich is Yamauchi? For the past three years, Nintendo Company Ltd. of Kyoto has consistently earned pretax profits of more than $1 billion a year, and its total U.S. sales were equivalent to more than ten percent of

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE


NTENDO SLUGGER

America's trade deficit with Japan. In 1991 Nintendo supplanted Toyota as Japan's most successful enterprise, based on profitability, penetration of foreign and domestic markets and stock performance. Recently, report after report chronicling the unhealthy Japanese electronics industry has cited one major exception: Nintendo, a company that was virtually unknown a decade ago.

Building Nintendo into a $4.2 billion giant took a kind of finesse and ruthlessness that is rarely seen in any industry. Yamauchi uses, as an associate says, "whatever is required—threats, intimidation, coercion" and he has stymied most attempts to stop him.

Despite all this controversy, Yamauchi remains a mystery man who doesn't even play his own video games. ("I have better things to do," he says.) A colleague once persuaded him to sit down in front of a television set hooked up to a system. Yamauchi took the controller in his hands and tried to follow the instructions, but he quickly became frustrated and quit, refusing to try again.

Hiroshi Yamauchi prefers to play a much bigger game. And he always seems to win.

•

Nintendo was founded more than 100 years ago by Fusajiro Yamauchi, Hiroshi's great-grandfather, to make playing cards. Nintendo means "work hard, but in the end, it is in heaven's hands." Hiroshi Yamauchi explains: "As much as we try, we cannot control every factor. Luck has to be with us."

At first it seemed as if luck was not with young Hiroshi. His father deserted the family when Hiroshi was still a boy, and his mother, unable to care for him, followed her husband out the door. Hiroshi went to live with his grandparents, who were restrictive and overpowering but exposed him early to the family business that he would later run.

As a young man, Yamauchi was balefully handsome and debonair. He carried himself with conceited sturdiness, dressed in expensive, well-tailored clothes and kept his fingernails long, manicured and polished. His childhood made him sullen and bitter, though he was able to disguise his moods with levity and a dust-dry wit.

Anger dominates much of Yamauchi's life. Even when his father returned, aged, ailing and anxious to make amends to his only son, Yamauchi refused to speak with him. The man had brought shame and dishonor to the family and was to be avoided. It was a decision that even the hardened Yamauchi was to regret. Years later, when Yamauchi was in his late 20s, he heard from a half sister he didn't know he had: Their father had died of a stroke. She said Hiroshi should honor his father's memory by attending the funeral.

Yamauchi sat alone for a full day before deciding he would go.

At the funeral, Hiroshi met his four half sisters, his father's second wife and an aunt he had never known. He was overwhelmed when his aunt told him he looked exactly like his father. He wondered what else he might have inherited from the man. And he began to worry that he might pay a psychological price for refusing to reconcile with and forgive his father.

Such emotional turmoil was commonplace in Yamauchi's life. Not long after he had enrolled in Waseda University, his grandfather, Sekiryo, sent for him. The elderly man, propped up with pillows on his bed, spoke soberly. Ill health was forcing Sekiryo to step down, and Hiroshi was to assume the position that was supposed to have been his father's. He would have to leave school and immediately come to work at Nintendo as president.

Hiroshi, responding without emotion, said he would take over the company, but he insisted on several conditions. The most important: He must be the only family member at Nintendo. "This meant that a cousin had to be fired," a Nintendo director remembers. "Yamauchi wanted there never to be a question that he was in charge."

Weak and saddened, Sekiryo had the cousin fired, and, in 1949, Hiroshi Yamauchi, then only 21 years old, was appointed the third president of Nintendo. The old man died soon thereafter, never sure whether or not his family and the business would survive. Since his grandfather never saw the success Hiroshi eventually had with Nintendo, Hiroshi was left with one overriding fear: that his grandfather died thinking his grandson was an ill-mannered, disrespectful and spoiled child. Hiroshi's daughter Yoko Arakawa says, "My father felt that he disappointed his father and grandfather and he never forgot it."

•

Young President Yamauchi was not welcomed by Nintendo's employees. They resented his youth and inexperience and were worried that Yamauchi planned a clean sweep of longtime employees. Their fears proved to be well-founded. He fired every manager left over from his grandfather's reign, in spite of their years of service. He wanted none of the old guard who might question his authority.

Although Nintendo was successful, selling 600,000 packs of playing cards a year, Yamauchi was restless. He planned to branch into new businesses. To finance them, he took Nintendo public and became chairman. "Nintendo was a small company without resources, and we had to use caution as we grew," Yamauchi says. "It took some time before I found a direction." He transformed Nintendo first into a company with disparate businesses—a line of instant rice, a taxi service and a hotel where rooms for sex encounters were rented by the hour—and then into toys. One was called Love Tester. A boy and girl held the handles of the Tester, then joined their free hands. A meter read the current passing through them and determined, with mock scientific accuracy, how much love they had between them. The device was a big success. Public hand-holding in Japan was still considered risqué, and the Love Tester gave young couples the excuse they needed to touch.

By then, American companies, particularly Atari, had created a multibillion-dollar industry selling video games that were played in arcades, pizza parlors and pool halls. Intrigued, Yamauchi launched an arcade-game division of his own. At first, Nintendo's games were unremarkable and business was precarious. Yamauchi turned to a young apprentice who had impressed him and asked him to try his hand at game design. The result threw Nintendo's American sales force into a panic. One salesman hated the product so much that he began looking for a new job. In an era when the big-selling games included words such as "mutilate," "annihilate" and "destroy" in their titles, this one had a ridiculous name: Donkey Kong.

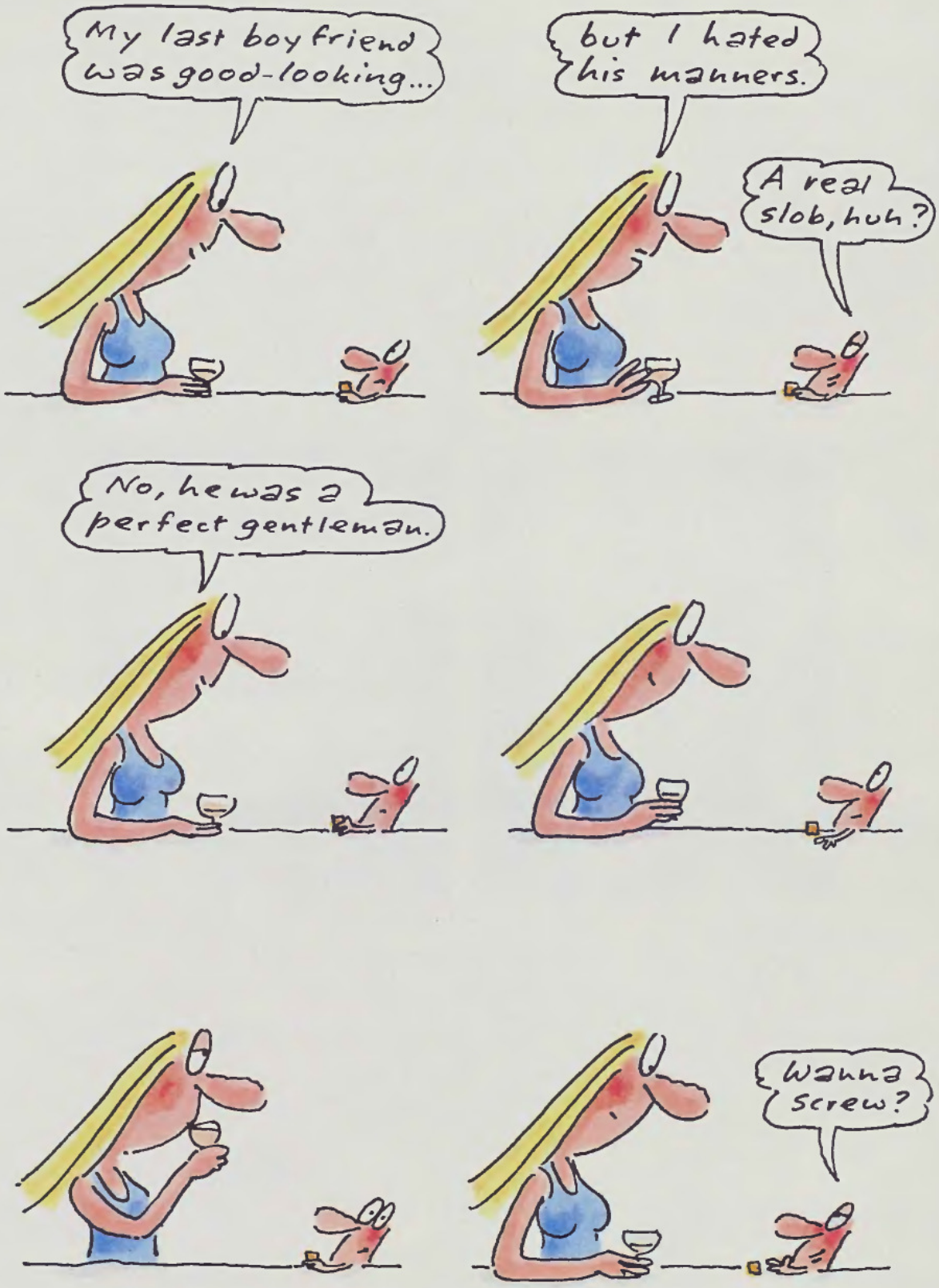
Many employees, including Minoru Arakawa in America, implored Yamauchi to change the name, but he refused. "It is a good game," he said firmly. Yamauchi may not play video games, but no one questions his genius when it comes to choosing them. "It's like a sense for the fashion business, knowing what will become hot and popular next season. He can read a few years in advance," says one Nintendo executive. "He is so certain that he is right that he listens to no one."

Yamauchi was, as it turned out, either remarkably intuitive or very lucky. Donkey Kong was an international smash, generating hundreds of millions of dollars.

If Donkey Kong could make that much from quarters, Yamauchi was sure that he could rake in more dough if he conquered the home video-game

(continued on page 176)

WICKED WILLIE

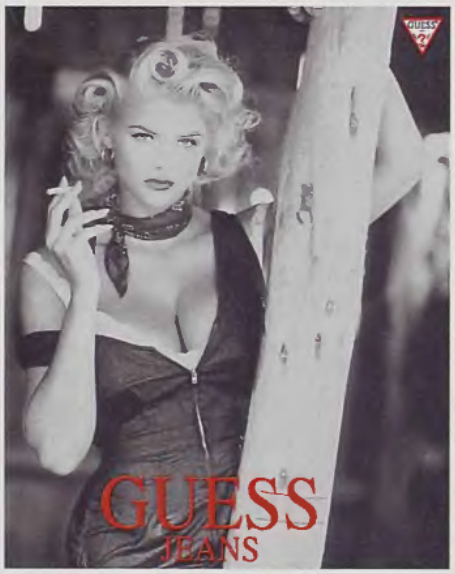


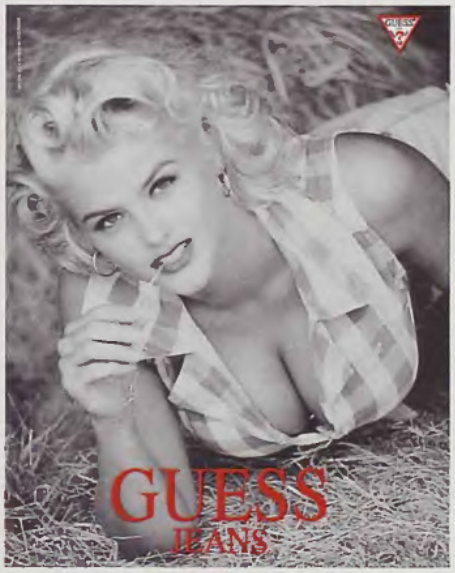
Gray

GUESS WHO?

anna nicole smith, the miss may
who knocks us out in those sexy jeans ads,
takes another trophy

Playmate of the Year





text by REG POTTERTON

You've seen the Guess Jeans ads. The ultimate blonde, fighting her way out of tight dresses, straps falling off her shoulders, eyes smoldering into the camera. She reminded me of someone—several someones—when I first saw the pictures.

A hint of Marilyn Monroe and the great Dane, Anita Ekberg, yes, but someone else, too, a blonde version of Jane Russell, perhaps.

She has that attitude: Don't mess with me, mister, not if you know what's good for you. The challenge when she leans against a sun-bleached pole, cigarette coolly poised between long fingers. That look on her face: Does it say drop dead? Get over here, big boy? Or both?

There was no clue to the answers when I called this familiar stranger to set up an interview. She was staying at an old-fashioned five-star hotel on Chicago's Gold Coast. That's all I knew—that, and the fact that my call woke her up.

"What time is it?" Her voice was soft, small, sleepy.

"Just after noon."

"Call me at two, please."

By four in the afternoon I was knocking on the door of room 444, counting the

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

plates piled outside on a room-service tray. Seven, all empty. This was a hungry woman. And there she was, on the threshold of a darkened room, blinds drawn, one shaded lamp on a table, TV blurting and squelching in the background. *Happy Days*. The Fonz and the gang, in that diner where they hang out.

She was maybe an inch under six feet. Hair pulled back in a ponytail. Baggy top. Tight jeans. Cute socks, flat shoes. The voice was still soft. "Please don't look at my hair. It's got plastic in it. Plastic snow. For the movie. They haven't let me wash it for the past three days."

That was my first glimpse of Anna Nicole Smith, the Guess Jeans girl, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year.

I knew PLAYBOY put her on the cover in March 1992 and then chose her for Playmate two months later, when she went by her original name, Vickie Smith. But the rest was unknown territory. Who was she? Where did she come from? How did she get here from there? When did it all start?

She sat on the side of the table with the lamp, I sat on the other, taking notes. Four o'clock in the afternoon and the bed wasn't made. It looked as though wild animals had been mangling the sheets and blankets. What kind of hotel was this?

"Lousy," said Anna. "I've spoken to everyone from the maid up to the manager, trying to get the TV fixed. My bodyguard next door gets full cable service, I get the networks. I've given up asking. They don't listen."

What's the point of having a bodyguard, I thought, if you can't use him to brutalize hotel people who fall down on the job? But I said nothing. Anna did all the talking. Never raised her voice, never displayed outrage or anger, none of that "don't they know who I am" business. While she talked, she chewed vitamin C

How many pairs of jeans can fit in a closet? Anna doesn't care anymore. She used her first Guess paycheck for a wild shopping spree, then had to build a new closet to hold all the goodies. At this rate, she'll have to build a new house.

tablets, kept an ear and sometimes an eye on *Happy Days*, laughing at the jokes, and called me sir.

There wasn't a lot of Texas left in her accent, but you could tell it was there, hiding, perhaps, until she was back with friends and family.

Texas is where she was born 25 years ago and lived most of her life, some of it in and around Houston, much of it in a small town about 70 miles south of Dallas. From the age of 15 to 19 she was breakfast cook at the Chicken House. "Its real name was Jim's Krispy Fried Chicken," she said, "but we all called it plain old Chicken House. I did eggs. I was real good with eggs. And okra. Mashed potatoes. Home-fried chicken. All that good stuff you can't get in these fancy hotels."

"What was that," I asked, "a five-day week?"

"Mostly seven," she said.

Anna worked with a girlfriend. They gave themselves nicknames. Anna was Cricket. "I was always jumping around." The two girls married two brothers, one of whom, Anna's husband, worked at the Chicken House. He'd been her boyfriend in high school. She was 17 when they married, he was 16. Both girls had babies a month apart, both got divorced.

Anna took her son, Daniel, to *(text concluded on page 170)*

Success is sweet for Anna, even though her hectic schedule doesn't allow her much time to enjoy it. She takes a moment to wax philosophic on the subject of exes: "When I think about all those boyfriends who cheated on me, I smile. I'm happy." Guess who's sorry now?

GUIDE TO MARRIAGE (continued from page 86)

"You can, of course, marry for her money, but trust us on this one: You'll earn every penny."

(3) Marry a grown-up woman. While it's true that many men die of old age while in the throes of a mid-adolescent crisis, lots of girls will be girls until they finally decide to be postmenopausal women. For some girls postcollegiate life in the big city is just paid graduate work. Their lives take on the familiar simplicity of campus dwellers:

- The serious ones join the urban-professional equivalent of a sorority. They run the school newspaper and work on the campus radio station. They organize pep rallies and marches. They form odd cliques, travel in groups, go nuts for fads and play follow-the-leader.
- The not-so-serious ones cultivate their social standing in the cafeteria, go to lots of dances and still see drugs as a metaphor for the smartness of youth.

Both types mistake this extended adolescence for adulthood. Alas, they are often unhappy. Their unhappiness ultimately becomes an issue they explore in focus groups and seminar-type settings, until they have an epiphany: They decide the problem is the men in their life.

Unless you are also involved in putting together a back-to-school lifestyle, marrying an adolescent woman is a sure disaster, since she'll never grow up enough to have real-life competence.

(4) Marry for sex. Married life is rough; sex is the lubricant and leveler.

(5) Marry for money. No, not her money, knucklehead. Yours. A chap knows he's made a good marriage when he sees how much better he's doing as a consequence of marrying a smart woman than he was as a wasted bachelor. In their spare time, and without breaking a sweat, good wives help build great careers for their husbands. Women are practical and, as is well-noted, they are especially practical about husbands.

You can, of course, marry for her money, but trust us on this one: You'll earn every penny. Plus, you'll have lousy job security.

(6) Marry for kids. This is short, so read it twice: There are many women who do not wish to be involved mothers, who feel life without kids is plenty interesting enough and who find such satisfaction in other endeavors that they don't need whatever it is motherhood has to offer. These women make great dates, but you don't have to marry any of them, especially if at some time in your life you want to be somebody's dad. A good father will only marry a woman who wants to be a good mother.

ACCESSORIES AND OPTIONS

While some women don't care to be discussed in other than literal terms, men live in a parallel universe filled with analogies that rattle around like loose lug nuts in a hubcap. So let's see what sort of mileage we can get out of a women-as-cars metaphor.

If you want a wife who's fully loaded, look for these little extras:

- In terms of design, get one that is functional, but avoid wagons and minivans.
- You'll eventually outgrow a convertible. Besides, it provides almost no creature comforts, and you can't drive it in bad weather.
- A coupe is a good bet, since a lithe, sleek look always suggests a sporty attitude, especially if you avoid the current affection for puffy, rounded edges. And while it isn't spacious, a coupe is usually sufficient to accommodate two small backseat passengers.
- Upholstery can be seductive. Rich, plush appointments often seem like a good idea, but you really should forget the velour and go for vinyl. Vinyl never ages. Look at Cher.
- A/C, P/S, P/B, A/T, cruise. Temperature control is good, of course. The other amenities make life on the road safer, less tiresome, easier to handle. But complicated options can mean high maintenance costs when the warranty runs out. Maybe you should plunk down for the extended-service plan.
- Get something with power. Occasionally, you just want to get out on the four-lane, blow out the carbon and remember what it was like the first time you did it.
- Visit the factory: Check out Mom and Dad. Any important body parts missing—such as brains or hearts, for instance? Her parents' home will haunt her forever, so give it a close once-over, since you'll soon be living in the figurative attic.

BUREAU OF MARITAL CONTRACTS, DEPARTMENT OF BLISS

Varieties of religious experience: There are two fundamentally different ways to look at a wedding. To some it's a church thing. To others it's a state affair.

So choose. A religious ceremony or a civil one? It's a mistake to confuse these two types of weddings, by the way. If you have even the slightest doubt that your marriage will survive every single one of life's obstacles, then don't take marriage vows in a church or synagogue, despite the fact that these buildings provide a nice, traditional backdrop. Get married at city hall or in front of a clerk at Sea World. Because on the off chance that there's something to this whole God question—and on the even more remote possibility that churches have something to do with it—it's a smarter gambit to lie to a bureaucrat than to a clergyman.

Discussing marriage ceremonies in conceptual terms is one thing, but once you decide to get married, it's all out of your hands anyway. While your bride and her family will be doing the important work of the ceremony and reception—hiring the caterer, finding a band, refinancing their house—you have to remember only three relatively minor things:

- Show up.
- Don't get in the way.
- Don't fall over.

THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE

Some things you can't help but notice:

- Marriage makes you stupid. Under the constant scrutiny of our wives, who are always wondering why they made the choices they did, men begin to glow with perspiration, because the inevitable result of this surveillance is an acute sensitivity to our inadequacies. Worried about meeting not only our responsibilities but also our wives' expectations, and aware of every minor failure, we begin to fear we are slowly becoming the idiots our wives already suspected we were.
- Your wife will pick a fight with you when you look your stupidest—e.g., half-shaved, in boxers or while flossing.
- Your wife will launch into a lengthy discourse at the exact moment you seek to excuse yourself to visit the toilet.
- During the evening newscast, your wife will remain silent during commercials and talk through the news.
- The longer you wait to catch a baseball score, the more likely it is that your wife will ask you an idle question the moment the score is reported.
- Your wife will break wind within five seconds of your decision to initiate romance.
- The later it is, the more tired you are, the more important the breakfast meeting the next morning, the more likely your wife is to attempt to seduce you.
- A marriage that lasts eight years will last a lifetime.

(It should be noted that this hopeful marital law is widely reported using different numbers, ranging from three to 15.)

- You meet more attractive, available women during the first year of your marriage than you did in all the years preceding your marriage.

MARITAL MOJO

You meet a woman and fall in love and she's not safe with you in the same room. You can't keep your hands off her, you

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devise new sexual positions and play out fantasies with her like the despicable pervert you have become. You rut and when she's not around, you're a one-armed fool with nothing but her on your mind. You're a monogamous sex fiend.

Then you get married and you start to lose things. Like your sex drive. Where the hell did that thing go? you wonder. It was here a second ago.

• Don't look for what isn't missing. Don't mistake passion's pubescent fervor for sex. Sex is like soybeans. It's the miracle filler found in almost every aspect of married life. You can hide it under a layer of affectionate sentimentality or serve it up naked as passion.

• Passion isn't the normal symptom of sex. The sexual marathon that often precedes infatuation's grand finale is not a static condition of life with women. If it were, nobody would be able to work. Or walk. So long as there is a sexual context to your marriage—that is, so long as you see your marital partner as a sexual being at least part of the time—then passion will take care of itself. Remember how, in the throes of lust, it seemed as if your dick lived a secret life all its own? So does passion. Passion keeps its own calendar and comes out to celebrate its own private holidays. You'll be the first to know.

• Make room for sex. Nothing fills up a house like a marriage. Two people can live together in relative sexual bliss for years. You add a marriage contract and suddenly there's no room for anything. The place is packed; you can't turn around.

By the way, if you think it's crowded with two married people in one house, remember this: Children are on constant guard against sex. If the border patrol did for borders what kids do for sex, the only illegal aliens in America would be those from Mars.

• Think dirty thoughts. Don't let your love object cease to be a sex object. Experiment. Watch an erotic film, invite the Sharon Stone of your mind to join you for a threesome, sit around naked with antlers on your head, or talk cheap, carny trash to each other. Among married people, anything goes that works.

• Remain on intimate terms. The relationship that you enjoy with your wife should always be intimate. The best way to do this is to allow her some privacy, maintain your own and foster a sense of differentiation.

Another surefire way to keep a certain level of intimacy: Protect the secrets you share with your wife. Never let your sex life become the common currency of your conversation.

• Miss her. The only suggestion that Mencken had for achieving this was to take separate vacations. If you were married to Mencken, of course, that would be perfect, but for most people it isn't a practical solution, or even a helpful one. The abstract idea is good, though: Too much oneness can make coupling a little problematic.

• Don't panic. Sometimes sex takes a separate vacation and leaves one or both of you behind. If your wife suddenly seems preoccupied or otherwise distracted from sex, don't make a fuss. Marriage requires infinite flexibility. Before insisting that she always operate at your level of sexual activity, try to understand her need for a little physical withdrawal from time to time. Of course, some guys use this situation as an opportunity to grab a ukulele, slip into a polyester Hawaiian something, douse themselves with English Leather and sing *My Baby Don't Give Me Good Lovin'* at the top of their lungs beneath some sympathetic single woman's window. The potted plant that inevitably clocks them on the head comes courtesy of their wives' lawyers.

• Don't take your sexual relationship for granted. As in other aspects of life with women, you just have to pay attention sometimes.

LOOSE SHOES

Look, no hard feelings here, but the best women aren't terribly sentimental about this marriage business. When a woman decides to marry, either she's been removed to a state of irrationality and will therefore marry the wrong man and so be made to suffer much distress, or she has already lived through the crazy parts of a love life and now browses for a husband with all the wild abandon of a spinster buying sensible shoes. If you want a good wife, be a wing tip, not a loafer.

Remember that, lads: A wing tip. Not a loafer.

"Lennie's so much more fun since he read Camille Paglia."

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Flannel Revolution (continued from page 116)

"Rock musicians—Nirvana, Pearl Jam—have sworn off the term grunge, fearing it like a K-Tel cliché."

woods are crawling with them. In truth, there are probably more FBI informants than card-carrying Hitlerites in the panhandle of Idaho. But it does raise the question of why they keep coming to the Northwest.

The answer is the scenery. When a high peak snags a cloud at sunset, it brings to most people a sense of awe, or gratitude for the artistry of nature. But survivalists see a barbed-wire gate closing with that same sunset. To them, the mountains are a fence. Isolation fosters a distinctive brand of ignorance.

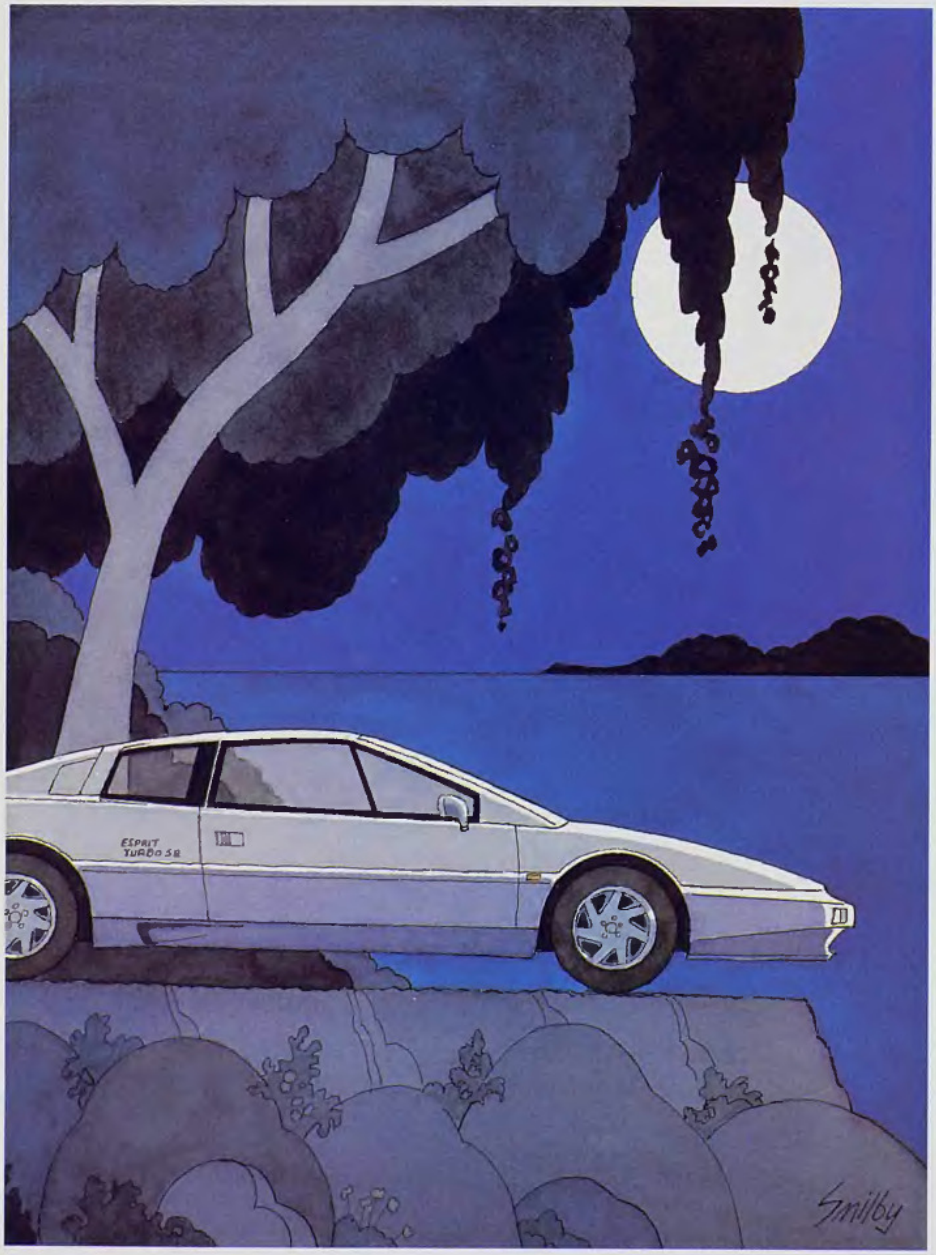
By the same token, the sense of removal from the mainstream, the rhythm that comes from being in the arms of the land, has produced much that is original, life-enhancing and wonderfully weird. Jimi Hendrix was born and buried in Seattle. *The Far Side*, which revolutionized American cartooning, is the product of Gary Larson, a Northwest native. Katherine Dunn, the Portland author of a novel about circus dwarfs called *Geek Love* (nominated for the National Book Award), said that freaks are allowed to flourish under the gray skies of the Northwest. Here is the best kind of elbowroom, she said: room to fail.

The most stunning art was done by people who have lived here for nearly 10,000 years, the Salish-speaking natives who carved figures into cedar totem poles that rival Picasso's cubist efforts. And today, the best art is work that tries not to mimic something elsewhere but reflects oddball Northwest sensibilities.

The Seattle Art Museum hired Philadelphia architect Robert Venturi, a darling of critics, to design the city's new $60 million house of art. After Venturi had collected a geoduck-shellful of favorable press clippings—and the Seattle art foo-foos had all agreed his creation was "stunning" and "divine"—there rose in front of the museum last year a strange image in iron. Weighing more than 20,000 pounds and standing 48 feet tall, Hammering Man—as it is called—looks like a working guy in silhouette, complete with an arm holding a hammer that rotates up and down, powered by a huge motor. It is so out of place for a city's namesake museum, but so in keeping with the region's contrarian impulses, that it fits. Hammering Man will live with the Jetson-age Space Needle as an ageless gag on the city's skyline.

When its 15 minutes are up, the hope among many people here is that the Northwest will hold to its basic rhythms of life, or at least not become self-conscious about its personality quirks. What happens to American originals is a short road from character to caricature. The rock musicians who made such a splash with the Seattle sound—Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains—already have sworn off the term grunge, fearing it like the K-Tel cliché it will one day be. In an age when the homogenizing reach of mass media is undeterred by distance or geography, Salem, Oregon could easily become indistinguishable from Salem, Massachusetts. With each neighborhood notion that goes national, the local eccentrics lose something.

What may keep the basic Northwesterner one bottle short of a six-pack is what has always nurtured the offbeat in the Far Corner: the moods of sky, sea and quivering earth. Behind the fortress walls of the Cascades are cities of light in the alpenglow of ten P.M. summer sunsets, and cities of gloom in the mid-winter mildew. The volcanoes are alive, though dormant. Light and darkness, fire and ice—the elements are not mere abstractions. And the people who live inside the postcard remain as much a part of the scenery as those doomed flying fish at the Pike Place Market. That Western historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, had it wrong. The frontier is not dead. It's just harder to find.



"So this is the famous Lotus position."

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REBECCA DE MORNAY *(continued from page 121)*

"What turns me on is if I can sense that someone is into life, is into sex, is into compassion."

and aggression, the man fears suffocation. Neither comes to anything without the other. And when they respect each other, they dissolve and become one. The mystery of men and women is beautiful; the war created by misunderstanding is sad. Even if you don't understand these things, you're illuminated instantly in the act of sex.

7.

PLAYBOY: And what do you know for certain about love?

DE MORNAY: That's the only question that really interests me. I know three things: The first one I realized when I was sixteen. There had been a bombing in Beirut, and I saw a photograph in a newspaper of a woman stretched out across the rubble of this bombing site, with her face contorted in a grimace of misery because her husband was underneath the rubble. I stared at her face and asked myself: Is there anyone that I know or have ever known that I would feel that way about? At that point, I couldn't answer yes. The second thing I also learned when I was a teenager. I had many boyfriends and I was in love a lot, supposedly. I didn't want to make love because I had a certain idea about the first time. But I was involved in some serious embraces. [*Smiles*] Finally, I went to this girl who I knew had slept with somebody and I said that during these embraces I had felt such and such. I asked, "Did I have an orgasm?" She said, "If you have to ask, then you didn't have one." The third thing I know is that there's only one kind of love that everyone's really turned on by. It has to do with forgiveness.

There are so many feelings that fall under the blanket of loving someone. Yet we have only one word to describe them all. There are so many different ways to love, different gradations. Like a haiku. Yet, whether it's sharing silence or wild sex, the element of forgiveness is what we're all looking for.

8.

PLAYBOY: Describe Leonard Cohen and then describe yourself when you are with him.

DE MORNAY: I'll compromise with you, because I'm reluctant to talk about my personal life. Someone asked me, "What's your favorite color?" and I had to give four adjectives. Then I was asked, "What's your favorite animal?" and I had to give four attributes. Later, I was told that the four adjectives for color were how I saw myself, and the four attributes of the animal were what I was looking for in the opposite sex. So, my favorite color is black. I said it is mysterious, strong, feminine, unknowable. My favorite animal is a wolf: magnificent, lethal, misunderstood and mates for life.

9.

PLAYBOY: What do older men know that younger men don't?

DE MORNAY: They may not have the stamina, but they usually get it right the first time.

10.

PLAYBOY: We suspect that most beautiful women can sense when a man wants them—because most men probably do. Who's more intriguing: a man who's obviously desirous, or a man who is but hides it?

DE MORNAY: I don't like a lot of hiding. You can hide yourself completely. Hiding is for advanced people. What turns me on, besides this thing called chemistry—which is completely undefinable—is if I can sense that someone is into life, is into sex, is into compassion, is into justice, is into being alive. I'm not putting down attention to form, but there's something to the idea of breaking form. How many rules have you broken lately? You can read it in somebody's eyes. I want that person who can balance true integrity with abandon, with courage. I'm not interested in somebody who just, yeah, loves to fuck, loves to enjoy life. You really examine the thing on a deeper level and it comes out. Everything that you are, you see right away when you meet someone. You can't hide too much unless you're an advanced game player.

11.

PLAYBOY: How do you reward a guy who's interested in your mind?

DE MORNAY: I give him something to think about.

12.

PLAYBOY: Writers tend to gush when describing you. They use "dark allure," "face like a saucer of cream," "sympathetic but repugnant," "she can shoot that look across the room that says 'I

"What's wrong, Ahab? Is there someone else?"

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want you now.'" What does your face say when you're not trying to make it say anything at all?

DE MORNAY: I just got a video camera. I've been shooting myself, setting it up facing a mirror, looking into the mirror. I was surprised because it was one of the few times I've seen myself on camera without makeup, with no pressure to perform. And I talked. I invented a monolog that was close to my heart at that moment. What I saw was this girl, a woman, whose face seemed extremely tender, sad and compassionate. That's probably not what would normally be associated with me.

13.

PLAYBOY: What does the car you drive say about you?

DE MORNAY: [*Laughs*] It's a black 1992 Accord. Camel interior. Automatic. Ordinary. Nondescript. It's terrific. Completely dependable. I don't want anything else from my life. I thought for two years about what kind of car I wanted. I don't think for two years what kind of guy I want. I just find myself involved. I used to drive a 1965 Mustang. I loved it. It was an outlaw thing. But I got tired of it, especially when it was raining and the windshield wipers did not work well. I realized the outlaw thing had lost its charm. I craved dependability, nonpompousness, non-self-promotion, non-razzle-dazzle. I wanted a car that delivered without a lot of fanfare, that wouldn't let me down. You tell me what that says about me.

14.

PLAYBOY: Fill in the blank: I'm still looking for someone to _____ with.

DE MORNAY: To take off with. People assume I have a lot of freedom, that I can just pack up and split. When I started as an actress, working as an apprentice on Francis Coppola's *One from the Heart*, I was standing by the commissary table, munching candy, and Francis came up to me and said, "Would you get on a plane this afternoon and go to Bangkok?" And I said, "Yeah." He said, "But would you really? Would you really be able to leave everything behind?" This is what I ask myself and anybody I meet. Most people, when it comes right down to it, cannot leave the scene they've structured for themselves—a scene they often complain about. I think that I can. And I think that I will.

15.

PLAYBOY: You were married for ten months to screenwriter and novelist Bruce Wagner. We've read that he pursued you relentlessly and that you married him because it was the only way you could figure him out. What did that exercise tell you about yourself? And what part of marriage doesn't stop when the marriage is over?

DE MORNAY: I have been afraid of marriage for most of my life. I wondered what it was supposed to give me. Bruce and I didn't join ourselves forever, ritually, in the eyes of God. We ran off to Las Vegas and neglected the spiritual side of it. Now I realize that that's what interests me about marriage: the courage to make that pledge before God. I'm not speaking out of turn when I say that Bruce and I were not supposed to be married. We were just trying to figure out something about ourselves. But now I would like to make that pledge with the right person.

What hasn't stopped is the exquisite memory that you and this other person, with tremendous courage and in spite of tremendous fear, dove off a cliff together. Especially if you're a person like me who's afraid of commitment and intimacy. You don't tend to take too many leaps off cliffs. It's a little dangerous. I'm happy both of us weren't wrecked.

16.

PLAYBOY: About which do you feel most insecure: career or relationship?

DE MORNAY: It used to manifest itself more in my career. Now it's in my personal life. Honestly, an acting career demands the least amount of commitment. You have to commit to three months of a job. After that, you can quit being an actress. It's kind of ideal. [*Pauses*] I know I'm not in it for just a three-month fling. I keep coming back. I have to earn a living. But it's like you sometimes play little games with yourself when you're in a serious personal relationship. You say, "I'll give it two more months and if it doesn't work out, it's over."

17.

PLAYBOY: What would you never say over the phone?

DE MORNAY: "Let's get a divorce."

18.

PLAYBOY: What part of a man's wardrobe should he always pay more attention to?

DE MORNAY: His pants. There's the yuppie suit trend, with these baggy pants. It's not bad, but you want to see a little more than what the suit pants show. The tight-jeans look is also gauche. The idea is to find the pants that hang so that you can see but not see, that fit but don't fit.

19.

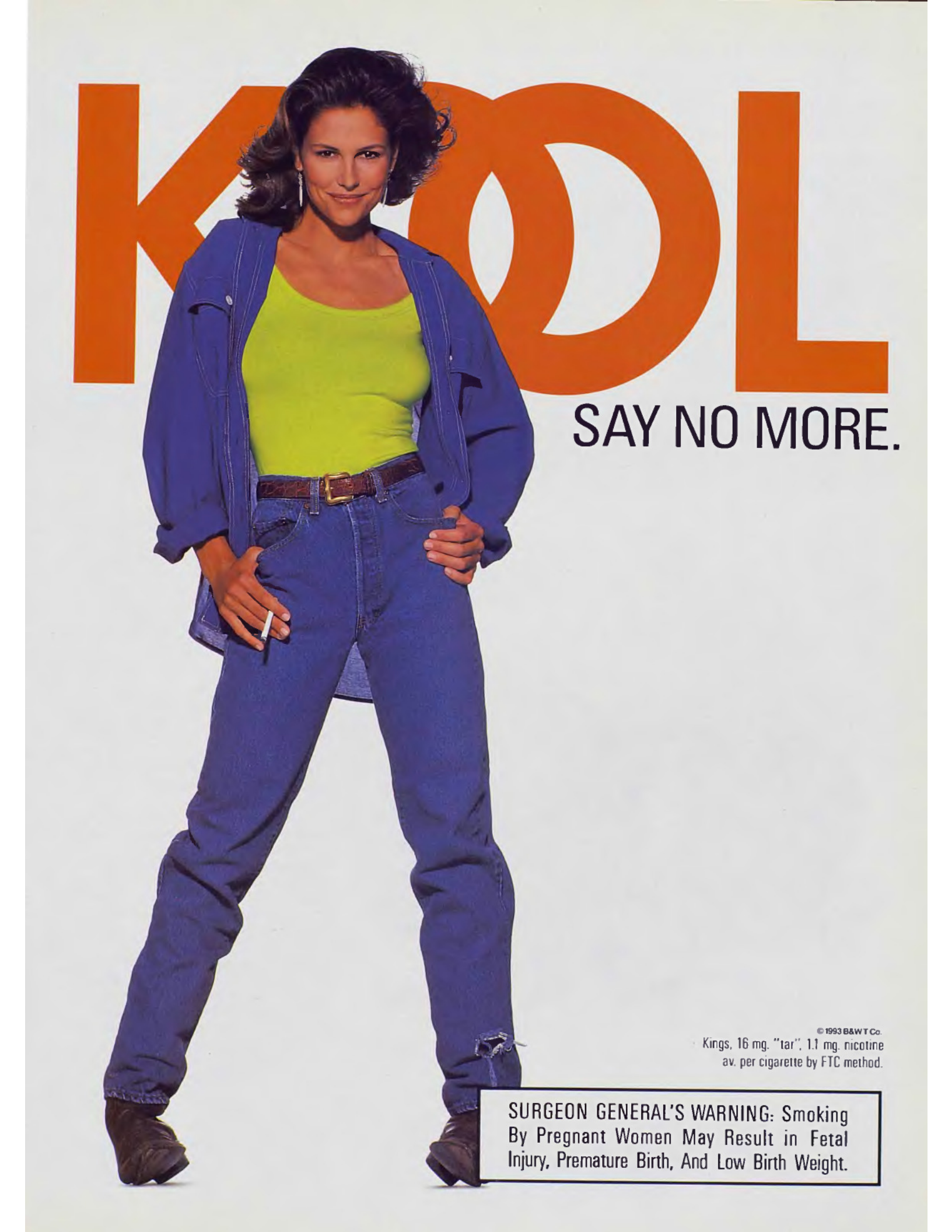
PLAYBOY: We always hear that there are no good scripts, especially for women. What are the writers getting wrong—or does the fault lie higher up?

DE MORNAY: Depends on your expectations. Mine are very low. I don't consider Hollywood the place where the new Shakespeare is going to be found. It's not like, "Oh, I've read ten bad scripts, but here's one that rivals Chekhov." They just don't. Film is a populist art form. Yes, occasionally there's an offbeat film that is thought-provoking. Film is the dream. The dreams being written are the dreams of our people. How bad are our dreams? The American dream is bad right now. It's the American nightmare. I'm hopeful it will turn around.

20.

PLAYBOY: A year ago you described yourself as "a beautiful mess." Do you still feel that way?

DE MORNAY: [*Laughs*] Now I'm poetry in motion.



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CASH AND COMMIES *(continued from page 124)*

"You were the inspiration for Bobbi Beer, the noxious, oily beverage brewed at the former tank-fuel refinery."

this letter in the hope of contacting you at your dacha or in your Mercedes, which I am told serves as your office these days for security reasons.

It is urgent that you address—and dispel—some rumors about your activities, which, if true, would be in violation of Peace Corps protocol and international law. Specifically:

(1) That the troubled youth Arkady Zipkov is merely a front for your business dealings, which are described as on a scale that would make Ross Perot weep with envy.

(2) That V. E. Vyadeslav's sudden cooperation in supplying our lights, telephones and other amenities resulted not from "sucking up to the fat little creep," as you memorably described it, but from bribes of cash, vodka and women.

(3) That you not only reneged on our agreement to cease the placement of Russian females with foreigners seeking wives, but proceeded to arrange for the unfortunate young ladies to be delivered round the clock to the doorsteps of clients who dial a telephone number you have plastered on every latrine wall and telephone pole in Kashlak.

(4) That you are employing Russian military trucks and in some cases helicopters for the above purpose, a benefit of your alleged business partnership with Major General Vasily M. Sputniev, commander of the Kashlak Regional Defense Forces.

(5) That you were the inspiration—and the distributor—for Bobbi Beer and Bobbi Lite, the noxious, oily beverages brewed at Konstantin P. Kevrensky's former tank-fuel refinery, which are currently reported to be responsible for 74 percent of the daily admissions to Kashlak Hospital.

(6) That you are the shadowy figure behind the Viva Volgograd Lottery as well as the awful TV series its commercials appear on, *Heroes of the KGB*. (I cannot tell you how appalling I found the episode glorifying the alleged attempt of your repugnant associate Rogov to assassinate Margaret Thatcher with a poisoned umbrella in 1984.)

Bobby, it is difficult for me to convey the extent of my disappointment, especially after our many inspiring chats in which you passionately expressed the desire to "beat out Mother Teresa in the sainthood game." I can only hope that you have some plausible explanation for these charges. I await your response.

Sadly,
Peabody Phelps

•

June 15, 1993
From: Peabody Phelps
To: President Boris Yeltsin,
The Kremlin, Moscow
Dear Mr. President:

Please accept my heartfelt condolences over the unexpected power outage in Kashlak. I assure you, however, that despite your vigorous protestations, neither I nor any other official of the United States government bears any culpability in this unfortunate incident.

Until receiving your rather forceful telephone call earlier today—which, as you may recall, afforded me scant opportunity to interject a response—I was unaware that the Shepalov Nuclear Power Plant had been dismantled "in the dark of night" and its reactor components shipped to Libya. I must add, however, that it fails to surprise me as, these days, nearly everything in the country seems to be for sale.

In regard to your inquiries concerning Robert Greenway, this individual is no longer connected to the Peace Corps in any capacity, and thus I have no control over his activities. Because of the confused climate that prevails here at present, I am hard-pressed to think of anyone in either of our countries who might.

While I regret that I cannot be of more help in this matter, I should like to take this opportunity to extend to you my invitation to visit our training center to see for yourself the great progress the Peace Corps is making in helping the new Russian entrepreneur stride forward to a better tomorrow.

Sincerely,
Peabody Phelps

•

PEACE CORPS FAX
From: Peabody Phelps, Associate Administrator, Project Golden Bear

"I'd be on acoustic and electric guitar, Homer on percussion, Dutch on amplified accordion, Bo on congas, you and Lonnie would sing. We'd take six cows with us—wear ripped black bib overalls and tour both coasts and Japan."

To: Wendell L. Kirk, PC Assistant
Deputy Director, Washington
3 August 93
Dear Mr. Kirk:

Perhaps you are correct in your blunt assessment that we temporarily went "fucking nuts" here. Nonetheless, the abrupt reassignment of your predecessor, R. Staunton Tibbett, Jr., to Greenland and the decision to force me into early retirement seem so harsh as to border on scapegoating.

While it is undeniable that our government has been embarrassed, the problem originated in the actions of one individual who is no longer with us. Furthermore, it is difficult to convey adequately to outsiders the chaotic Wild West environment of today's Russia. Indeed, that allusion is overly tame; a more apt comparison would be to Wall Street in the Eighties. In this context, Bobby Greenway could be said to have carried creative entrepreneurship to its logical culmination. Moreover, despite some bending of rules, his Greenway Industries Ltd. is providing employment for thousands of Russian citizens.

Thanks to an unexpected visit from Greenway yesterday, I am able to comply—despite my imminent departure from this great but troubled nation—with your request for an update on his activities. In fact, Bobby took me for a tour of what you characterize as his "outlaw empire," and frankly, despite my considerable reservations as to his unconventional methods, I could not help but be impressed.

Setting out in his specially equipped stretch Mercedes (for security reasons, Bobby travels with 75 bodyguards in a 15-vehicle convoy escorted by a helicopter gunship), we passed scores of his casinos, nightclubs, hotels, Cadillac dealerships, Bobbi G's Fried Chicken & Blini Shack franchises (under the now-familiar giant golden samovar) and the luxurious new Parvenu Millionaire's Club he has established for the more prosperous *biznesmieny* in the former Kashlak Communist Party headquarters. We also visited the offices of Private Eye on High, which uses satellites leased from Glavkosmos, the Russian space agency, to take photos for clients who suspect their spouses of adultery. (A set of six costs $3000, but the quality is superb.)

The highlight of the tour, however, was Bobby's proudest new domain, War World.

Situated on the site of what was once a vast army base just north of the city, this project represents, according to Bobby, "a new concept in theme-park entertainment: interactive military sports." Forget Euro Disney. Enthusiastic crowds swarmed to such concessions as Ride a Wild Missile Downrange, Paratrooper Bungee Jump and the Afghan Armor Trail, where patrons drive real tanks through Mujahedeen ambushes. ("Hell, it can't hurt anyone," Bobby explained to me when I expressed concern about safety standards. "That old primo Soviet armor stops a fifty-caliber bullet cold.") I did tell Bobby in the strongest terms that Katya the KGB Dominatrix and Her Dungeon of 100 Sublime Torments had no place in a family-park atmosphere. Much to his credit, he is considering moving it to the Parvenu Club.

I'm afraid that this brief recap of my tour will have to suffice as I must begin packing now. In closing, I can only hope that my successor receives the support from his or her superiors that I, regrettably, found lacking.

Sincerely,
Peabody Phelps

•

September 9, 1993
Dear Pam:

Momentous doings afoot. Perhaps you've heard from your mother (yes, we still communicate now and then) of my last-minute decision to stay on here. My motives were complex, but the catalyst was undoubtedly a surprising offer from Robert Greenway (see the current issue of *Time*: "Russia's First Rockefeller Is a Yankee-Doodle Jailbird") to head up the press-communications office in his campaign for mayor of Kashlak.

Though there is some opposition, understandably, to a non-Russian-speaking, Johnny-come-lately ex-convict with no political experience, polls show 63 percent of the electorate behind him.

Apparently, the voters are charmed by Bobby's embrace of Russian citizenship (he's the only Westerner to defect here in 14 years) and his refreshing American-style campaign tactics. Taking a leaf from Perot, who asked citizens for small contributions, Bobby is giving 200 rubles to each supporter, proclaiming: "I'm the only politician who keeps his promises—before the election." Every night at eight o'clock, he turns up unannounced at the door of a randomly chosen family, accompanied by a TV crew. After toasting the surprised hosts with vodka and showering them with lavish gifts, he stays to field questions about his platform. The ratings for this exercise in electronic-era democracy are phenomenal, and Bobby's slogan—"Enough sacrifice already!"—has gripped the popular imagination. He is flattered by the response, but with characteristic candor he told me he views the mayoral job merely as a stepping stone to what he calls, vaguely, "higher office."

What I have come to realize in my brief association with this remarkable human being is that he is tragically misunderstood. A long time ago, I joined the Peace Corps hoping to effect change. Well, Bobby Greenway changes things faster than anyone I've ever encountered. Just yesterday he said to me, "Hey, Marx and Lenin thought they were revolutionaries? Just keep an eye on me, pal."

These, my dear Pam, were words spoken by a true visionary and, I'm proud to say, a true friend.

Love,
Dad

"Thank you, but I'm already in a very safe, monogamous relationship. I masturbate."

DEATH in BANGKOK *(continued from page 78)*

"Between feeding us bites and sips, they cooed and ran long-nailed fingers up the insides of our thighs."

"You from States?" she asks, a bit of animation coming into her dark eyes. "I like States very much."

I brush her long hair out of her eyes and sip my beer. "If you're a bird," I say, "are you a *khai long*?" The phrase means "little lost chicken" but is often applied to street girls in Bangkok.

Nok pulls her head back and folds her arms as if I have slapped her. She starts to turn away but I grip her thin arm and pull her back against me. "Finish your whiskey," I say.

Nok pouts but sips the tea. We watch her friend on the stage as the girl's hairless vulva rotates our way again. The cigarette has burned down to the exposed labia. Sipping my beer, I marvel—not for the first time—at how human beings can turn the most intimate sights into the most grotesque. At the last second before the cigarette would burn her, the girl reaches down, retrieves it, takes a drag on it with the appropriate lips, tosses it between the stage and the bar and wriggles out of her yoga backbend. Only one or two of the men along the bar applaud. The girl bounces offstage and an older Thai woman, also naked, steps onto the revolving platform, squats and fans four double-edged razor blades for the audience's approval.

I turn back to Nok. "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings," I say. "You are a very pretty bird. Would you like to help me have fun tonight?"

Nok forces a smile. "I love to make you fun tonight." She pretends to frown as if she had just thought of something. "But Mr. Diang"—she nods toward a thin Thai man with dyed red hair who stands in the shadows—"he be very mad at Nok if Nok not work all shift. Him I must pay if I go to make fun."

I nod and take out the thick roll of baht I had changed dollars for at the airport. "I understand," I say, peeling off four 500 baht bills—almost $80. Even the highest-class bar whores in Bangkok used to charge only 200 or 300 baht, but the government ruined that a few years ago by bringing out a 500-baht note. It seemed cheap to ask for change, so now most girls charge 500 for the act, with another 500 to pay their Mr. Diangs.

She glances toward the old man with red hair and he nods ever so slightly. Nok smiles at me. "Yes, I have place for much fun."

I pull the money back. "I thought we might try to find someone to have fun with," I say over the blasting rock and roll. In the corner of my vision I can see the woman onstage inserting the blades.

Nok makes a face. Sharing the evening with other girls will cut down on her profit. "*Sakha bue din*," she says softly. I smile quizzically and ask, "What does that mean?"

"It means you have enough fun just with Nok, who love you very much," she says, smiling again.

Actually, the phrase is short for a northern village saying that goes "Your cock is on the ground, I tread on it like a snake." I smile my appreciation at her kindness.

"This money would be just for you, of course," I say, setting the 2000 baht closer to her hand. "There would be more if we find exactly the right girl."

Smiling more broadly now, Nok squints at me. "You have girl in mind? Someone you know or someone I find? Good friend who also love you much?"

"Someone I know of," I say, taking a breath. "Have you heard of a woman named Mara? Or perhaps her daughter, Tanha?"

Nok freezes and for an instant she *is* a bird—a frightened, captured bird. She tries to pull away but I still hold her arm.

"*Na!*" she cries in a little girl's voice. "*Na, na*——"

"There's more money," I begin, sliding the baht toward her.

"*Na!*" cries Nok, tears in her eyes.

Mr. Diang takes a quick step forward and nods to two huge Thai near the door. The men cut through the crowd toward us like sharks through shallow water.

I let go of Nok's arm and she slips away through the crowd. I hold both hands up, palms out, and the bouncers stop five paces from me. The old man with the red hair tilts his head toward the door and I nod my willingness to go.

There are other places on my list. Someone's love of money will be greater than their fear of Mara. Perhaps.

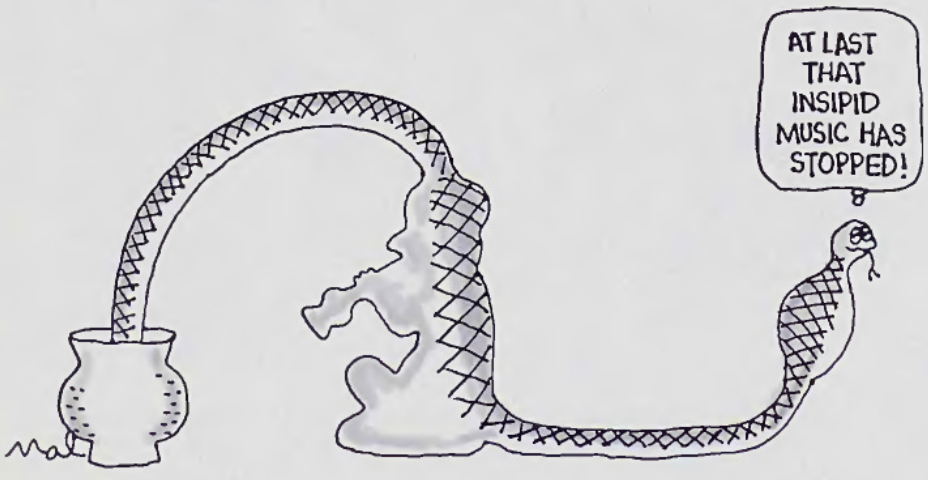
•

Twenty-two years earlier, Patpong had existed but American grunts could not afford it. The Thai government and the U.S. Army had cobbled together a red-light district of cheap bars, cheaper hotels and massage parlors on New Petchburi Road, miles from the more businesslike Patpong.

During the first day and night in Bangkok with Tres, I discovered what a no-hands bar was. The food was lousy and the booze was overpriced, but the novelty of having the girls feed us and lift the glasses to our lips was memorable. Between feeding us bites and sips, they cooed and winked and ran long-nailed fingers up the insides of our thighs. It was hard to reconcile all of this with the fact that 24 hours earlier we had been humping our rucks up the red-clay jungle hillsides of the A Shau Valley.

At any rate, we drank and whored our way through the red-light district for 48 hours. Tres and I had taken separate rooms so that we could bring back girls, and this we did. The cost then for an evening of sexual favors was less than what I would have paid for a case of cold beer from the fire-base PX—and that wasn't much. A T-shirt or a pair of jeans given to our little girls would pay for a week's worth of *mia chaos*, or "hired wives." They'd not only screw or give head on command but also wash our clothes and tidy up the hotel rooms while we were out looking for other girls.

You have to remember that this was in 1970. AIDS wasn't even dreamed of then. Oh, the Army had made us take rubbers along and watch half a dozen films warning us about venereal diseases, but the biggest threat to our health was Saigon Rose, a tough strain of syphilis brought into the country by GIs. Still and all, our girls were so young and



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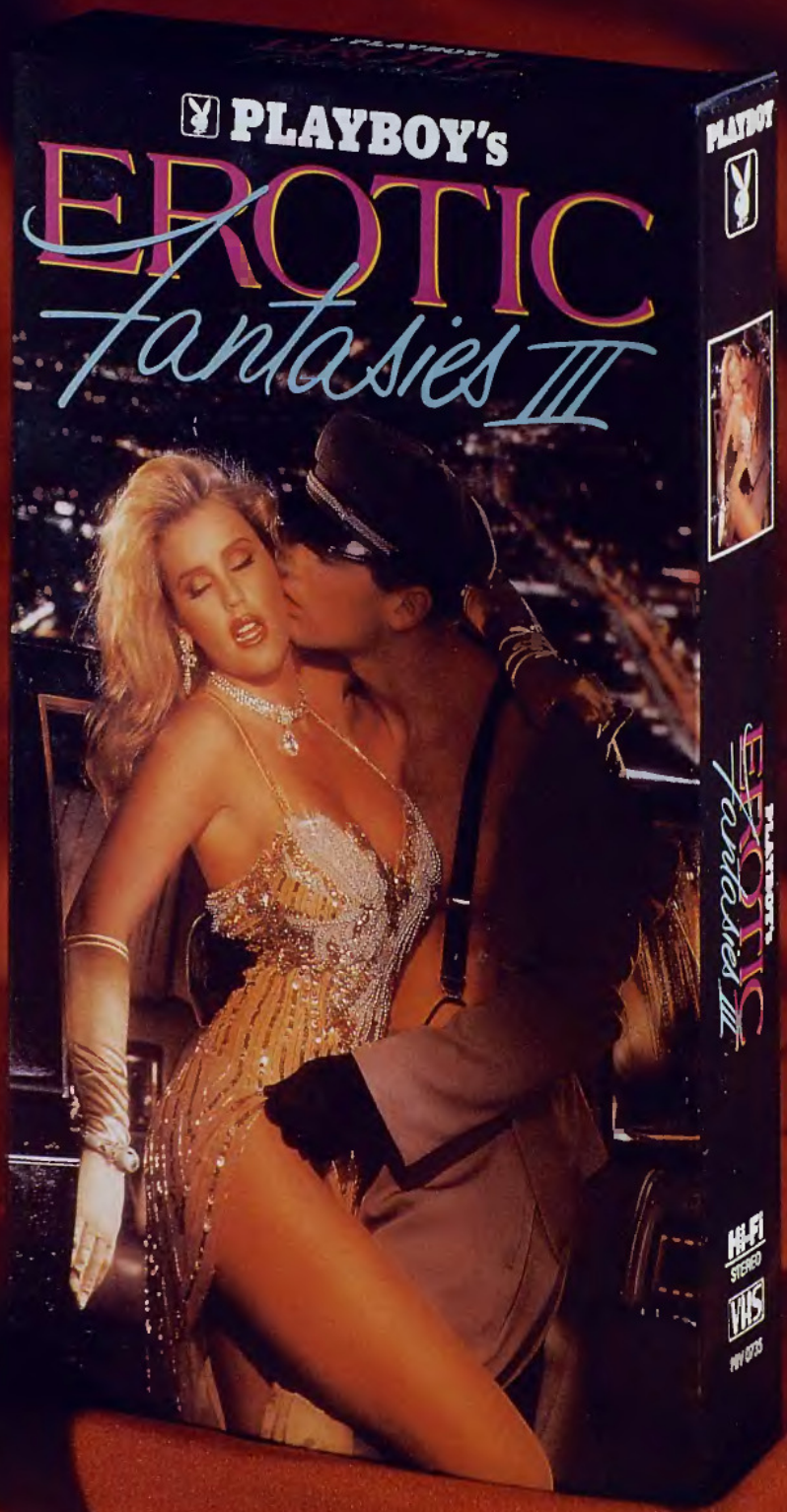

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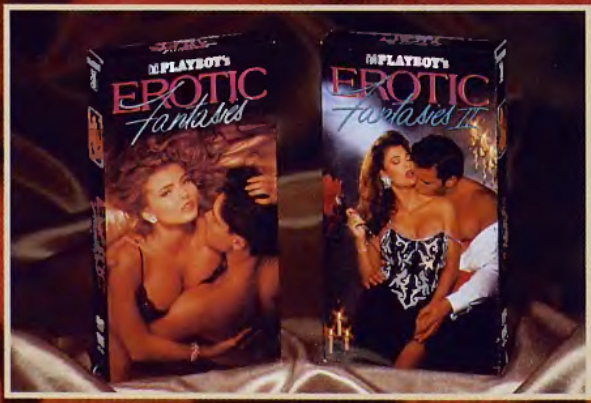

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stupid, I realize now, that they didn't even ask us to wear rubbers. Perhaps they thought that having a child by a *farang* was good luck or would somehow miraculously get them to the States. I don't know. I didn't ask.

But four days into our seven days of R&R, even the attraction of cheap Thai marijuana and cheaper sex was paling a bit. I was doing it because Tres was doing it; following his lead had become a form of survival for me in the boonies.

But Tres wanted something else. And I followed.

"I've found out about something cool," he said early on the evening of our fourth night in the city. "Really cool."

I nodded. Tang, my little *mia chao*, had been pouting that she wanted to go out to dinner, but I'd ignored her and gone down to meet Tres in the bar when he called.

"It's going to take some money," said Tres. "How much do you have?"

I fumbled in my wallet. Tang and I had been smoking some Thai sticks in the room, and things were a bit luminescent and off-center for me. "Couple hundred baht," I said.

Tres shook his head. "This is going to take dollars," he said. "Maybe four or five hundred."

I goggled at him. We hadn't spent a fraction of that during our entire R&R so far. Nothing in Bangkok cost more than a couple of bucks.

"This is special," he said. "Really special. Didn't you tell me that you were bringing along the three hundred bucks your uncle sent you?"

I nodded dumbly. The money was stuffed in a sneaker in the bottom of my duffel upstairs. "I wanted to buy my ma something special," I said. "Silk or a kimono or something. . . ." I trailed off lamely. Tres smiled. "You'll like this better than a kimono for your mom. Get the money. Hurry."

I hurried. When I got downstairs there was a young Thai man waiting at the door with Tres. "Johnny," Tres said, "this is Maladung. Maladung, this is Johnny Merrick. We call him the Prick in the platoon."

Maladung smirked at me.

Before I could explain that a PRC-25 radio was called a prick-25 and that I'd humped it around for a month and a half before they found a bigger RTO, Maladung had nodded at us and led the way out into the night. We took a *tuk-tuk* down to the river. Technically, the broad river that flowed all the way from the Himalayas to bisect the heart of old Bangkok was called the Chao Phraya, but all I ever heard the locals call it was Mae Nam, or "the River."

We stepped out onto the darkened pier, and Maladung snapped some words at a man who stood on a long, narrow boat that was a mere shadow beneath the pier. The man answered

something and Tres said, "Give me a hundred-baht note, Johnny."

Tres paid Maladung, who waved us into the bow of the narrow boat. I know now that these small boats are called "long-tailed taxis" and are for hire by the hundreds. They get their name from the long propeller shaft that has a full-sized automobile engine mounted on it. I noticed that night that the shaft was so well counterbalanced that our driver could lift the prop out of the water with one hand, the heavy engine seemingly weightless in the center.

Bangkok is a city of small canals, or *klongs*. We headed downriver past the lights of the Oriental Hotel, a place Tres and I had heard of but could never dream of affording, and passed under a busy highway bridge. Our long-tailed taxi darted in front of a huge ferry with a roar of its V6 engine, crossed toward the west bank and then turned into a *klong* no wider than one of the narrow *sois* in the Patpong district. The little canal was pitch dark except for the weak glow of lantern light from the tied-up sampans and the overhanging shacks. Our driver had lighted his own red lantern and hung it from a stanchion near the stern, but I had no idea how other boats avoided colliding with us as we roared around blind turns and under low bridges. Sometimes I was sure that the canvas roof of our taxi was going to hit the underside of the sagging bridges, but even as Tres and I ducked we cleared the rotting timbers with inches to spare. The few other water taxis roared past us like noisy wraiths, their wakes slapping across our bow and splashing our knees. I looked at Tres as we passed a dimly lighted sampan, and his eyes were wild. He was grinning broadly.

For half an hour or more we twisted our way through these narrow one-way *klongs*. The stink of sewage was so strong that my eyes watered. Several times I heard voices coming from the lightless and listing sampans that lined the canal like so many waterlogged wrecks.

"People live in those," I whispered to Tres as we passed a blackened mass where tumbledown shacks and half-sunken sampans had narrowed the *klong* to the point that our suicidal driver had been forced to slow the boat to a crawl. Tres did not answer.

Just when I was sure that the driver had become lost in the maze of canals, we came into an open area of water bounded by abandoned warehouses on stilts and the backs of burned-out shacks. The effect was of a large floating courtyard hidden from the city's streets and public canals. Several barges and black sampans were tied up in the center of this watery square, and I could see the dim running lanterns of several other long-tailed taxis that were tied up to the nearest sampan.

The driver cut the engine and we glided to the makeshift dock in a silence so sudden that it made my ears ache.

I had just realized that the dock was only a float made of oil drums and planks lashed to the sampan when two men stepped out through a ragged hole in the canvas side of the boat and stood balancing on the planks, watching us bump to a stop. Even in the dark I could tell that they were built like wrestlers or bouncers. The closer of the two barked something at us in Thai.

Maladung answered and one of them took our bowline while the other stood aside to let us climb onto the small space. I stepped off the taxi first, saw a faint glow of lantern light through the ragged opening and was about to step through when one of the men touched my chest with three fingers that seemed stronger than my entire arm.

"Must pay first," hissed Maladung from his place on the taxi.

Pay for what? I wanted to ask, but Tres leaned close and whispered, "Give me your three hundred bucks, Johnny."

My uncle had sent me the money in crisp fifties. I gave them to Tres, who handed two bills to Maladung and the other four to the closest man on the dock.

The men stepped aside and gestured me toward the opening. I had just bent to fit through the low doorway when I was startled by the sound of our boat's engine roaring to life. I straightened up in time to see the red lantern disappearing down a narrow *klong*.

"Shit," I said. "Now how do we get back?"

Tres's voice was tight with something greater than tension. "We'll worry about that later," he said. "Go on."

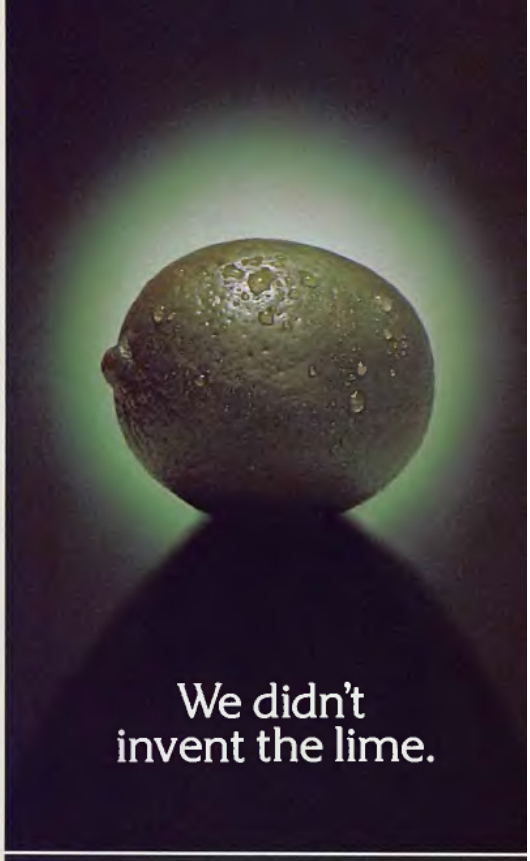
I looked at the ragged doorway that seemed to open to a corridor connecting the series of sampans and barges. Strong smells came from it and there was a muted sound like a large animal breathing somewhere at the end of that tunnel.

"Do we really want to do this?" I whispered to Tres. The two Thai men on the dock were as inanimate as those statues of Chinese lion-dogs that guard the entrances to important buildings throughout Asia. "Tres?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Come on." He pushed past me and squeezed through the opening. Used to following his lead on patrol and night ambush and LRRP, I lowered my head and followed.

•

I am watching a live sex show at Pussy Galore when four Thai men surround me. The sex show is typical for Bangkok: a young couple screwing on twin Harley-Davidsons hanging from wires above the central stage. The two have been engaged in intercourse for more than ten minutes. Their faces show no feigned



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passion, but their bodies are expert at revealing their coupling to every corner of the bar. The audience seems to find the primary tension not in the fucking but in the chance that the two might fall off the suspended motorcycles.

I am ignoring the show, interrogating a bar girl named Lah, when the Thai shove in around me. Lah fades into the crowd. It is dark in the bar, but the four men wear sunglasses. I take a sip of flat beer and say nothing as they press closer.

"You are named Merrick?" asks the shortest. His face is ax-blade thin and is pockmarked with acne or smallpox scars.

I nod.

The pockmarked man takes a step closer. "You have been asking about a woman named Mara?"

"Yes."

"Come," he says. I make no resistance, and the five of us move out of the bar in a flying wedge. Outside, a gap opens a bit between the burly men on my left, and I can make a run for it if I choose. I do not so choose. A dark limousine is parked at the head of the lane, and the man on my right opens the rear door. As he does, I see the pearl-handled grip of a revolver tucked into his waistband.

I get in the backseat. The two tallest men sit on either side of me. I watch as the pockmarked man moves to the front passenger seat and the man with the revolver settles himself behind the wheel. The limo moves off through side streets. I know that it is sometime after three A.M., but the *sois* are still strangely empty this close to Patpong. At first I can tell we are moving north, parallel to the river, but then I lose all sense of direction in the maze of narrow side streets. Only the darkened signs in Chinese let me know that we're in the area north of Patpong known as Chinatown.

"Avoid Sanam Luang and Ratchadamnoen Klang," the pockmarked man says to the driver in Thai. "The army is shooting protesters tonight."

I glance to my right and see the orange glow of flames above rooftops. The distant, almost soft rattle and pop of small-arms fire can be heard over the hiss of the car's air conditioner.

We stop in an area of abandoned buildings. There are no streetlights here and only the orange glow of flames reflected from low clouds allows me to see where the street ends in vacant lots and half-demolished warehouses. I can smell the river somewhere out there in the darkness.

The pockmarked man turns and nods. The Thai on my right opens the door and pulls me out by my vest. The driver stays in the car while the other three drag me deep into the shadows near the river.

I start to speak just as the man behind me laces his fingers through my hair and pulls my head sharply back. The third

man grabs my arms as the man holding my hair lifts a stiletto blade to my throat. The pockmarked face suddenly looms so close that I can smell fish and beer on the man's breath.

"Why do you ask about a woman named Mara with a daughter named Tanha?" he asks in Thai.

I blink my incomprehension. The blade draws blood just below my Adam's apple. My head is pulled so far back that I find it almost impossible to breathe.

"Why do you ask about a woman named Mara with a daughter named Tanha?" he asks again in English.

My words are little more than a rasping gargle. "I have something for them." I try to free my right hand but the third man restrains my wrist.

"Inside left pocket," I manage.

The pockmarked man hesitates only a second before tearing open my vest and feeling for the hidden pocket there. He brings out 20 bills.

I can smell his breath on my face again as he laughs softly. "Twenty thousand dollars? Mara does not need twenty thousand dollars. There *is* no Mara," he concludes in English. In Thai, he says to the man with the knife, "Kill him."

They have done this before. The first man bends my head farther back, the other man pulls my arms down sharply while the pockmarked man steps back, fastidiously getting out of the way of the arterial spray that is coming. In that second before the knife slashes my throat, I gasp out two words. "Look again."

I feel the tension increase in the knife wielder's hand and arm as the blade cuts deeper, but the pockmarked man holds up one hand in command. The blade has drawn enough blood to soak the collar of my shirt and vest, but it goes no deeper. The short man holds a bill high, squints at it in the dim light and then flicks a cigarette lighter into flame. He mutters under his breath.

"What?" says the third man in Thai.

The pockmarked man answers in the same language. "It is a ten-thousand-dollar bearer's bond. They are all ten-thousand-dollar bonds. Twenty of them."

The other two hiss their breath.

"There is more," I say in Thai. "Much more. But I must see Mara."

We stand there motionless for at least a full minute before the pockmarked man grunts something, the blade is lowered, my hair is released and we walk back to the waiting limousine.

•

I followed Tres through the tunnel carved through the arched canvas roofs of sampans.

Several Thai men glanced at us as we stepped into the covered barge, and then they looked again, obviously surprised that *farang* were allowed there. But then their attention was drawn back to the makeshift stage in the center of the barge. I stood there blinking, peering through the heavy cloud of cigarette and marijuana smoke. The stage was no more than 6'x4', illuminated only by two hissing lanterns hanging from overhead trusses. It was empty except for two women performing cunnilingus on each other. Crude benches ran four deep around the stage and the 20 or so Thai men there were little more than dark shapes in the haze of smoke.

"What——" I began, but Tres hushed me and led the way to an empty bench to our left. The women on the stage were joined by two thin Thai men, boys, actually, who ignored the females as they caressed each other into an excited state.

I was tired of being hushed. I leaned closer to Tres and said, "Why the hell did we have to pay 300 American dollars for this when we can watch it for a couple of bucks in any bar on New Petchburi Road?"

Tres just shook his head. "This is just the preliminary stuff, Johnny," he whispered. "Warm-up acts. We paid for the main event."

A couple of men in front of us had turned and frowned, as if we were making too much noise in a movie theater. On the stage, the two boys had finished their preparations and had become involved with the young women as well as with each other. The combinations were complicated.

I sat and crossed my legs. We didn't wear underwear in Nam because it caused crotch rot, and like a lot of grunts I'd gotten out of the habit of wearing it even while in civilian clothes on R&R. I wished I'd pulled on some shorts under my light cotton slacks that night. It seemed bad form to have a visible hard-on around all these other men.

The four young people on the stage explored combinations for another ten minutes or so. When they came—almost at once—the women might have faked it, but there was no doubt that the men's orgasms were sincere. One of the Thai girls caught some semen on her breasts, while the other girl spread the second boy's jism on the buttocks of the first boy. The bisexual stuff disturbed me and excited me at the same time. I didn't understand myself well then.

Finished, the four young people simply stood and exited through a tunnel door in the far wall. The patrons did not applaud. The stage was empty for several minutes, but then a short Thai man dressed in a black silk shirt and trousers stepped onto the stage and said something in low, serious tones. I caught the word Mara twice. There was a sudden tension in the room.

"What did he——" I began.

"Shhh," said Tres, his eyes riveted on the stage.

"Fuck that," I said. I'd paid for this

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crap, I deserved to know what I was getting for my money. "What's a Mara?"

Tres sighed. "Mara is *phanyaa mahn*, Johnny. The prince of demons. He sent his three daughters—Aradi, discontent; Tanha, desire; and Raka, love—to tempt the Buddha. But the Buddha won."

I squinted through smoke at the empty stage and slowly swinging lantern. "So Mara's a man?"

Tres shook his head. "Not when the spirit of the *phanyaa mahn* combines with the naga in a demon-human incarnation," he said.

I stared at Tres. We'd each smoked some good shit since we arrived in Bangkok—the Thai stick was almost free here—but Tres had obviously been doing more than was good for him. He noticed my stare and smiled slightly. "Mara's the part of the world that dies, Johnny . . . the death principle. The thing we fear more than Charlie when we're out on night patrol. Naga is sort of a snake god that's associated with water. The river. It can take or give life. When the spirit of the naga is given to someone possessed by the power of the *phanyaa mahn*—Mara—the demon thing can be male or female. But what we paid to see was a female Mara that's supposed to be *phanyaa mahn naga kio*. That doesn't happen once in ten thousand incarnations."

"What's a *kio*?" I whispered. I had the sinking feeling that I'd blown 300 bucks on nothing.

"A *kio* is a . . . shhh," hissed Tres, pointing to the stage.

A woman came out onto the stage. She was dressed in traditional Thai silk and was carrying a baby. Her face was sharp, almost masculine, and her hair was a nimbus of tangled black. She was older than the sex performers we had seen earlier but still not much more than 20. The baby mewled and tugged at the silk over the woman's small breasts. I realized that the Thai men in the room were bowing slightly from where they sat. Some were making the traditional palms-together *wai* of obeisance. It seemed an odd thing to be doing toward a sex performer. I frowned at Tres but he was *wai*ing, too. I shook my head and looked back at the stage. Most of the men had put out their cigarettes, but there was so much smoke in the barge that it was like peering through a fog.

The woman had gone to her knees on the stage. The baby hung limp in her arms. The man in black silk came onto the stage and said something in low, flat tones.

There was a long silence. Finally, a fat Thai in the front row stood, turned to look once at the crowd and then stepped onto the stage. There was a general expulsion of breath, and I could feel the tension in the room shift focus, if not actually lessen.

"What?" I whispered.

Tres shook his head and pointed. The fat man was handing over a thick roll of baht to the man in black silk.

As if on cue, the two young women we'd seen earlier came back out. They were dressed in some sort of ceremonial garb that I associated with a formal Thai dance I'd seen photos of. Each wore a tall, peaked hat, weird shoulders and a blouse and pants of gold silk. I began to wonder if I'd paid $300 to see four people have sex with their clothes on.

The two boys came onto the stage wearing costumes of their own and carrying an ornate chair. I was afraid we were going to get into more of the gay and lesbian stuff, but the boys merely set the chair down and disappeared. The two girls began to undress the fat man while the woman named Mara stared out at nothing, paying no attention to the man, his attendants or the crowd.

Having undressed the patron in an almost ritualistic manner and folded his clothes away, the girls pushed him back into the chair. I could see sweat beading the man's upper lip and chest. His legs appeared to be shaking slightly. If he had paid for some sort of erotic service, he certainly didn't seem to be in the mood for it. The guy's cock was shriveled to almost nothing and his scrotum looked like it had shrunk to walnut size.

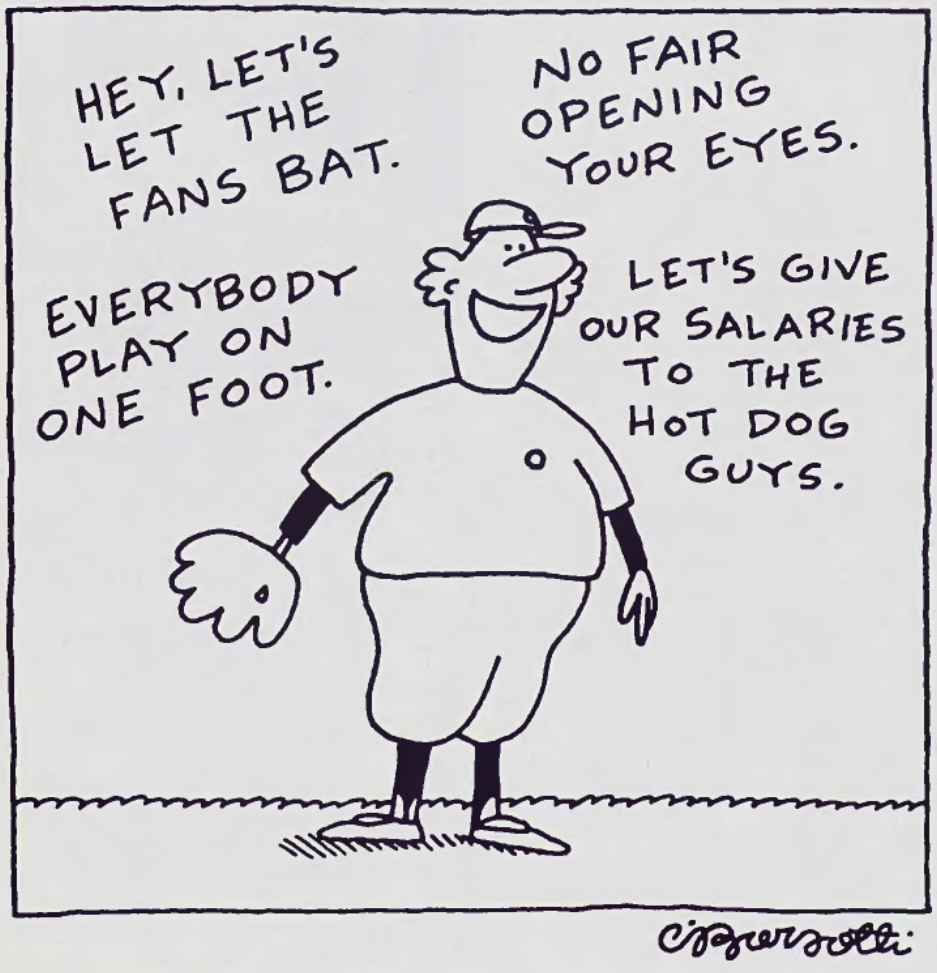
The girls bent over and began to work on him with their hands and mouths. It took a while, but they were very good and within a few minutes the fat man's cock was hard and lifted high enough that the glans almost touched his belly. Meanwhile, Mara was still staring out at nothing, the baby wiggling slightly in her arms. The woman seemed disinterested to the point of catatonia.

My heart began to pound. I was afraid that they were going to do something to the baby, and the thought made me physically sick. If Tres had known that there would be an infant involved——

I glanced at him but he was looking at Mara with an expression of what might have been a mixture of fear and scholarly interest. I shook my head. This was weird shit.

The two girls left. The stage was empty except for the seated fat man with his modest erection and the woman with her child. Slowly Mara turned toward him and a trick of the lantern light made her eyes gleam almost yellow. It suddenly seemed too quiet in the barge, as if everyone had stopped breathing.

Mara stood, took three steps toward the man and then went to her knees again. She was far enough away that she had to bend forward just to set her hand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on his thigh. I noticed that her fingernails were very red and very long. The fat man's erection began to visibly flag at that point and I could see his balls rising again as if they wanted to hide in the protection of his body.

Mara seemed to smile at the sight. She leaned forward, still cradling the infant, and opened her mouth.

I expected oral sex then, but her head never came closer than 18 inches to the man's genitals. Instead, her tongue slid out from between sharp and perfectly white teeth until it arched to a point where it could touch her own chin. The fat man's eyes were very wide now, and I could see his arms and belly quaking slightly. His erection had returned.

Mara shifted her head, shook it as if loosening her neck, and her tongue continued to glide out. Six inches of it. Then eight. A foot of fleshy tongue sliding out of her open mouth like a pink adder uncoiling from its dark nest.

When 18 or 20 inches of thick tongue had slid into sight, draped across the fat man's thigh, and begun to wrap itself around his cock, I tried to swallow and found I could not. I tried to close my eyes and found that my eyelids refused to close. Mouth open, breathing harshly, I just watched.

Mara's tongue slid around the head of the man's uncircumcised cock, pulling down the foreskin as it went. The lantern light reflected off the pink moistness of that tongue and glistened where it had lubricated the man's erection.

More tongue uncoiled, the tip of it spiraling down and around like the probing head of a wide-bodied serpent. The fat man closed his eyes just as the long tongue completely encircled his shaft, the narrow tip of that fleshy ribbon swaying and bobbing toward his tightened testicles. Mara's lashes were also lowered, but I could see the glimmer of white and yellow under the heavy eyelids as the man's hips began to move.

The sight of that moist tongue in the yellow lantern light was terrible—nauseating—but it was not the worst. The worst was the glimpse I had caught of the lesions on that tongue: openings, oblong slits, in the fleshy inner part of the tongue as if someone had taken a very sharp scalpel and made a series of bloodless, centimeter-long incisions.

But these were not incisions. Even in the weak light I could see the fleshy openings pulse open and close of their own volition, like the feeding mouths of some hungry anemone surging in a soft tidal current. Then the tongue wrapped more tightly around the man's straining penis, and I could see the almost peristaltic contractions as the ribbon of pinkish flesh pulled and tightened, tightened and pulled. Mara closed her lips, pulled her head back like a fisherman with a hook deeply embedded, and the fat man moaned in ecstasy. He gripped the arms

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of the chair and pumped his hips more wildly, eyes half open but obviously seeing nothing but the red surge of his own pleasure.

Mara's tongue wrapped in tighter coils and continued to tug and flex. The fat man's face grew redder as he continued to pump his hips. His eyes were still open, but only the whites showed now. The head of his cock, just visible in the lantern light, seemed engorged to the point of bursting. A thick coil of tongue slid across it and around it.

The man went into what I now know are the final stages of ejaculatory response: muscle spasms, loss of voluntary control of facial muscles, respiratory rates exceeding 40 breaths per minute, massive body flush and a frenzied pumping of hips. If someone had taken his pulse, they would have found his heart rate climbing to somewhere between 100 and 175 beats per minute. His systolic pressure would be shooting up by close to 80mm Hg while his diastolic had to be elevated by around 40mm Hg or higher. In those days I just thought of it as coming.

Mara's head lowered as if she were reeling in her extended tongue. Her eyes were open now and very yellow. Eight or more inches of tongue were still wrapped around the man's thrusting cock as Mara lowered her red-lipped mouth to his groin.

The Thai man continued to writhe in the throes of orgasm. There was not a sound from the 20 or so men in the smoke-filled room. The man's groans were the only noise. His orgasm went on and on, far beyond the time it takes for any male to ejaculate. Mara's distended face rose and fell, and each time it rose we could see the tongue wrapped tightly around the man's still-rigid member.

"Jesus Christ," I whispered.

I know now that resolution-phase penile detumescence is rapid and involuntary. Within seconds of expelling seminal fluid, the penis begins a two-stage involution that begins with loss of about 50 percent of the erection in the first 30 seconds. Even when some vasocongestion remains—"keeping a hard-on," I would have called it in my Nam days—it is not, cannot be, a full pre-ejaculatory erection.

This Thai still had a full hard-on. We could see it every time Mara's mouth lifted above her coiled tongue. The Thai seemed to have succumbed to an epileptic fit: His legs and arms thrashed wildly, his eyes had rolled back in his head, his mouth was open and drool ran down his chin and jowls. He kept coming and coming. Minutes passed—five, ten. I rubbed a hand across my face and my palm came away greasy with sweat. Tres was breathing through his mouth and staring with an expression suggesting horror.

Finally, Mara pulled her mouth away. Her tongue unwrapped itself from the Thai's cock and slid back between her lips as if it were on a tension reel. The Thai let out a final groan and slid out of the chair; his erect penis was still thrusting into empty air.

"Christ Almighty," I whispered to myself, relieved that it was over.

It was not over.

Mara's lips looked swollen, her cheeks as puffed out as they had been a second before. I had a momentary image of her mouth and cheeks filled with the huge, coiled tongue and I almost lost my lunch right there in the smoke-filled darkness.

Mara pulled her head back farther and I noticed that her rouged lips seemed to be growing redder, as if she had somehow managed to apply a thick layer of glossy lipstick while performing oral sex. Then her mouth opened a bit more and the red slid down off her lips, dribbled across her chin and spilled onto her gold silk blouse.

Blood. I realized that her cheeks and mouth were filled with blood; her obscene tongue was gorged with blood. She choked it back and something like a smile filled her sharp features.

I fought back the nausea, lowered my head and thought: *It's over now. It's over.*

It was not over.

The baby had been cradled in her left arm during the endless fellatio, hidden from sight by Mara's head and the fat man's thigh. But now the infant was visible as its small arms clawed at Mara's blood-spattered blouse. Even as the woman arched her head farther back, as if sloshing the blood around in her mouth like a fine wine, the baby began pulling itself up her chest with its tiny fists sunken in gold silk, its mewling mouth pursing and opening.

I looked at Tres, found myself unable to speak and looked back at the stage. The Thai boys had carried the still-unconscious fat man off the stage and only Mara and her infant remained in the lantern light. The baby continued climbing until its cheek touched its mother's. I thought of a film I had seen of a tiny kangaroo baby, half-formed and almost embryonic, pulling itself through its mother's fur in the live-or-die trek from the birth canal to the pouch.

The baby began licking its mother's cheek and mouth. I saw how long the baby's tongue was, how it slid like some pink worm across Mara's chin and lips, and I tried to close my eyes or look away. I could not.

Mara seemed to come out of her trance, lifted the baby closer to her face and lowered her mouth to the infant's. I could see the baby girl open her mouth wide, then wider, and I thought of baby birds demanding to be fed.

Mara vomited blood into the baby's open mouth. I could see the infant's cheeks fill and its throat work as it tried to swallow the sudden onslaught of thick liquid. The process was amazingly neat; very little of the heavy blood spilled onto the baby's gold robes or Mara's silk.

Spots danced in my vision and I lowered my head to my hands. The room was suddenly very hot and my vision tunneled to a narrow range. The skin of my forehead felt clammy. Next to me, Tres made a noise but did not look away from the stage.

When I looked up, the baby was almost finished feeding. I could see its long tongue licking at Mara's lips and cheeks for any residue of the regurgitated meal.

Years later I stumbled across a *Scientific American* article titled "Food Sharing in Vampire Bats" dealing with reciprocal altruism in donor bats' regurgitation of blood for roostmates. Vampire bats, it seems, starve to death if they do not get a meal consisting of 20 to 30 milliliters of blood every 60 hours. It turns out that after the proper stimulus—the roostmates' licking under the donor bat's wings and on its lips—the donor regurgitates blood only for those roostmates who would die within 24 hours without a blood meal. This reciprocal-exchange system is survival beneficent, said the article's author, because it allows the recipient bat another night to search for blood, while drawing only 12 hours' worth of blood from the donor bat's reservoir.

But it was that *Scientific American* drawing of the smaller bat's licking its donor's lips, leathery wings entwined, slash-lipped mouths moving toward each other in the blood-vomit kiss, that made me vomit into my office wastebasket 20 years after that night in Bangkok.

I remember dragging Tres from that place and have vague memories of pressing a roll of baht into the hands of the driver of a long-tailed taxi on the pier outside. I remember going alone to my room and locking the door. Tang, my *mia chao*, had disappeared, and for that I was grateful. I remember staring at the slowly turning fan in the hour before sunrise and giggling as I worked out a simple translation. Unlike Tres, I had never been good at languages, but this translation was suddenly obvious. *Phanyaa mahn naga kio.* If *phanyaa mahn* was Mara, the prince of demons, and if naga was the serpent-demon, then *kio* could mean only one thing: vampire.

I giggled and waited for the sun to rise so I could sleep.

•

The city is still burning, and I can hear isolated automatic-weapons fire from the government troops killing students as the four men take me to Mara. The limousine crosses the river, moves south along the bank opposite the Oriental Hotel and stops at an unfinished high rise near a highway bridge. The pock-marked man leads us to an outside

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construction elevator, throws a switch and we rumble up into the night air. The elevator has no sides, and I see the river and the city across the river with dreamlike clarity as we rise 30 stories and more into the thick night air. The river is as empty of traffic as I have ever seen it; only a few ferries fight the dark current downriver. Upriver, toward the Grand Palace and the university, flames light up the night.

We reach one of the top levels and the crude elevator squeals to a stop. A gate slides up and the pockmarked man beckons me out. Somewhere above us a welding torch flashes, strobes and drips sparks. Construction does not stop for sleep in modern Bangkok. The building has no sides, only clear plastic draped from open beams to separate sections of the cement expanse from one another. A hot wind rustles the plastic with a sound not unlike the stirring of leathery wings.

Trouble lights hang from girders and more lights are visible through walls of plastic to our left. The five of us walk toward the light and sound. At the entrance—a sort of tunnel made from rustling plastic sheets—the three bodyguards stay behind while the pockmarked man lifts the plastic, beckons me forward and follows me in.

A dozen or so folding chairs are set up around an open area where an expensive Persian rug has been laid on the dusty cement floor. The lamp overhead is shielded so that the space is more in shadow than direct light. Six men, all Thai and all in sleek tuxedos, sit on the folding chairs, but I have eyes only for the two women sitting across the open space in heavy rattan chairs. The older woman might be my age or a little older; she has aged well. Her hair is still black, but now swept up in a fashionable arc. Her Asian features are unlined, her cheeks and chin still strong, and only a certain corded look in her neck and hands suggests that she is in her 40s. She wears an obviously expensive gown of black and red silk; a gold-and-diamond pendant hangs across her red vest and stands out against the black silk blouse.

The younger woman next to her is infinitely more beautiful. Olive-skinned, dark-eyed, with lustrous hair that has been cut short in the newest Western style, gifted with a long neck and hands that exude grace even in repose, this young woman is beautiful in a way that no actress or model could ever achieve. It is obvious that she is simultaneously aware of and oblivious to her own beauty.

I know that I am looking at Mara and her daughter, Tanha.

The pockmarked man steps closer to them, goes to his knees in the way that the Thai do to show deference to royalty, performs an elaborate *wai* and then offers Mara my roll of 20 bonds without lifting his bowed head. She speaks softly and he answers respectfully.

Mara sets the money aside and looks at me. Her eyes catch the yellow gleam of the shielded lamp above.

The pockmarked man looks up, nods me forward and reaches to pull me to my knees. I genuflect of my own accord before he can grasp my sleeve. I lower my head and keep my eyes on Mara's slippered feet.

In elegant Thai, she says, "You know what you are asking for?"

"Yes," I answer in Thai. My voice is firm.

Mara purses her lips. "If you know about me," she says very softly, "then you must know that I no longer perform this . . . service."

"Yes," I say, head bowed in deference.

She waits in a silence that I realize is a command to speak. "The Reverend Tanha," I say at last.

"Raise your head," Mara says to me. To her daughter she murmurs that I have *jai ron*—the hot heart.

"*Jai bau dee*," says Tanha with a soft smile, suggesting that the *farang*'s mind is not good.

"It would cost three hundred thousand to know my daughter," says Mara. There is no hint of negotiation in her voice; the price is final.

I nod respectfully, reach into the hidden pocket at the back of my vest and remove $100,000 in cash and bearer's bonds.

One of the bodyguards takes the money and Mara nods slightly. "When do you wish this to happen?" she says in liquid tones. Her eyes show neither boredom nor interest.

"Now," I say. "Tonight."

The older woman looks at her daughter. Tanha's nod is almost imperceptible, but there is something in those lustrous brown eyes: hunger, perhaps.

The six men in tuxedos lean forward with bright eyes.

•

Tres and I met for breakfast in a cheap place near the river the next morning. Our tones were low, embarrassed, almost like when someone from the platoon got blown away and no one wanted to say his name for a while unless it was in the form of a joke. We didn't joke about this.

"Did you see that guy's cock . . . after?" Tres whispered. "It had these . . . lesions. Like marks I saw once when I was a lifeguard on the Cape and this guy swam into a jellyfish."

I sipped cold coffee and concentrated on not shuddering.

Tres took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. It looked like he hadn't slept, either. "Johnny, you wanted to be a medic. How much blood does the human body have in it?"

"I dunno," I said.

He set his wire-rimmed glasses back in place. "I think it's about five or six liters," he said, "depending upon someone's size."

I nodded, not able to picture a liter. Years later when they began selling soft drinks in liter bottles, I always imagined five or six of them filled with blood equaling what we carry around in our veins every day.

"Imagine an orgasm where you're ejaculating blood," whispered Tres.

I closed my eyes.

Tres touched my wrist. "No, think about it, Johnny. That guy was still alive when they took him out. These guys wouldn't pay big bucks for it if they knew it'd kill them."

Wouldn't they? I thought. It was the first time that I realized that someone might fuck even if it meant certain death. In a way, that revelation in 1970 prepared me for life in the Nineties.

"How much blood could someone lose and still stay alive without a transfusion?" whispered Tres. I knew from his tone that he wasn't expecting an answer

"Gee, and it looked like so much fun in the movie."

from me, just thinking aloud the way he always did when we were planning an ambush site.

I did not know the answer then, but I've had the opportunity to learn it many times since, especially during my residency as an ER intern. A wounded person can lose about a liter of blood volume and recover to make it up themselves. With more than about a sixth of blood volume gone, so is the victim. With transfusions, someone can lose up to 40 percent of his blood volume and hope to recover.

I didn't know any of this then, and I wasn't curious. I was busy trying to imagine ejaculating blood in an orgasm that went on for minutes rather than seconds. This time I did shudder.

Tres waved the waiter over and paid the check. "I've got to get going. I need to get a cab over to Western Union."

"Why?" I said. I was so sleepy that the hot, thick air seemed to slur my words.

"I'm getting some money wired from the States," said Tres.

I sat straight up, no longer sleepy. "Why?"

Tres took off his glasses again to polish them. His pale eyes looked myopic and lost. "I'm going back tonight, Johnny. I don't expect you to come along, but I'm going back."

•

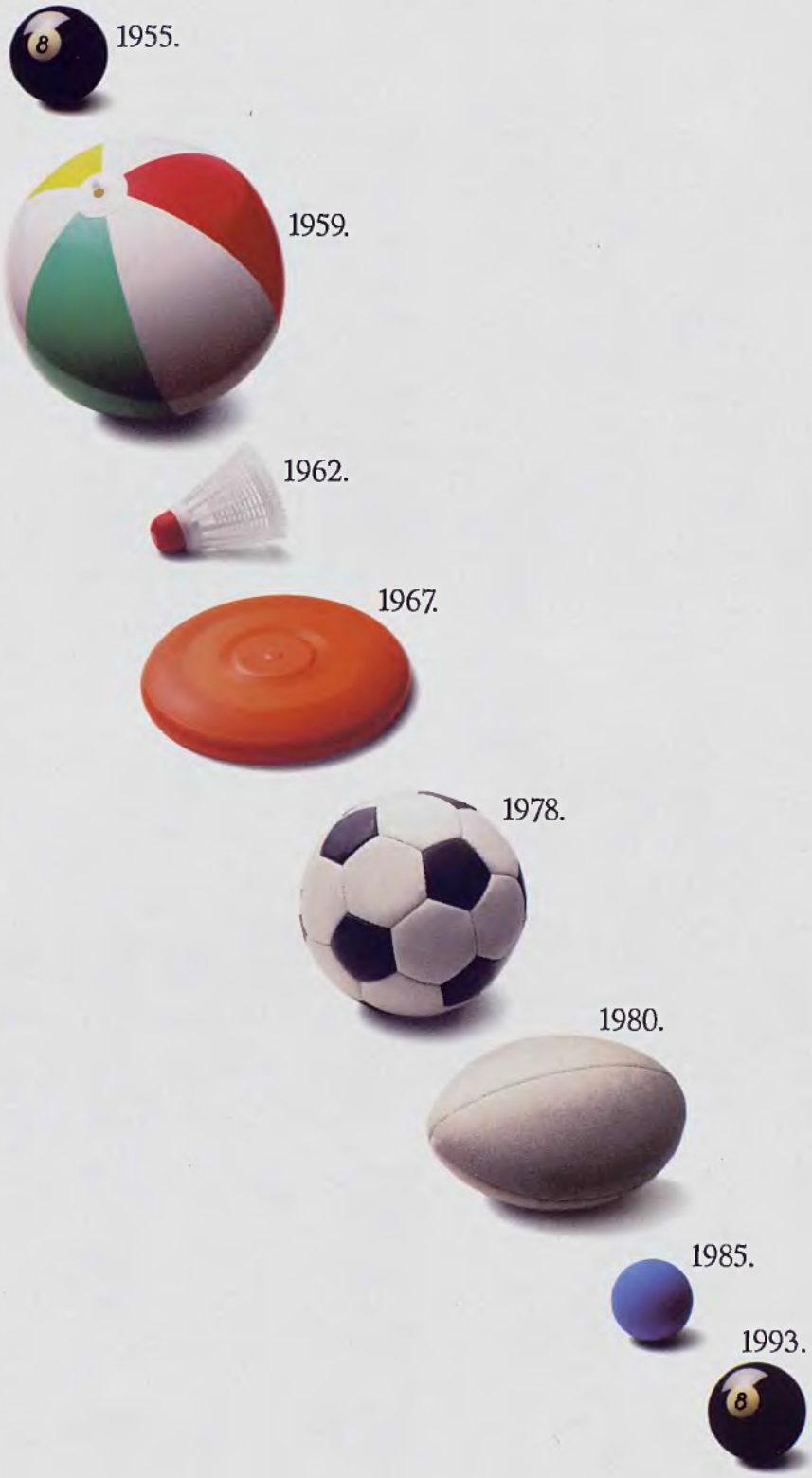
The women have finished undressing me and the creature named Tanha has come closer to caress me when suddenly everything stops. Mara has given a signal.

"We have forgotten something," Mara says. It is the first time she has spoken English. She makes a graceful but ironic gesture. "The times now demand extra caution. I am sorry we did not ask for it earlier." She glances at her daughter and I can see the mocking half-smile on both of their faces. "I am afraid that we must wait until tomorrow night so that the proper testing can be done," sighs Mara, switching back to Thai. I can tell that the two have played this scene many times before. I can only guess that the real reason is to inflame desire through delay, thus driving up the price.

I also smile. "For the health identity card?" I say. "For one of the clinics to certify that I am free of HIV?"

Tanha is sitting gracefully on the Persian rug near me. Now she shifts in my direction, smiles mockingly and makes a small moue. "It is regrettable," she says, her voice as delicate as a crystal wind chime, "but necessary in these terrible times."

I nod. I have seen the statistics. The AIDS epidemic started late in Thailand, but in 1997—less than five years from now—150,000 Thai will have died from the disease. Three years later, in the year 2000, 5 million out of the 56 million Thai will be carrying the disease and at



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least a million will be dead. After that, the logarithmic progression is relentless. Thailand—with its lethal combination of ubiquitous prostitutes, promiscuous sexual partners and resistance to condoms—will rival Uganda as a retroviral killing ground.

"You'll send me to one of the local clinics that do a thousand slapdash HIV tests a week," I say calmly, as if I am used to sitting naked between two beautiful, fully dressed women and an audience of strangers in tuxedos.

Mara opens her slender fingers so that the long red nails catch the light. "There are few alternatives," she whispers.

"Perhaps I can provide one," I say and reach for my vest where it has been folded carefully atop my other clothes. I pull out three documents and hand them to Tanha. The girl frowns prettily at them and gives them to her mother. My guess is that the younger woman cannot read English, perhaps not even Thai.

Mara does look over the documents. They are certificates from two major Los Angeles hospitals and a university medical clinic attesting to the fact that my blood has been repeatedly tested and found free of HIV contamination. Each document is signed by several physicians and carries the seal of the institution. The papers on which they are typed are thick, creamy and expensive. Each document is dated within the past week.

Mara looks at me with narrowed eyes. Her smile shows her small, sharp teeth and only the faintest hint of tongue. "How do we know these are valid?"

I shrug. "I am a doctor. I wish to live. It would be easier to bribe a Thai clinician for a health identity card if I wished to deceive. I have no reason to deceive."

Mara glances back at the papers, smiles and hands them to me. "I will think about this," she says.

I lean forward in my chair. "I am also at risk," I say.

Mara arches an elegant eyebrow. "Oh, how can this be?"

"Gingival blood," I say in English. "Bleeding gums. Any open sore in her mouth."

Mara reacts with a small, mocking smile, as if I have made a tiny joke. Tanha turns her exquisite face toward her mother. "What did he say?" she demands in Thai. "This *farang* makes no sense."

Mara ignores her. "You have nothing to worry about," she says to me. She nods to her daughter.

Tanha begins caressing me again.

•

It was against regulations to take a weapon with us on R&R, but there were no metal detectors in those days, no airport security to speak of. Quite a few of us took knives or handguns with us when we traveled out of country. I'd brought a long-barreled .38 that I had won in a poker game from a black kid named Newport Johnson three days before he stepped on a Bouncing Betty. When Tres left that second night, I got the .38 out of the bottom of my duffel, checked to make sure it was loaded and sat in my locked room wearing nothing but fatigue pants, drinking scotch and listening to the street noises, watching the slow turning of the fan blades above my head.

Tres returned about four A.M. I listened through the wall to his banging and crashing around in his bathroom for a few minutes and then I went back to my bed and closed my eyes. Perhaps now I could sleep. His scream brought me up and out of bed, the .38 in my hand. I tore down the hall in bare feet, banged once on his door, pushed it open and stepped into the room.

Only the bathroom light was on and it cast a thin strip of fluorescent light across the bare floor and tousled bed. There was blood on the floor and a trail of torn linen that was also soaked in blood. It looked as if Tres had tried to tear up sheets to make bandages. I took a step toward the bathroom, heard a moan on the darkness of the bed and swiveled, still holding the .38 at my side.

"Johnny?" His voice was dry, cracked and listless. I stepped closer and turned on a small lamp near his bed.

Tres was naked except for his undershirt. He was sprawled on a blood-soaked mattress, surrounded by blood-soaked strips of dirty linen. His pants lay on the floor nearby. They were black with dried blood. Tres' hands were covering his crotch. His fingernails were rimmed with blood.

"Johnny?" he whispered. "It won't stop."

There's a leech that breeds in the slow-moving waters of Vietnam which specializes in boring up the urethras of men wading in the water. Once firmly lodged in the penis, the leech begins feeding from the inside until it swells to half the size of a man's fist. We'd all heard about the goddamn thing. We all thought about it every time we waded a stream or rice paddy, which was about a dozen times a day.

Tres's cock looked like the leech had been at it. No, it was worse. Besides being swollen and raw-looking, his penis had a series of small lesions spiraling around it as if someone had taken a sewing machine with a large needle and stitched a row of stigmata down his privates. The lesions were bleeding freely.

"I can't get it to stop," whispered Tres. His face was pale and clammy with sweat. I'd seen this look on the faces of wounded guys just before they floated away on the tide of shock.

"Come on," I said, getting an arm around him, "we're going to a hospital."

Tres pulled away and fell back on the pillows. "No, no, no. Just get the bleeding to stop." He pulled something from under a pillow and I realized that he was holding the black-bladed KA-bar knife he used on night patrols. I lifted my .38 and for a second there was silence broken only by the rustle of the fan blades.

Finally, I giggled. This was nuts. Here we were hundreds of miles from Vietnam and the war, me with my sidearm and Tres with his commando knife, ready to do each other in. This was fucking nuts.

I put down the pistol. "I brought some first-aid shit," I said. "I'll get it."

Tres was sitting up now with the bloodied sheet over him. I handed him the bandages and wiped the sweat off his face. "I wonder why it won't stop bleeding," he said.

I shook my head. I didn't know then. I know now.

Vampire bats and some leeches exude the same anticoagulant: hirudin. The bats secrete it in their saliva; the leeches manufacture it in their guts and smear it on the surface of the wound. It keeps the wound from closing and keeps the blood flowing freely as long as the bloodsucker wants to feed. Vampire bats will "nurse" from the neck of a horse or cow for hours, often returning with other bats to continue the meal.

Tres went to sleep after a while and I sat in the sprung chair near the window, watching the door and holding the .38 in my lap. I had thoughts of forcing Maladung to take me to Mara again, and then shooting him and the woman. *And the baby*, I mentally added.

I fell asleep mulling options. When I awoke the room was dark. The fan was still turning in its desultory fashion but the sounds outside the window had shifted to their nighttime volume. The bedsheets were soaked with fresh blood, there was blood on the floor, the bathroom was littered with bloody towels, but Tres was gone.

I ran into the hallway and pounded down the steps to the lobby before realizing what a sight I must be: wild-eyed, barefoot and bare-chested, my rumpled fatigue pants smeared with blood, the long-barreled .38 in my hand. The Thai whores and their pimps in the lobby barely looked my way.

I almost caught up to Tres. I saw him on the same dock we'd departed from two nights earlier. The shadowy figure with him had to be Maladung. They had just stepped down into the long-tailed taxi as I ran onto the dock. The boat pulled away with a roar.

Tres saw me. He stood up and almost pitched out of the accelerating boat. He raised his arm in my direction, fingers splayed, as if reaching for me across 50 feet of open water. I heard him shout at the driver "*Yout! Phuen young mai ma! Yout!*"—which I did not understand then but now translate as "Stop! My friend

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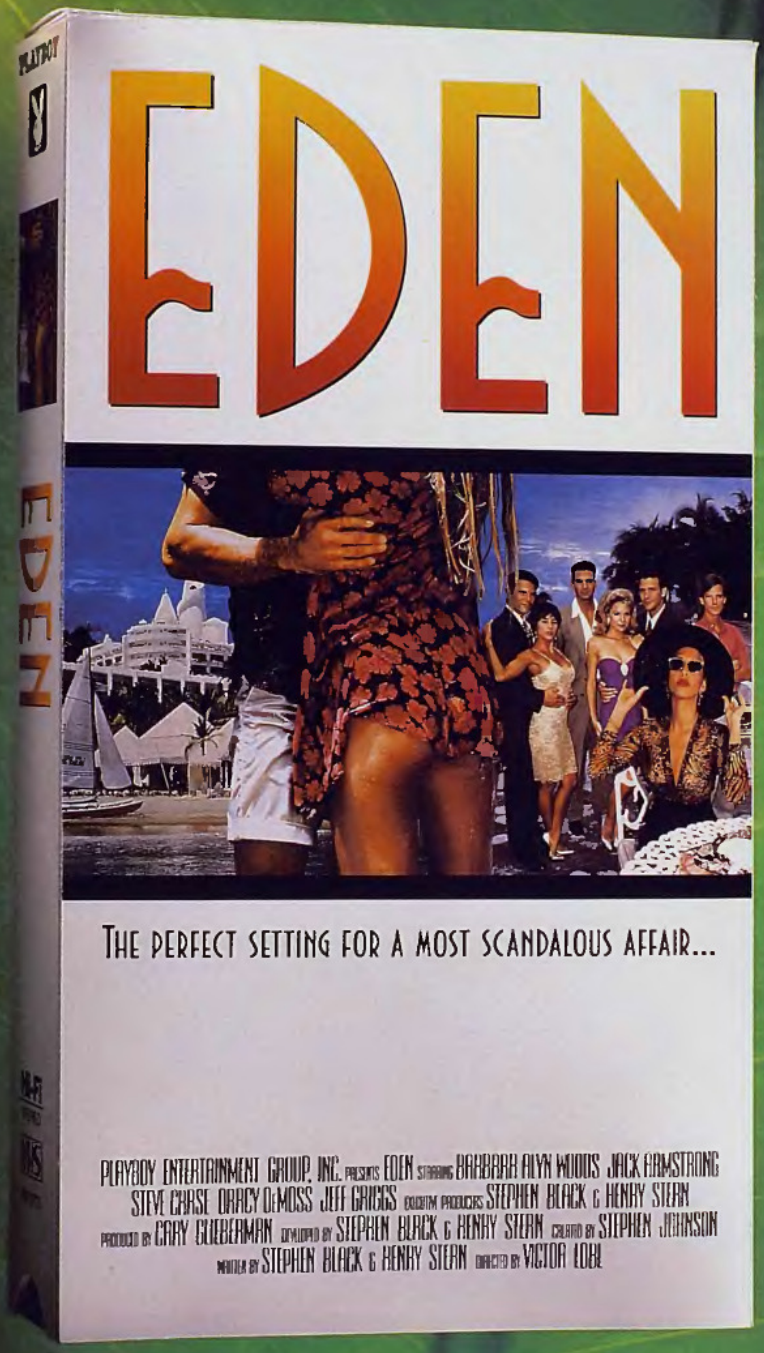
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hasn't come yet! Stop!"

I saw Maladung pull him back into the boat. I held the useless pistol as the taxi bounced across the river, disappeared behind a barge going upriver and then reappeared only as a distant lantern before disappearing down a *klong* on the opposite side of the Chao Phraya.

I knew that I would never see Tres alive again.

•

Mara lowers her gaze as Tanha brings her mouth to my groin. There is no caress of tongue. Not yet. The younger woman uses her mouth to bring me to full erection.

As much as men talk and write about the joys of oral sex, there is always a slight ambiguity in the male response to the act of fellatio. For some, a mouth is too non-gender-specific to allow the subconscious to relax and enjoy the act. For others, it is the uncontrolled intensity of sensation that causes a flutter of alarm amid the cascade of pleasure. For many, it is just the unbidden thought of sharp teeth. Luckily, the male organ is as simple a stimulus-response mechanism as nature allows. Tanha's mouth is soft and well-educated; my excitement follows its inevitable arc of engorgement.

I close my eyes and try not to think about not thinking about the men in tuxedos behind me. Someone has dimmed the overhead light so that only the flash of sparks dribbling from the welder two floors above lights the scene and the interior of my eyelids with magnesium strobes. Mara whispers something and I feel sudden cold as Tanha's warm mouth pulls away. The shock of cooler air is on me for only a second before a different moisture returns.

I open my eyes just enough to see Tanha's tongue sliding from her mouth, curling around me. The flash from the welding sparks makes the mottled flesh of her tongue look more purple than pink. I catch a glimpse of pulsating slits amid the coated texture there, like tiny feeding orifices. I shut off my thoughts before the grasping mouth-guts of leeches and lampreys come to mind. For years I have trained myself to be equal to this moment.

The sensation is more like a small electric shock than the sting of a jellyfish. I gasp and open my eyes. Tanha is watching me through the curtain of her lashes. The shock comes again, riding down the exquisite penile nerve system straight to the base of my spine and then to the pleasure center of my brain. I close my eyes again and groan. My scrotum contracts with pleasure. The spiral of gentle shocks soars through my body and returns to my penis like a gently moving hand gloved in velvet. My hips begin to move without volition.

My heart is pounding so wildly that the pressure from it seems to replace sound as the only noise in the universe. My skull echoes to the rhythm of my own pulse. The separate, tiny shocks along my groin have grown together to form a perfect spiral of pleasurable sensation. It is as if I am fucking the sun. Even as my hips begin to thrust in earnest and my hands grope for Tanha's head to move that warmth closer, a distant part of my mind observes the classic symptoms of the onset of orgasm and wonders about the rate of tachycardia, myotonia and hyperventilation.

A second later any remaining clinical awareness is washed away in a new and stronger surge of pure pleasure. Tanha's tongue is contracting, tugging from the base of my scrotum to the glans of my penis, tightening as it contracts and relaxes, contracts and relaxes. The shocks have become a single closed circuit of nearly unbearable sensation.

I ejaculate almost without noticing it, so great is the pressure now. From beneath my fluttering eyelids I can see semen dropping like a band of white petals on the hair and shoulders of Tanha. Her tongue does not desist for an instant. Her eyes are as yellow as her mother's now. The orgasm passes without release from the building pressure. My heart strains to pump more blood into my distended organ.

Yes! I will it even as my head arches back, my neck strains and my face distorts. *Yes!* I choose the thing in which I now have no choice.

A second later I come. Blood ejaculates from the tip of my penis and bathes Tanha's face and breasts. Greedily, she lowers her mouth again, unwilling to spill any of it. My hips pound as I continue to pulse. The moment goes on and on.

Mara leans closer.

•

It was the Thai police who came for me just after sunrise that next morning 22 years ago. I thought I would be arrested for wandering the hotel halls until the early hours, shouting at no one and brandishing a cocked .38. Instead of arresting me, they brought me to Tres.

The Bangkok morgue was small and insufficiently cooled. The smell reminded me of an orchard where too much fallen fruit had gone bad in the sun. There were no metal cabinets or sliding stretchers as in the American movies. Tres was on a steel slab just like the other corpses in the small room. They had not covered his face. He looked vulnerable without his glasses.

"He's so . . . white," I said to the only policeman who spoke English.

"He was found in the river," said the man in the white jacket and the Sam Browne belt.

"He didn't drown," I said. It was not

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a question.

The policeman shook his head. "Your friend lost much blood." He tugged his white glove higher, touched Tres's chin and swiveled the corpse's head so that I could see the knife wound that ran from under his left ear to his Adam's apple.

I let out a breath and steadied myself against the steel platform.

"The knife wound did not kill him," said the inspector, tugging off the sheet. Tres's sex organs had been crudely but completely removed. The effect was rather like a Ken doll that someone had spilled fingernail polish on.

The inspector came closer and seized my forearm, whether to steady me or to restrain me from running I do not know. "We think that is—how you say it—a queer thing. A fight between faggots. We have seen this type of injury before. Always it is a type of queer thing. Jealousy."

"A queer thing," I repeated.

The inspector released my arm. "We know that you were not there at the time he was murdered, Private Merrick. The boatmaster at Phulong dock saw you shouting at the boat that carried Corporal Tindale away. The manager at the hotel will testify that you returned only a few minutes later, became drunk and remained visible and audible throughout the night. You could not have been present when the corporal was murdered, but do you have any idea who did this? Your military will demand to know."

I lifted the sheet, draped it across Tres's corpse and then stepped away from the men. "No," I said. "I have no idea whatsoever."

•

Mara licks the lips of her daughter. Their arms are pulled in to their sides, their hands curled as if palsied. I imagine vampire bats hanging from the cold ceiling of a cave, wings tucked tight, only their lips and their tongues active and engaged.

Tanha arches her head and the heavy red liquid is propelled from her distended lips to the waiting cavity of her mother's mouth. I hear the lapping, gurgling sounds clearly. Tanha's tongue has not relinquished its grip, and I still spasm in her grasp. My heart is straining with the effort. My vision blackens and I can no longer see their feeding and sharing, only hear the thick liquid sounds of it.

My facial muscles are still locked in the myotonic spasm of an involuntary grimace. I would smile if I could.

•

I found Maladung in the autumn of 1975, not long after I graduated from medical school. The little pimp had retired rich and returned to his northern city of Chiang Mai. I paid off the Thai detective whom I'd hired with the first installment of my inheritance money and spent two days watching Maladung before picking him up. He was married and had two grown sons and a ten-year-old daughter.

He was walking to the small store he ran in the old section of town when I pulled up alongside him in a jeep, showed him the 9mm automatic and told him to get in. I took him into the countryside, to the small house I had rented. I promised him that he would live if he told me everything he knew.

I think he did tell me everything he knew. Mara and her girl child had dropped out of sight and were performing only for the very rich now. Tres had been killed as a simple precaution: He and I had been the first Americans allowed in Mara's presence, and they feared the consequences if word of the performance got back to the platoon. They had planned to murder me that night, but the two men sent to commit the act had seen me drunk and shouting in the upstairs hallway, noted the gun and decided otherwise. By the time others were sent, I had been shipped back to Saigon.

Maladung swore that he had not known about Tres's murder until after it was carried out. He swore it. Maladung had never dreamed that the *phanyaa mahn naga kio* had meant to harm the *farang* beyond the services rendered. I placed the Browning against his forehead and told him to tell me upon pain of death what usually happens to those who received Mara's services.

Maladung was shaking like an old man. "They die," he said in Thai and repeated in English. "First they lose their soul"—*khwan hai* was the phrase he used, "their butterfly spirit flies away"—"and then their *winjan*, life spirit, leaks out. They return and return until they die," he said, voice quavering. "But this they choose."

I lowered the gun and said, "I believe you, Maladung. You didn't know that they'd murder Tres." Then I quickly lifted the Browning and shot him twice in the head.

That same autumn I began the search for Mara.

•

I open my eyes and the men in tuxedos are gone, Tanha is sitting above me on the chair next to her mother and the two young women are finishing their chore of cleaning and dressing me. I can feel the bandages under the trousers. It feels as if I am wearing diapers. My groin is moist with blood, but I hardly notice the discomfort because of the lingering pulse of pleasure that fills me like the echo of beautiful music.

"Mr. Noi informs me that you said you have more money," Mara says softly.

I nod, too weak to speak. Any thought of attacking the woman is impossible to me now, even if I did not know that her men were waiting just beyond the windfluttered plastic. Mara and Tanha are sources of infinite pleasure. I could never think of hurting them now, of interrupting what is to transpire in the coming nights.

"The limousine will pick you up at midnight tomorrow at your hotel," says Mara. Her fingers move and the four men come in to remove me. I am mildly surprised to find that I cannot walk without assistance.

The streets are empty and tomb-silent. Even the shooting has ended. Orange flames still burn to the north. I close my eyes and savor the fading ecstasy as they drive me back to the Oriental.

•

I don't think that I knew in Vietnam that I was gay. I disguised the love I felt for Tres as other things: loyalty to a buddy, admiration, even the masculine love that grunts are supposed to feel for one another in combat. But it was love.

I never came out of the closet. Not publicly. While in medical school I learned how to troll the most discreet bars, meet the most discreet men and make the most discreet arrangements for temporary liaisons. Later, as my practice and public persona grew, I learned how to keep my prowlings restricted to rare nights in cities far away from my home in L.A. And I dated women. Those who wondered why I never married had only to look at my busy practice to see that I had no time for a domestic life.

And I continued to hunt Mara and Tanha. Twice a year I flew to Thailand, learning the language and the cities, and twice a year I was told by my paid operatives there that the women had disappeared. Only two years ago, in 1990, did they surface again, driven into accepting expensive performances as their need for money was renewed.

There was nothing I could do then. The more I learned of Mara and Tanha and their habits, the more I was certain I could never get close to them with a weapon. Then, only six months ago, certain results were returned and, after a few hours of almost hysterical anger, I saw that the means had been put into my hands.

I began to make my plans.

•

"Good morning, Dr. Merrick," says the young Thai valet in the lobby. He politely ignores my bloody collar and disheveled appearance.

I smile and wait for the elevator doors to close before grasping the brass rail and struggling to hold myself upright. I can feel the bandages leaking through my trousers. Only the long photographer's vest hides the blood there.

In my room I bathe, treat the lesions

with a special salve I have brought, inject myself with a coagulant, bathe again and pull on fresh pajamas before crawling into bed. It will be light in a few minutes. In 14 hours, darkness will fall again and I will return to Mara and her daughter.

•

In Chiang Mai, where the whores are cheap and the young men celebrate entry into manhood by buying a fuck, 72 percent of the city's poorest prostitutes tested positive for HIV in 1989.

In the bars and sex clubs along Patpong, condoms are handed out free by a man in a red, blue and gold superhero suit. His name is Captain Condom and he is employed by the Population and Community Development Association. The PDA is the brainchild of Senator Mechai Viravaidaya, an economist and member of the WHO Global Commission on AIDS. Mechai has spent so much of his own time, energy and money promoting condom use that rubbers are called mechais by everyone in Bangkok. Almost no one uses them. The men refuse to and the women do not force the issue.

One out of every 50 people in Thailand makes his or her living selling sex.

I think that the computer projections for the year 2000 are wrong. I think that far more than 5 million Thai will be infected and many more than 1 million will have died. I think that the corpses will fill the *klongs* and lie along the gutters of the *sois*. I think that only the rich and the very, very careful will avoid this plague.

Mara and Tanha were, until recently, very rich. And they have been very careful. Only their need to be very rich again has led them to be careless.

My HIV-negative documents are, of course, falsified. It was not difficult. The lab reports are real; only the dates and name were changed prior to my photocopying them onto official stationery and adding the seals. I serve on the faculty of all three of the institutions whose seals and forms I borrowed.

In the six months since I tested HIV-positive, the plan grew from a scheme to an inevitability.

They are monsters, Mara and her child, but even monsters grow careless. Even monsters can be killed.

•

There is no fan on the ceiling of my expensive air-conditioned suite at the Oriental Hotel. As the first pale gleamings of the dawn creep across the teak-and-plaster ceiling of my room, I content myself with imagining a fan slowly turning and lull myself to sleep with the image.

I smile when I imagine the coming night's activity and the night that will follow this one. I can see the older woman licking the younger woman's lips, and then opening wide her maw for the cascade of blood. My blood. Death's blood.

Before dropping off to sleep, lulled by the medication I have taken and by the final turn of things, I remember the story Tres told me so many years ago about the temptation of the Buddha by Mara's three daughters: Aradi, discontent; Tanha, desire; and Raka, love. And I know now that in my life I have surrendered to all three of these all-too-human demons, but that the only one worthy of our surrender is Raka. Love.

Trying to sleep now, I summon the image that has sustained me through all these years and through these final months.

I imagine Tres removing his glasses and squinting at me, his face as vulnerable as a boy's, his cheek as soft as only a lover's cheek can be. And he says to me, "I'm going back, Johnny. I'm going back tonight."

And I take his hand in mine. And I say, with the absolute certainty of conviction, "I'm going, too."

Smiling now, having found the place I have sought so long to return to, I release myself to sleep and forgiveness.

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GUESS WHO? (continued from page 136)

"'I'm young and I'm blonde and I'm Texan,' she said, 'but I'm a serious person. I take work seriously.'"

Houston and moved in with her mother, a police officer. They didn't get along, so Anna and Daniel found a place of their own, a tiny studio apartment in Houston. She took two jobs, waiting tables at a Red Lobster and working as a Wal-Mart cashier.

"I knew that something would happen one day. I just had to keep trying."

She went for an interview at one of Houston's biggest modeling agencies. "They asked me for money, told me to darken my hair, lose weight, change the way I looked and go to modeling school. I dyed my hair. Then I cried for two weeks, and they told me to forget it. You just don't have it, that's what they said."

A local photographer took a few pictures. He sent them to PLAYBOY's Los Angeles studio. PLAYBOY flew Anna to the West Coast for tests. Impressed by the results, the magazine signed her up for the cover and as a Playmate.

"She has that look," said Gary Cole, PLAYBOY's Photography Director. "You can be sitting next to her and you think, Well, she's OK, she's not bad. But then you put her in front of a camera and, damn, it's another woman—not just another great blonde but someone extraordinary. That's what we saw."

Paul Marciano, the man who invented Guess Jeans, saw the same thing when he picked up the March and May 1992 issues of PLAYBOY.

"I was totally mesmerized by that March cover," he said. "Her face drove me crazy." He looked inside the issue for more pictures but found none. When Anna's Playmate pictorial came out in May he called Marilyn Grabowski, PLAYBOY's West Coast Photography Editor. He had two questions: Who was she? Where could he find her?

"I met Paul in Houston," Anna said. "He was shooting a new series of Guess ads in San Antonio and he invited me down to watch them work. No promises, he said, and that was the deal. After I'd been in San Antonio for a couple of hours he told them to put some makeup on me, just for a little test. Then they looked at the pictures and kept shooting me for the next two days. That's how I got to sign up with Guess Jeans for three years."

Paul Marciano, who called me after I'd seen Anna, confirmed the essentials. "We went to San Antonio to shoot a catalog of clothing for babies and kids," he said. "When I met her, I wasn't sure how it would turn out. She didn't walk like a model, she didn't look like a model. But in front of a camera she was magic. It was absolutely astounding, just seeing it happen. And it wasn't easy work, either. We were shooting in temperatures of a hundred and six. After ten minutes her makeup melted. She carried on as if she'd been doing it all her life."

Back at the hotel in Chicago, the Fonz was doing his *Happy Days* shtick. Anna giggled.

"Here's a copy of the script," she said.

Script? Right, almost forgot, the movie she had come to Chicago to make. I looked at the cover. *The Hudsucker Proxy*. An industrial fantasy, it said on the bottom. A film by Joel and Ethan Coen. The Coen brothers! The guys who made *Blood Simple*. *Raising Arizona*. *Barton Fink*. *Miller's Crossing*. Cinematic milestones, in my humble view.

"It's got Paul Newman and Tim Robbins in it," said Anna. "I play the part of Tim's girlfriend, then I dump him for an elevator man. It's going to be one funny movie. I was laughing so hard watching Tim the other day, they had to take my mike off."

I was thinking: From Red Lobster and Wal-Mart to the Coen boys, Newman and Robbins. I thought life didn't write that kind of story anymore.

"What's next, Anna?"

"I'm just waiting for things to slow down," she said. "It's all gone so fast. We've been shooting from six at night until four in the morning. Same again tonight."

Ah, that explains her reaction to my wake-up call at noon. Sorry, Anna.

"I'd give a lot for a little more sleep. Next week we move to North Carolina and start shooting again."

She has three months of solid bookings after she finishes *Hudsucker*. Modeling jobs, guest appearances, making movies. In between, she flies home to be with seven-year-old Daniel, or takes him with her when she's working close to home. She'll be in Cannes for the 1993 International Film Festival. Later she wants to rent an apartment in New York City for a year and get serious about acting lessons.

"I'm young and I'm blonde and I'm Texan," she said, "but I'm a serious person. I take work seriously and I take Daniel seriously, even though he drives me nuts when he beats me at Nintendo. Which he does all the time. He just laughs—he's too quick for me."

She admits it, she doesn't take kindly to losing. "Watch out if you play Monopoly with me. You send me to jail and I will kick that whole game over." She could do it, too. The woman has some powerful legs. They come from years of hard work.

She's reading more scripts and has found at least one she likes. Her ambition is to be an actress in the Monroe tradition: sexy, cool and funny. "I can't explain it because I don't understand it, but I've always felt this strong connection to Marilyn Monroe, always. She's who I turn to when I get upset. I play her songs, look at her pictures, watch her movies. I've got them all except *River of No Return*. I sure wish I could find that one."

As for actors, the one she said had the most lethal effect on her was Brad Pitt in *Thelma & Louise*. "The strange thing is, he's not even my type, but when I saw him in that sex scene in the motel with Geena Davis, I couldn't take my eyes off him. I just could not sit still. He drove me totally nuts. It was all I could do to make it through the movie."

I swear she squirmed, ever so gently, at the memory.

"I don't know about that kind of stuff. Beiron, the guy I work with in the Guess ads—he's the young one with the dark hair hanging over his face? He's so cute. When they told me to kiss him I couldn't stop laughing, he looked so good. Those big lips of his."

That Beiron guy, I was thinking, is one lucky stiff. I bet Anna doesn't call him sir. The only people she calls sir, I bet, are the ones who remind her of customers lining up at Wal-Mart for their hearing-aid batteries.

I asked her if she ever feels like calling up the Houston modeling agency and saying, "Yoo-hoo, just thought I'd say hi. Thanks for the career advice."

She has no such need. "I don't have to be mean to anyone now. I just smile and keep right on going."

She recently bought a 15-acre ranch not far from Houston. Anna and Daniel share it with 30 guinea fowl, three turkeys, three pigs, three horses, 20 cows, a breeding bull, two parrots, a tame squirrel and six dogs.

"I'm looking for a couple of zebras and a chimp," she said. "I want one of those chimps that shake hands and like to be hugged."

Those are not the only items on her live shopping list.

"Well, I've got the ranch," she murmured in that soft voice—and she had a wicked smile as she said this—"Now all I need is a cowboy."

Bet your boots on it, she won't be calling him sir.

GOLF CARTS *(continued from page 119)*

"Little more could be expected in realizing the Führer's mad dream of a sub-20-minute round."

purpose of the G-101 Ozymandias, as offered to a skeptical 1946 Allied panel charged with tracking down last-ditch Nazi secret weapons.

The pachydermatous 12-wheeled prototype—three stories high, 45 feet long—had been spotted early in March 1945 by an Allied photoreconnaissance plane on a sweep over the Gunder und Vunk locomotive works near Peenemünde, and was classified by baffled intelligence analysts as a new Nazi terror machine, mission unknown. In fact, the Ozymandias represented not deadly terror but simple hubris. With its internal driving range, on-board pro shop and locker room, VIP spectating veranda, clubhouse bar with seating for 500 and five satellite minicarts, this behemoth of the links was late Nazi golf cart technology gone to such extremes that it could almost be said to have run amok.

Yet the Ozymandias oozed more pathos than grandeur. With every engine in the Reich spoken for by the military, it depended for power on the 168 pumping legs of 84 pedalers of the Iron Tendon Brigade, sweating away deep within its papier-mâché fuselage. (That rear-mounted propeller, which was also pedal-powered, served as their cooling fan.) During its brief trial runs, the unwieldy beast routinely steamrollered every bench, every caddy shack and every clubhouse in its path.

In the waning hours of the war, in a sour paroxysm of the poor sportsmanship that had so often marred the affairs of the Third Reich, the only G-101 ever completed was slung under an Me 323 Gigant transport plane and dropped on Scotland's historic Saint Andrews.

•

A Chip Shot Across the Channel—The ZS-2 Sea Weasel Amphibian, 1940: Operation Sea Lion was the code name for Hitler's planned invasion of England in the fall of 1940. Operation Sea Weasel was the code name for a parallel plot to plant Germany's golf cleats on Great Britain's throat. Simultaneous with the start of Operation Sea Lion, the diabolic plan was to launch hundreds of amphibious Sea Weasel carts from the shores of northern France under a bombardment of thousands of golf balls lofted across the English Channel by huge hydraulically actuated drivers—the *Obergolfkommando*'s dreaded "15.5-Woods"—to terrorize and confuse the golfing populace on every course in the home counties. By the time the balls stopped bouncing, the Sea Weasels and their three-man crews would have landed and raced to their individual designated courses. "Every nineteenth hole in the kingdom will be crawling with Nazis by nightfall," Goebbels chortled in his diary.

But it was not to be. Operation Sea Lion was abandoned (not enough golf balls could be commandeered) and Operation Sea Weasel sank in its wake. The amphibious golf cart—like the heavy-water ball washer, the underground driving range, the combination sand and tank trap and so many other ambitious schemes of the Nazi golf machine—was a dead duck.

•

"Time the Fastest Caddy in the Reich, Then Make Me a Cart Twenty Times Faster"—The Z-262 Rocket Cart, 1945: Hitler's Edict Number 654 of February 1945 was insane, but it was also law. With Allied armies crashing across the frontiers of the Reich on all sides, the Führer said, "Time is of the essence." The 1945 summer golf season would be advanced to early spring and played at a pace never before imagined, much less attempted: A foursome must be able to finish 18 holes—even at challenging Berchtesgaden Hills—in 15 minutes flat.

At its temporary headquarters under a miniature golf course near Stuttgart, the Reichsgolfinstitut swung into frantic action. Begging and borrowing inspiration and materials from a clutch of golf nuts employed by the Air Ministry, Institut engineers worked around the clock to create the Z-262 in little more than a month. With its 3000-horsepower rocket engine, it was and remains to this day the fastest-moving golf cart ever devised, and by a comfy 350-miles-per-hour margin. With its radar-operated ball finder, it could home in on an errant Führer-Flite 20 feet deep in a water hazard or 100 yards back in a pine-forest rough. A built-in fan could blow sand traps smooth in seconds.

Little more could be reasonably expected of golf cart technology in realizing the Führer's mad dream of a sub-20-minute round. But time was even more pressing than Hitler had reckoned. Before the Z-262 could be made operational, golf was canceled. The Third Reich was canceled. Hitler was canceled. And with him any conceivable need for a 376-mph golf cart.

NEWT COULD DEMAND TWICE AS MUCH MONEY AS OTHER SIGN HOLDERS BECAUSE HE WAS THE BEST.

OF LUST AND ARMS (continued from page 96)

"We joined to defend our country, but we had hopes of getting laid in ways we had not even dreamed of."

sexuality in order to fight or to affirm it publicly in order not to fight. There is, however, something to be said for the old way—for hypocrisy. As the old joke used to go in the Soviet Union, we pretend to work and they pretend to pay us. In the military, the hypocrisy has been that gays pretend to be straight and straights pretend to believe them.

As for hypocrisy, it is, like sex, central to war. We dressed in uniforms and ate polite dinners, followed by toasts where we swore undying loyalty to the task of protecting our wives, mothers and daughters. Then we went to places where we could get drunk while getting blow jobs from women under the table. And we saw absolutely no contradiction in any of this.

We joined to defend our country, but we also had high hopes of getting laid in ways we had not even dreamed of as we grew up. The military is often composed of young men and women who are away from home for the first time. Sexual adventure is part of the ticket. Mademoiselle d'Armentieres, of doughboy fame, lured many a GI to France. According to the Brits, the Americans in England in World War Two were "overpaid, oversexed and over here." The tens of thousands of Amerasian children from Vietnam are living testimony to the sexual sideline of war, as is the Gulf war's famous Love Boat, a supply ship on which 27 sailors became pregnant. Sex is going to happen.

The brutal expression of sexuality during war is part of the dehumanizing process. How else could knights schooled in chivalry rape and mutilate so many women and children in Jerusalem that the streets ran with blood? How else could Serbs, who are no more evil than anyone else, use rape as a tool of national humiliation? How else to explain My Lai? The rape of Belgium? Of Nanking? Even the word is perfect, for rape is the use of power to humiliate and destroy. It is taking the most sacred act, the act of making life, and turning it into something brutal, degrading and murderous.

The dark fact is that soldiers are trained to kill as a group, and the darker secret is that sexual energy is deeply related to killing. The aggressiveness of combat comes from adrenaline, self-preservation, love and sexual tension. The combat unit shoots off at its enemies and not into each other. The sexual imagery is precise and learned in basic training. "This is my rifle," the drill instructor said, holding his M-16. "This is my gun," he continued, holding his dick, "this is for fighting, this is for fun."

The truth about combat is that it is only possible if the mind is prepared, if other human beings are transformed into enemies—into things. That is the crucial step in combat training. What makes a man a soldier is not simply that he knows how to use a rifle and a bayonet, a rocket or a torpedo, but that he can. His mind is his most powerful weapon. That word, enemy, is what fuels it. It's what lets otherwise decent men pull triggers, drop bombs and pull down their pants to rape children. In war that power, once unleashed, has to be rigidly controlled or atrocities happen. The wildness that made Tailhook such a blight comes from the same sexual repression in which combat behavior is isolated. We want those pilots to fight with utter aggressiveness, to kill without mercy, but all within certain rules.

What to do? My feeling is to keep combat units as they are, but that won't happen. The force of law and politics is too strong. We do owe it to the men and women who will have to live with these changes to think hard about what they mean, and not to talk in slogans or to parade sensitive knowledge about sexuality that has little to do with the reality of combat. The Dutch and other small military organizations have had few problems with acknowledged homosexuals in their ranks, but few armies that actually have to fight admit them into combat units. Gay activists often cite the Israeli army as an example of homosexual acceptance, but in fact, acknowledged homosexuals are subjected to psychological tests and extra security checks and are often excluded from frontline combat units.

"Rodney, watch your language. Someone might overhear."

Sexual preference, of course, has nothing to do with combat performance. Gays, like straights, can be heroes or cowards. I found that out in the Marines. There was absolutely no way to predict who would do well in combat. Some of the most all-American, squared-away marines fell apart under fire, while some of the worst shitbirds were incredibly brave. You learn quickly who can be counted on and who can't. At that level no one cares whether the grenadier is male, female, gay, straight or Tasmanian; you care about only whether he or she can lay a round in front of enemy soldiers trying to kill you and if he or she will stand fast and carry you out of harm's way if you are wounded.

Some actions could be taken immediately. Military snoops, particularly the infamous Naval Criminal Investigative Service, should stop prying into the private lives of Armed Forces personnel off base. The sodomy statute in the Uniform Code of Military Justice needs to be abolished: It is an insult to the commonly accepted sexual practices of adults of every sexual persuasion. Rules regarding sexual harassment should be tightened dramatically, with careful attention to defining harassment in ways that leave open sexual give and take. Acknowledged homosexuals, like women, should be allowed in the Air Force, most areas of the Navy and much of the Army and Marines: To deny them would be like denying them the right to serve in the Postal Service. It's the combat units that remain the problem.

In those units, we should settle only for combat arms staffed with soldiers picked solely on performance: the best people available—men or women, straight or gay, black, brown, yellow, white. Anyone who can cut it stays in, anyone who can't gets booted out. If women or gays can shoot straighter, run faster, carry more and kill with less hesitation than straight men, sign them up. As former Mayor Ed Koch once said, he didn't care whether a firefighter was male or female so long as he or she could carry a 200-pound mayor from a burning building.

Let's get the best. But that doesn't just mean the best at physical tests. The best soldiers are the ones who fit in with the unit, who submerge their identities into the group, who embody its code of courage and selflessness. The best soldiers meet high standards of behavior under stressful conditions, including high standards of sexual behavior.

We are asking a lot of 19-year-olds when we turn them into soldiers, which means, plainly put, when we turn them into killers: Can they come to accept homosexuals and/or women in their units and still function? The power of combat training can overcome a lot. It obliterates race, class, region and religion. Can it obliterate sexuality, too? You don't create a unit by emphasizing individual rights. You do it by destroying them. To announce that you are homosexual would have to be no different than announcing you are black or Catholic or left-handed. The only correct response is "What the fuck difference does it make? Give me twenty!"

The chant of the drill instructor is "There are no blacks or whites in my Marine Corps, no Jews or Catholics, no rich or poor people, only Marines." Can he say, "No straights or gays, no men or women?" Would they believe it? Would the power of sexual repression—the power that unites soldiers and gives them the strength to fight—bleed away in the many sexual possibilities with homosexuals and women around, no matter what the rules say?

To exert the power that will be needed to obliterate sexuality in a combat unit will require tough authority and merciless training—the kind usually opposed by the advocates of integrating gays and women into the military. We'd better be ready for that. I am not saying it can't be done. I am glad I will not have to try to make it work when my own life depends on it. That is, bottom line, what we are talking about. On the one hand, highly qualified homosexuals and/or women could bring skills and talents to keep their buddies alive. On the other hand, they could inject the serpent of sex into the dark garden where courage lives.

As for poor Brown, years later I learned that he was, in fact, straight and that his tormentor, Stanley, was gay. Both went on to Vietnam and served, so far as I know, with distinction. But the story reminds me of how sexuality goes deeper than any of us knows, and how the ultimate truths about people are usually buried deep in the reaches of the human heart.

The principle to be upheld right now is that individual sexual freedom, like all our civilized freedoms, must be protected until it conflicts with the needs of the military unit. Combat units in particular are not democracies. The individual counts for nothing. The group is everything. The bonds that hold soldiers together in combat are homoerotic. The power to fight comes from sexual repression. The only way to allow women and acknowledged homosexuals into such conditions is to recognize the absolute necessity of a taboo against sexual contact. It is no less important than the taboo against incest. Lives absolutely depend on it.

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SCANDAL

(continued from page 57)

had been involved in some of the more questionable transactions of the agencies they will now supervise. He has shown no concern that BRW Inc., a joint venture of the Blackstone Group, Goldman, Sachs and J. E. Robert Co., has been one of the main beneficiaries of the fire sales of failed S&L assets.

A study by the Southern Finance Project, a highly regarded nonprofit research center, shows that BRW paid the RTC only $39.8 million for $65 million worth of property, indicating a bargain rate of 61 cents on the dollar. This was during a period when the RTC was turning down smaller would-be investors who were offering close to full price for properties.

How did the RTC make such bizarre policy decisions? Among other things, it turned to Blackstone and Goldman, Sachs, paying them handsome fees for advising the agency on policy, even though they were also customers. "It is an incestuous environment," Tom Schlesinger, director of the Southern Finance Project, told the L.A. *Times*. "The companies that make up BRW are simultaneously playing different sides of the S&L bailout." Goldman, Sachs, for instance, profited perhaps more than any other firm from the RTC fire sales. In one case involving City Savings, a failed New Jersey thrift, Goldman, Sachs ended up with the right to buy $3 billion of RTC mortgages, which the RTC didn't have in its inventory at that bank. Instead of just paying off Goldman, Sachs, the RTC granted it the right to pluck $3 billion of the lower-quality loans from the RTC inventory. The L.A. *Times* reported that "critics within the RTC said the deal amounted to a windfall for the firm that could add $150 million to the bailout bill."

The cozy relationship between Wall Street firms and the RTC should get cozier now that the top executives of the firms have been brought in as the foxes protecting the government's henhouse. Rubin is likely to oversee the S&L bailout in his job as coordinator of economic policy. Altman will head the RTC oversight committee at the Treasury Department.

Contributing to the losses at the RTC is the failure to value accurately the assets being sold. Despite a $52 million computer system built to RTC specifications by IBM, the RTC never got a clear idea of its own inventory. The General Accounting Office found the slow and erratic system useless and concluded that 80 percent of these all-important records are missing crucial pieces of information. As the L.A. *Times* reported after its own investigation: "The system is

riddled with data errors. A modest home in Phoenix with an appraised value of $73,000 is listed by the computer system at $79 million." An IBM spokesman defends the company by asserting, "The system is doing exactly what the RTC asked it to do."

Critics within the agency charge that the RTC used its incompetence as an excuse for abandoning the sale of properties to smaller individual buyers. Instead of methodically selling properties to the highest bidder, the agency threw up its hands and invited top Wall Street firms to package pools of resources to sell back to the very firms that were doing the packaging. Ordinary buyers, lacking the huge cash reserves needed to bid at auction on such expensive bundles of property, were simply out of luck.

Then the RTC hit on the idea of securitization, selling shares backed by large groupings of sound mortgage loans through Wall Street. This decision, made at a time when the Wall Street investment houses were advising the RTC, also benefited those houses because they had the means to buy and sell large property blocks and securities.

As *The Washington Post* noted last December, "Goldman, Sachs already has been one of the biggest players in the three-year-old S&L cleanup and hopes to play an even larger role as the government relies more heavily on Wall Street to sell its thrift industry." A Goldman, Sachs spokesman told the *Post* that "Rubin is taking steps to ensure that his holdings at Goldman, Sachs don't compel him to step aside from government decisions affecting S&Ls and other financial institutions."

Big deal. His holdings will be put in a blind trust. Does anyone think for a second that Rubin and Altman will suddenly start thinking of the interests of the taxpayer rather than of the Wall Street giants that spawned them?

I'm not much of a fan of Albert Casey, the former head of American Airlines who has been running the RTC this past year, but it worries me that even he is alarmed. "What are we going to do now, when we do all this business with the Blackstone Group and Goldman, Sachs and Clinton brings all those people in?" Casey asked in an interview reported in *The Wall Street Journal*. In the case of Goldman, Sachs, "all this business" meant the purchase of $890 million in assets from the RTC and in underwriting securities based on $15.2 billion in mortgages from defunct thrifts—plus the purchase of almost $3 billion in junk bonds at much-reduced rates.

While all of that was going on, Rubin managed to gain a net worth of between $50 million and $100 million in Goldman, Sachs. And Dee Dee Myers, Clinton's press secretary, tells us, "We're going to work very hard to remove the appearance of a conflict."

Soon after Myers made her statement, *The New York Times* published parts of a letter from Rubin to Goldman, Sachs' clients telling them they would be well served by the firm while he is in the White House. He ended his statement by saying, "I look forward to continuing to work with you in my new capacity."

I bet he does, and Goldman, Sachs will make out as well as it always does. But what about the rest of us? Doesn't Congress have an obligation to say enough is enough? The taxpayers have paid dearly for this S&L mess. In return for the $4 billion handed the RTC, Congress should insist on playing with a clean deck. At the very least, a full-blown congressional investigation of the manner in which failed thrift assets have been sold is in order. And in the spirit of free enterprise, let's allow ordinary investors a fair shot at these properties.

Justice is not likely. At the same moment in March that Loophole Lloyd asked Congress for the new handout, he appointed Altman acting chairman of the RTC. These people have no shame.

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the game master

(continued from page 128)

market, which was just beginning to take shape in Japan. All he needed to do was develop a good system for the home—and then create a pipeline with an endless supply of games. "We had a head start because of our distribution network's selling playing cards in toy and department stores," Yamauchi explains. "It was a logical decision."

Coming up with the perfect home-video system was not easy, especially since the industry was young and Yamauchi had no special knack for computers. "He had no concept that he was building a computer," admits Masayuki Uemura, one of Nintendo's engineers. "But he had his first glimpse of the incredible potential of a home-computer system disguised as a toy. He saw far more than he let on to us."

Yamauchi pushed and bullied his engineers to develop new games by pitting them against one another. He divided them into groups and said that he would produce the work of only one group—the one that outdid the others. "Months of work were disposed of with a scowl," one top designer complained. If the chairman was displeased, the project was dead, instantly. His victims suggested that Yamauchi's judgment was sometimes capricious and that his callousness caused a great deal of frustration and anger. Engineers occasionally left, and others, exhausted and disappointed, were sent on sabbatical. They were told, "The company is making money. Don't work. Spend the time, relax. Come back fresh." Designers whose work was rejected would redouble their efforts, determined to have their game chosen the next time.

"It's true that people complain," Yamauchi admits. "But this method works. I have found that competition among workers and high expectations are great motivators. As a result, I get the kind of work that is expected. Of course, some people do not like it, but they are the same people who have not succeeded."

In 1983 Yamauchi began selling the system his men had created. Since it was, he claimed, Japan's first Family Computer, he dubbed it the Famicom. Consumers were dazzled less by the Famicom itself than they were by the games—such as Super Mario Brothers and the Legend of Zelda—created by Nintendo's competing research and development groups. These games were, simply put, some of the best ever invented. Millions of Famicoms flew off the shelves.

"We sold the hardware as cheaply as possible," Yamauchi says. "Of course, the idea was to then be able to sell software. When the customers had the Nintendo machine, they needed Nintendo software." Once millions of people had a Famicom, Nintendo was selling all the games it could manufacture. Outside software companies were signed up as licensees to create Famicom games—and they paid Nintendo a handsome fee for the privilege. Nintendo earned "obscene profits," as one of the company's vice presidents phrased it.

New games were anticipated with a fervor that shocked store owners, distributors and parents. Kids camped out in front of department stores and toy shops. Nintendomania was well underway in Japan when the machine, renamed the Nintendo Entertainment System, was released in America in 1985. More than 35 million systems were sold in America by 1992, as well as more than 17 million in Japan and more than 5 million in Europe. Atari, the company that started it all, had virtually no share of the industry that, in 1992, brought in $6 billion in the U.S.

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In Japan, the Nintendo chairman is driven each morning through winding Kyoto streets from the home that belonged to the doctor of the emperor in the 15th century. Behind an immense tangled garden is the residence, a traditional home built in the style of a Japanese temple. In past generations, wealth was measured by the number of tatami mats—the book-thick, rectangular sections of sweet-smelling, woven straw—in a family's home. The average home has eight or ten tatami; the Yamauchi home has 152.

A day maid and a cook arrive each morning and leave after supper. Another maid cleans a few times a week. Yamauchi's wife, Michiko, runs the home informally. There is modern furniture in the ancient, traditional structure, and a teahouse is used as a storage closet. Michiko enjoys entertaining. There are parties and visits from friends and relatives. But one thing is missing. "Dad stays away," says his daughter Yoko.

According to his daughter, Yamauchi has rarely had much interest in his family. His parenting style apparently mirrors his management techniques. His children say he exercised control at home by terrorizing them—issuing edicts and enforcing curfews. In turn, his three children hated Nintendo because it consumed their father.

But Yamauchi was distracted by more than work. He was only in his late 30s, fabulously wealthy and roguishly attractive, a cigarette always dangling from the corner of his mouth. Even after he sold his hotel, he was a familiar face among the Kyoto demimonde. His wife said nothing, but his children resented him bitterly.

In 1970, on Yoko's 20th birthday, Yamauchi shocked her when he announced he was taking her out on the town. She dressed up and accompanied

him to a cabaret, a *sikikake*, where five geisha attended them, serving drinks. The women obviously knew Hiroshi very well. He toasted his daughter's coming-of-age, but when it got late, he sent her home in a taxi. He didn't go home until dawn.

Now 71 years old, Yamauchi no longer carouses at the Gion. His only relaxation comes from a tumbler of scotch and an occasional game of go. His true love is Nintendo, and his obsession has paid off. Yet Yamauchi observes year after year of record-breaking sales and profits without celebration. "It is meaningless," he says. His family realizes that Yamauchi's success means nothing to him. "He is often alone," Yoko says. "I don't think he thinks about being happy."

There is speculation about Yamauchi's retirement: Yoko's husband, Minoru Arakawa, will probably take over at Nintendo, but there is no reason to believe that he will do so before the late Nineties. Yamauchi isn't ready to give up control to anyone.

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All successful men have enemies and Yamauchi has more than most. His dominance of the industry has been so unquestioned that he's been able to exercise his power without much subtlety. Some toy stores depended on Nintendo for up to 20 percent of their sales, which allowed Nintendo to engage in questionable tactics. "You did what they said," says an executive of a chain of stores. "They told you not to carry the competition, you didn't carry the competition. They told you not to discount, you didn't discount." The head of one software firm told *The American Lawyer* that he had been "at numerous meetings of conspirators" who wanted to fight Nintendo, but they all "chickened out."

As a result, Nintendo has been able to sell more than 50 million systems throughout the world. There is one sold for every third American home. Around the world, families with Nintendo systems have bought an average of 6 to 12 games, about 600 million of them. For each of the last three fiscal years, Nintendo made more than a billion dollars a year in before-tax profits.

The list of Yamauchi's enemies grew long, and inevitably some began to strike back. Nintendo was unsuccessfully sued for monopolizing the market. In congressional hearings, Nintendo was accused of price-fixing. The Justice Department began an investigation, as did the Federal Trade Commission. Yamauchi succeeded, charged one competitor suing Nintendo, "through a deliberate campaign of distortion, intimidation and coercion."

In collaboration with the attorneys general of several states, the FTC began its investigation into the price-fixing charges and the implications of Nintendo's strong-arm tactics, particularly its control over those companies allowed to create games for the Nintendo Entertainment System. The high-stakes investigations and lawsuits—in one suit, more than half a billion dollars was on the line—dragged on for more than a year.

In Redmond, Washington, executives of Nintendo's American subsidiary were worried. If Nintendo lost the lawsuits, the company's continued dominance in the U.S. was questionable. Back in Japan, however, Yamauchi remained calm. For him, the FTC, the antitrust laws and the lawsuits were "an inconvenience" that went with the territory. Yamauchi didn't ignore the potential disaster. It prompted him to look hard at markets that could replace America if the worst happened. Nintendo had already planned to intensify its push into Europe, but the trouble in the U.S. caused Yamauchi to expedite a European invasion. Nintendo would be prepared if any portion of the American gold mine were to be denied. "We do not see borders in this business," Yamauchi says. "Some countries may be too poor or have heavy tariffs on imports, but with those exceptions we will go anywhere in

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Page 26: "Rugby's New Kick": **Shirts:** From *Tango by Max Raab*, at fine department stores. By *Cross Colours*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C.; Merry-Go-Round stores. By *Yes Men*, at fine department and specialty stores. By *Tag Rag*, at A.M. & A's, for store locations, 800-649-4022; Know Style, 44 W. Eighth St., N.Y.C., 212-529-7658. By *Bosa Le Collezioni*, at Aldo's, 96 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ, 201-823-2007. "Working Class": **Jacket** by *Carhartt*, at Dave's Army & Navy, 779 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-989-6444. **Jacket, pants and work shirts:** By *H.W. Carter & Sons Vintage Line*, at Bloomingdale's. **Work shirt** by *Smith Apparel Corp.*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-4129. **Coveralls** by *Dickie's Workwear*, 800-DICKIES. **Overalls** by *Big Smith*, for store locations, 800-641-4684. **Windbreaker** by *Smith Apparel Corp.*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-4129. "Hot Shopping: Amsterdam": *t Klompenhuisje* (31 20 622 81 00). *1001 Bieren* (31 20 623 77 11). *Nieuws Innoventions* (31 20 627 95 40). *Sissy Boy* (31 20 671 51 74). "Clothes Line": **Suits:** By *Valentino*, at fine department and specialty stores. By *Hugo Boss*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., 212-929-9000. "Tie One On—Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!": **Ties:** By *J. Garcia for Stonehenge Ltd.*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. By *Fillmore East for Mulberry Neckwear*, at Macy's stores. By *John Lennon for Burma Bibbas*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000; Macy's stores. By *Beatles for Manhattan Menswear Group*, at Macy's stores.

WIRED

Page 33:"The Interactive Action": **Interactive multimedia systems:** By *Sega*, for information or a dealer near you, 800-USA-SEGA. By *Nintendo*, for information or a dealer near you, 800-633-3236. By *Philips*, for information, 800-523-6363. By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404. "Radios Wise Up": **RDS car stereos:** By *Blaupunkt*, for information, 800-955-2528. By *Philips*, for information, 800-524-6638. By *Denon*, for information, 201-757-7810. "Wild Things": **CD changers:** By Sony, for information, 800-342-5721. By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1624.

HOT STUFF

Page 88: **Jacket** from *Colours by Alexander Julian*, at fine department stores. **Shirt** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Sweatique, Broadway Mall, Hicksville, NY, 516-932-8984. **Shorts** by *DKNY*, at Macy's and Bullock's. **Eyewear** by *Calvin Klein*, for information, 800-544-1336. Page 89: **Vest** by *DKNY*, at Liberty House, Ala Moana Shopping Center, Honolulu, HI, 808-945-5735. **Shirt** by *Reunion Menswear*, at fine department stores. **Shorts** by *Calvin Klein*, at fine department stores. Page 90: **Sport shirt** and **shirt** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-606-2100. **Shorts** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200. Page 91: **Vest** by *Calvin Klein Jeans*, at fine department stores. **Shirt** from *Basco by Lance Karesh*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Shorts** by *Guess Men*, at Strawbridge & Clothiers, Market East at 8th, Philadelphia, PA, 215-629-6000. Page 92: **Sneakers** by *G.H. Bass*, at fine department stores. **Vest** by *Hugo Boss*, at Silhouette, 1201 Connecticut Ave., Washington, DC, 202-887-5081. **Sport shirt** from *Colours by Alexander Julian*, at fine department stores. **Shorts** by *Scout America Denim*, at fine department stores. **Sunglasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Morgenthal-Fredrics, 685 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-3090. **Watch** by *TAG-Heuer*, for information, 800-321-4832. Page 93: **Shirt** by *Sassafras and Chino*, at fine specialty stores. **Vest** by *Island Trading Co.*, at Island Trading Co., 15 E. 45th St., N.Y.C., 212-353-0297. **Shorts** by *J.O.E.*, at the Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newberry St., Boston, 617-266-3933. **Sandals** by *Birkenstock*, for information, 800-ITS-BIRK.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 181: **Remote controls:** VCR Voice by *Voice Powered Technology*, for information, 800-VCR-TALK. Palm-Mate by *Go-Video*, to order or for information, 800-279-1600. One for All Big Easy by *Universal Electronics*, for information, 800-394-3000. PRM-1 PenRemote by *Mitsubishi*, for information, 714-220-2500. Fox 800 by *Fox Electronics*, for information, 800-229-7892.

the world. There are no borders."

Yamauchi has remained consistently and entirely unrepentant, even when Nintendo of America entered into a settlement with the FTC on the price-fixing charges. No guilt was admitted, of course—Yamauchi continued to deny any wrongdoing and never backed down on his most-restrictive controls. Yamauchi also tenaciously fought the lawsuits with the biggest hired guns he could find. In 1991 Nintendo of America spent $20 million on lawyers. (Although many of the lawsuits remain unresolved, in December 1992, the FTC dropped its investigation into Nintendo's possibly monopolistic business practices without taking action.)

Still, Nintendo was vulnerable, and its weakness appeared in the most unlikely arena—the marketplace.

Sega never was a threat as far as Yamauchi was concerned. The $700 million Japanese company—founded, ironically, by an American—had a reasonably successful history in the video-arcade business in Japan and in the U.S. But it seemed too small and too specialized to make inroads into Nintendo's vast consumer business. Sega had released the Master System as a competitor to the Famicom and the Nintendo Entertainment System, but it never gained more than five percent of the market. Like many other companies, it failed to break Nintendo's lock on the industry.

In a rare lapse of judgment, Yamauchi continued to underestimate Sega. When Sega launched a more powerful game system, Genesis, in 1989, Nintendo was caught flat-footed. Genesis had the capacity to generate great graphics, animation and near-CD-quality sound, and the company had a proven software catalog of Sega's arcade hits. The company attacked Nintendo head-on. SEGA GENESIS DOES WHAT NINTENDON'T, its slogan read.

Genesis was a best-seller, and Sega dramatically cut into Yamauchi's market share. An angry Yamauchi fought back in 1991 with the Super Nintendo Entertainment System, a machine as powerful as Genesis.

A mammoth marketing campaign launched the SNES, and while the new system began to recapture some of the video-game market lost to Sega, the damage had been done. Yamauchi had made a major blunder by not coming out with a more powerful machine in time to stunt Sega's growth. Nintendo now has to coexist with a viable competitor in the marketplace, a company that will get a fair share of the $10 billion–plus that consumers will spend on video games in 1993 and the escalating amounts predicted for the following years.

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Sega was only the first of Yamauchi's worries. The video-game industry is

changing quickly, and Nintendo's fate rests less on its past and more on how Yamauchi adjusts to the future.

New technology will bring together such media as television, video games, stereo and the VCR in combination with a CD-ROM and a central processor. Other components can be added, such as a digital photograph reader or printer. A cable-television receiver—one that can manage and search through thousands of cable stations—will also be incorporated. Key to these innovations, however, will be the TV screen and the computer, the clearinghouse of the huge amounts of audio and video information that will allow people to interact with it all.

The Super Nintendo Entertainment System was designed to power such a multimedia system. If all goes according to plan, Yamauchi's video-game system could transform into a multiuse, multipurpose home computer, the first truly pervasive home computer for the mass market. The potential market for such systems is enormous. There are 300 million television sets in the world. If Yamauchi has his way, there could be several hundred million Nintendo machines in homes throughout the world, all running Nintendo-made or -controlled software.

Although companies such as Apple, IBM, Sony, Matsushita, Philips, Fujitsu and Microsoft are also scheming to get shares of this market, Hiroshi Yamauchi daringly announced early on that Nintendo would define the home-entertainment-system industry of the future. The move, he said, was the company's "boldest departure yet from the antiquated perception of video-game technology. Companies such as IBM, Apple, Matsushita and Sony are each struggling to become the company of the future, the kind Nintendo already is: both a hardware and software company." Indeed, when Apple president Michael Spindler was asked in March 1991 which computer company Apple feared most, he quickly answered, "Nintendo."

Yamauchi kicked the pace into overdrive by mid-1992 by revving up the push to sell the SNES. He also directed a heightened drive to do what Nintendo had done better than anyone else in the past—create games that would keep its fans, and new generations of fans, intrigued. To that end, Yamauchi increased the research budget to explore the future of video games and multimedia. He also entered into secret alliances with technology companies and negotiated with entertainment companies for licenses based on Nintendo characters and stories. "The geniuses in our company can create software that children will love. That is how we will succeed. That is why people will buy the system. Once they have it, they will want new kinds of software. We will provide it or license it," says Yamauchi proudly. "It will mean that Nintendo will remain at the center of the home-entertainment industry as it transforms."

He readied a CD-ROM attachment to the SNES (he tentatively plans a 1993 launch). He also worked with Philips and Sony, two of the largest consumer-electronics companies in the world, to create a format that could become the standard for the industry. Nintendo, in a hard-fought battle with these two companies, gained the right to control the licensing of game software—which could easily be worth hundreds of billions of dollars.

Once again, Nintendo's immediate competition comes from Sega. Its CD-ROM player is already on the market. The initial price tag of $300 kept most consumers away, but Sega again beat Nintendo to the punch. Other CD-ROMs came out that played both compact discs and cartridge-based games, and there were stand-alone machines on the market by Commodore (CDTV) and Philips (CD-I).

The Nintendo machine, being created in partnership with Sony, will be more powerful than most systems in the consumer market, built around a 32-bit processor (which has twice the power of most competitors'). With that and the company's marketing strength, Nintendo might well be the one to create the standard—a standard that Yamauchi will control. Imagine if one company earned money not only on every VCR sold but on all the videotapes sold or rented as well.

Last year was the video-game industry's biggest yet, with Nintendo holding on to its considerable share of the overall market and pulling ahead of Sega Genesis with the SNES. It is now ready to do battle for the multimedia market. Remarkably, the most significant attempts to stop Yamauchi have thus far failed. The threats to his dominance in the American market are evaporating one by one, and the European invasion has begun. "No one can stop us," he says. "Many companies would like to surpass us. If they are at war with Nintendo, we are ready. They will not damage us. It is inevitable in our position that people try to harm us and exceed us, but the attempts will fail. Nintendo will continue to become stronger."

Expanding beyond traditional video games is essential, Yamauchi insists. "We learned our lesson from Atari, once the leader in the world," he says. "We are able to understand very clearly why Atari failed. No toy company ever became a truly big and great company by remaining a toy company. We have much more ambition than that. As the lines that limited video-game companies in the past disappear, Nintendo will play a larger role in the world."

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

REMOTE POSSIBILITIES

Look alive, couch potatoes. Easy-to-use remote controls for your home entertainment center are sprouting up everywhere and, no, the instruction manuals that come with them aren't the size of the Manhattan telephone directory. Some remotes, such as Universal Electronics' Big Easy, consolidate all your video controls into one no-brainer unit with oversized buttons. Others are more sophisticated. The Fox 800, for example, has only ten buttons and a touch-screen display, yet it will operate up to eight audio and video components. Go-Video's Palm-Mate literally fits in your palm. And the VCR Voice is a universal remote that responds to voice commands from several people. Sorry, guys, it doesn't open the fridge door when you want a beer.

Below, left to right: Control your TV, VCR and cable box audibly with VCR Voice, a remote that can program up to 15 separate events, by Voice Powered Technology, $170. The palm-sized Palm-Mate has a multidirectional beam for slapshot aiming, by Go-Video, $60. Big buttons are on Universal Electronics' One For All Big Easy remote, $30. Mitsubishi's pen-sized PRM-1 PenRemote is designed to be a backup to a full-featured one, $50. The Fox 800's touch-screen window provides access to more than 200 remote-control functions, by Fox Electronics, $100.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 178.

Cindy and Claudia Do Lingerie

What do two of the most beautiful supermodels in the world do for fun? They don Karl Lagerfeld corsets and bras and take a walk down the runway exposing their considerable charms. CINDY CRAWFORD (below) is the hostess of MTV's *House of Style* and is working on a series of celebrity interviews for Fox TV. CLAUDIA SCHIFFER (right) has been hanging out with Prince Albert of Monaco, but that hasn't stopped her from making a new calendar for us commoners. These beauties are more than skin deep, and smart right to the bone.

STEPHANIE CARDINALE/GLOBE

STEPHANIE CARDINALE/GLOBE

STEVE DOUBLE/RETNA

The Jones Boys

Remember when John Lennon said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus? Check the charts—it's not true anymore. The hot techno-punk band JESUS JONES is on tour now and will be again in the fall. Catch them live, then listen to *Perverse*, a worthy successor to *Doubt*. No doubt.

© ROBERT MATHEU

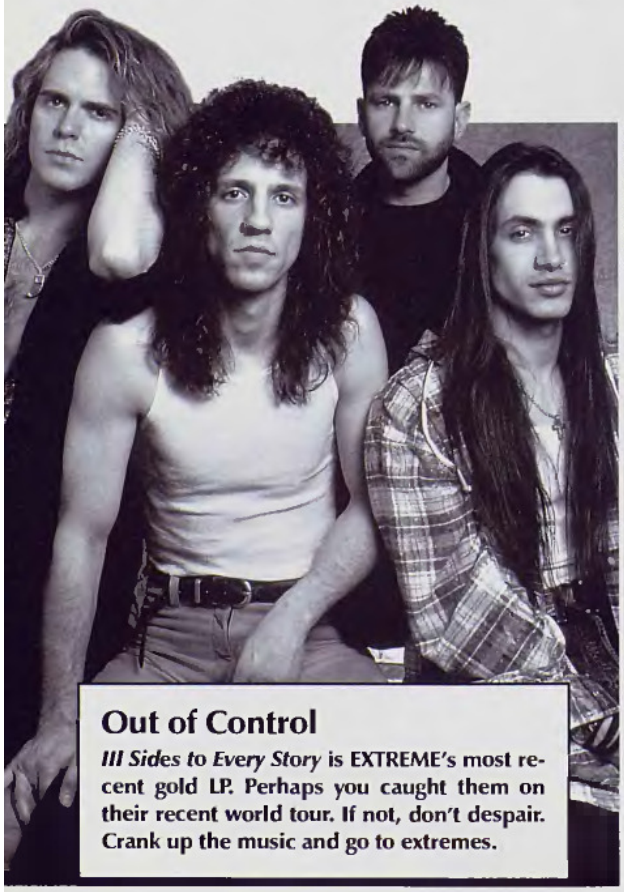
Can the Blues Save the Greens?

Just what the doctor ordered: RY COODER, JOHN LEE HOOKER and ROBERT CRAY (left to right) were singing the blues about the environment to raise money for science scholarships at the University of California. They know about the birds and the bees.

© DAN GOLDEN

Sheer Gear

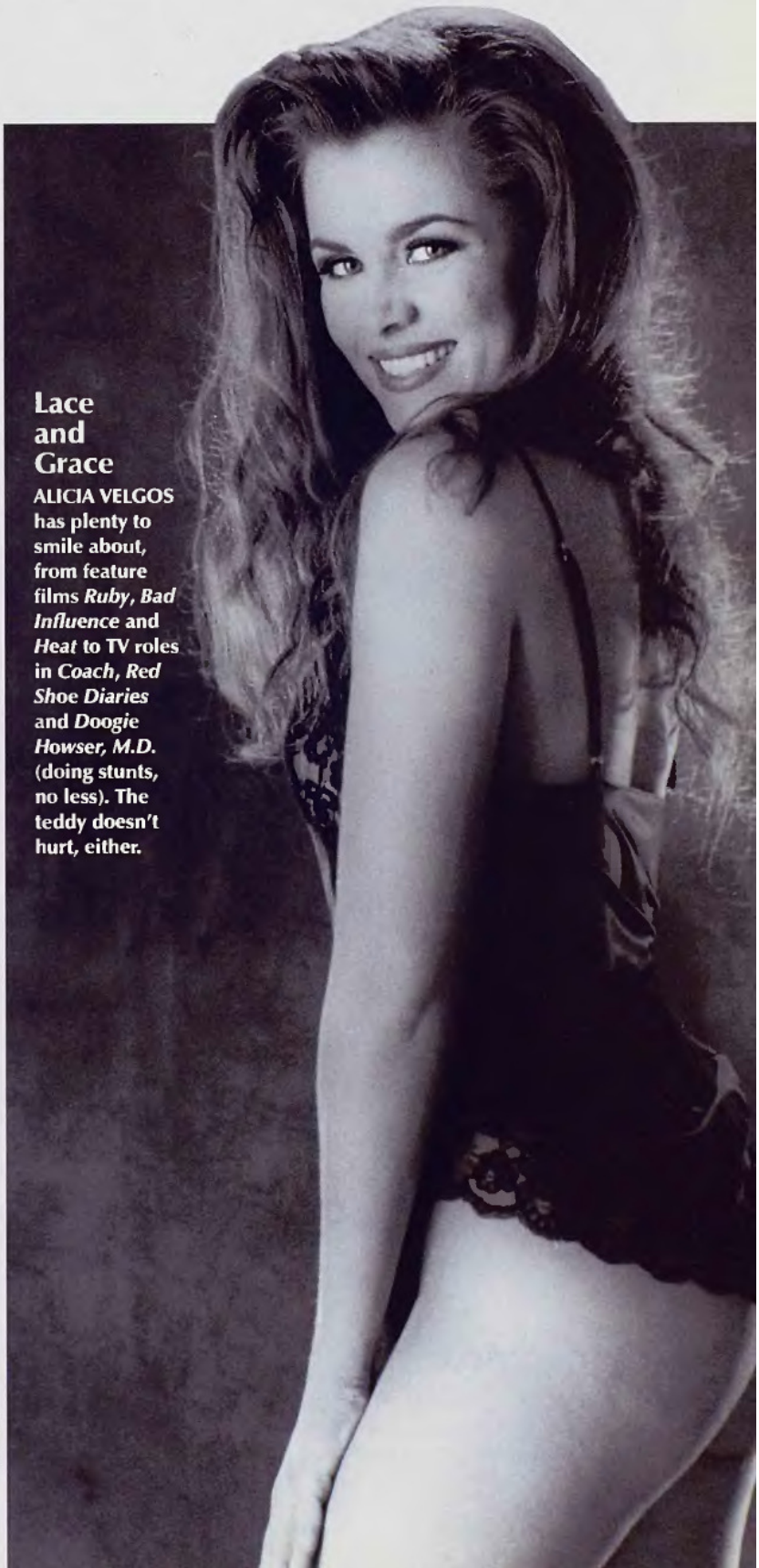
Actress and model DEBORAH STEVENS posed for a book of photos by director David Lynch. You've seen her on *Baywatch* and the Playboy Channel. Stay tuned.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Out of Control

***III Sides to Every Story* is EXTREME's most recent gold LP. Perhaps you caught them on their recent world tour. If not, don't despair. Crank up the music and go to extremes.**



© ANDY PEARLMAN

Lace and Grace

ALICIA VELGOS has plenty to smile about, from feature films *Ruby*, *Bad Influence* and *Heat* to TV roles in *Coach*, *Red Shoe Diaries* and *Doogie Howser, M.D.* (doing stunts, no less). The teddy doesn't hurt, either.

ANIMAL ACT

If you and your sexy girlfriend are itching to get into the swing of things and play Tarzan and Jane, but neither of you has a thing to wear, we have just the outfits. They're a nonallergenic faux snow leopard men's pouch (it resembles a fuzzy jockstrap) and matching G-string and bra bikini (pictured here) that are available in one-size-fits-all. (Relax, ecologists, nothing died so that these garments could cover your and your Jane's hides.) Everything is lined in satin and washable. To order, call the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494 and ask for item number QC 4225. (Sorry, the outfits come only as a set and can't be separated.) The price: $45, postpaid. And for another $14, you can really bring out the animal in you both with item number QC 4226, a fake leopard-skin massage mitt. Yes, the claws have been removed.

SWING TIME

Looking for personal instruction by Fred Couples on tempo, Chi Chi Rodriguez on short game or Tom Kite on wedge play? Check out Golflix, a battery-powered 8mm movie viewer housing a 30-second continuous film loop showing six swings by these and other famous golfers. Furthermore, the loop can be played in real time or frame-by-frame. The price: $19.95 for the viewer and the Fred Couples loop; $7.95 for each additional loop. Call 718-258-7033 for more information.

CHRIS BRITT

TOM PATRICK

HOT PROSPECTS

Anyone can track who's doing what in the Show. But how about Ray McDavid, a Padres wanna-be, or Cliff Floyd, a Montreal Expos hopeful? Turns out they're hot, which you'd know if you read *The Prospects Report*. It's an eight- to 12-page quarterly newsletter that includes stats on top rookie batting prospects and pitching up-and-comers, along with interviews, scouting reports, hot rumors and other information that will appeal to both hard-core hardball junkies and dedicated armchair athletes. Thom Henninger, *Prospects* editor, also points out that the publication improves the odds for fantasy-league-baseball players as well as card collectors looking for a hot rookie whose first-year baseball card might someday be worth megabucks. *The Prospects Report* costs $15 a year sent to P.O. Box 6193, Evanston, Illinois 60204.

IT'S IN THE CAN

We've all had nights that went into the dumper, but for $49.95 you can now have an intimate evening in a can. That's the price that Creative Gift Baskets charges for its sealed three-pound Intimate Evening can filled with such sexy goodies as body oil, bubble bath, an adult card game, chocolate cookies and love potions. To order: 800-678-6218.

NICK MACNEIL

DRINKING TO ART

Campari, the Italian aperitif company, has been commissioning artists to create Campari-inspired works of art for almost a century. Now it's offering four 39″ x 27″ reproductions of some of the most popular posters for only $15.95 each, postpaid. (Pictured here is *Spiritello* by Leonetto Cappiello. Others include *The Blue Skeptic*, *The Kiss* and *Men in the Café*.) Checks should be sent to Campari USA, Inc., 55 East 59th Street, New York 10022. Not a bitter idea.

MITCH O'CONNELL

WHOOPS, GOTTA GO

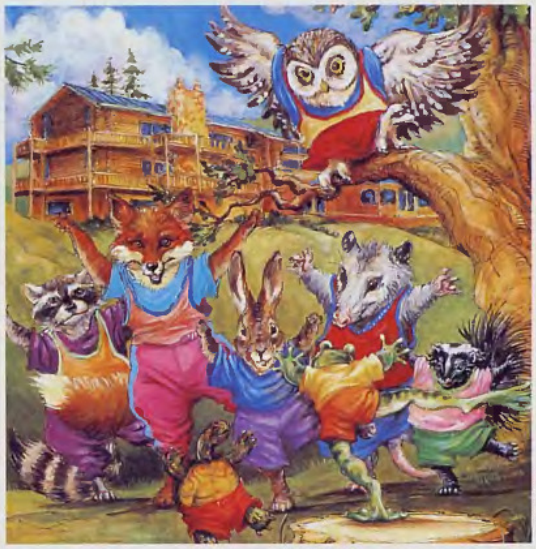
Looking for a polite yet foolproof way to get off the phone fast the next time your mother, boss or ex-wife calls when you have more important things on your mind? Order Gotta Go, a small battery-powered gizmo that hooks right onto your phone and simulates the clicking sound of someone on call waiting. Eclipse Products at 13 Grove Street, Darien, Connecticut 06820, sells Gotta Go for only $18.45, postpaid.

TURN UP THE HEAT

Discovery Records, a music company in Santa Monica, has just released *Body Heat*, a romantic CD containing re-recorded and rearranged sensual jazz themes from 11 classic films. *Body Heat*, of course, is represented, as are *Black Orpheus*, *Taxi Driver*, *Blade Runner* and others. Featured musicians include Jack Sheldon (trumpet) and Ernie Watts (tenor sax). Bill Cunliffe (piano) is part of the band. The price: $17, postpaid, from Discovery at 800-377-9620. A catalog will set you back a buck.

THE SKYLONDA'S THE LIMIT

The Golden Door and La Costa, of course, are where the rich and famous go when they want to be pampered and pummeled. But now there's a new log-and-rock redwood forest retreat, Skylonda, that's establishing its own style of sweat equity. Much of Skylonda's weeklong program of mental and physical renewal is centered on hiking the nature trails which abound nearby. Indoor spa activities, such as a jacuzzi, aerobics and body wraps, are included in the $2520 a week double-occupancy price. Call 800-851-2222 for reservations.



JOHN SCHMELZER

LOOKING GOOD

According to Random House, *The Elegant Man* by Riccardo Villarosa and Giuliano Angeli is a 192-page "illustrated guide that presents everything a man needs to know to dress with timeless style and distinction." Chapters cover fabrics, cut and tailoring, maintenance and care, special occasions and much more. Illustrations show garment by garment how to put together a great look that's uniquely you. The price: $35 at your neighborhood bookstore.

NEXT MONTH

GOLDEN GIRL LEWIS

BEYOND THE GRAVE

TONY THE TERRIBLE

BABES AT BERNIE'S

NECRONAUTS—LURED BY THE PROMISE OF REGAINING HIS SIGHT, A BLIND ARTIST JOURNEYS INTO THE WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE—FICTION BY **TERRY BISSON**

WITCHCRAFT—SHE LEFT HIS BED BUT STAYED UNDER HIS SKIN. SO WHAT'S A LOVE-OBSESSED GUY TO DO? **DAN GREENBURG** HEADS FOR THE EYE OF NEWT

SCALIA THE TERRIBLE—JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA, RONALD REAGAN'S MAD-DOG LEGAL PURIST, HAS ASTONISHED BOTH CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL COLLEAGUES WITH HIS LITERAL VIEWS. CAN THE NATION'S HIGHEST COURT RECOVER?—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

BAMBI BEMBENEK IS A TABLOID DREAM. THE FORMER PLAYBOY BUNNY CONVICTED OF KILLING HER HUSBAND'S EX-WIFE ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND WENT ON THE LAM IN CANADA. PURSUED BY COPS, FANS AND HOLLYWOOD AGENTS, BAMBI THE DOE-EYED FUGITIVE HAS BECOME A MULTIMEDIA STAR—BY **MARK JANNOT**

BARRY BONDS, THE HIGHEST-PAID OUTFIELDER IN THE MAJORS, HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT HIS MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR CONTRACT, HIS FATHER, BOBBY, AND WHY HE CAN FEEL LIKE BOTH RAMBO AND DIANA ROSS—AN MVP PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

A-LOBSTERING WE WILL GO—THE BRINY DELIGHT OF THE DEEP IS A FEARSOME CREATURE WHO COMES FROM A DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY. ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LOBBY LORE—BY **REG POTTERTON**

THE MYTH OF MALE POWER—IN THE FIRST OF TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS GROUND-BREAKING NEW BOOK, AUTHOR **WARREN FARRELL** USES HOME ECONOMICS TO PROVE THAT, ALONG WITH PAYING ALIMONY AND THE MORTGAGE, MEN ARE GETTING A BUM RAP

THE PIOUS PEDOPHILE—TROUBLING REPORTS OF SEX ABUSE BY PRIESTS CAUSED AN OUTCRY OVER SILENCE WITHIN THE CHURCH. NOW THE REPORTER WHO BROKE THE STORY OF FATHER BRUCE RITTER TAKES A HARD LOOK AT HOW CELIBACY AND REPRESSION PRODUCE RELIGIOUS CHILD ABUSERS—BY **CHARLES M. SENNOTT**

PLUS: *GOLDEN CHILD* **CHARLOTTE LEWIS** IN A GROWN-UP PICTORIAL; PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WAVE JUMPING; A SECOND *WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S*; AND AN HDTV UPDATE

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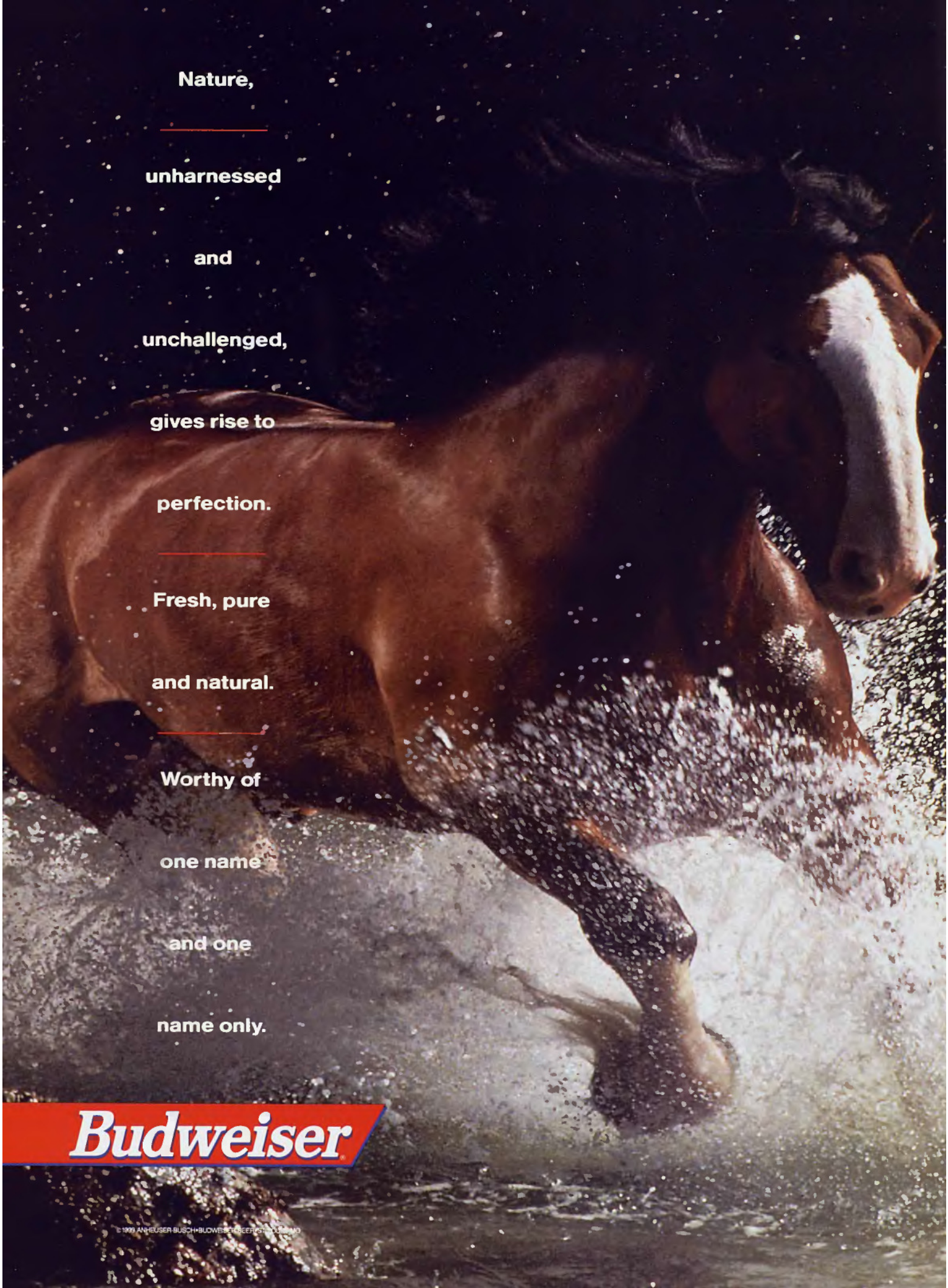
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